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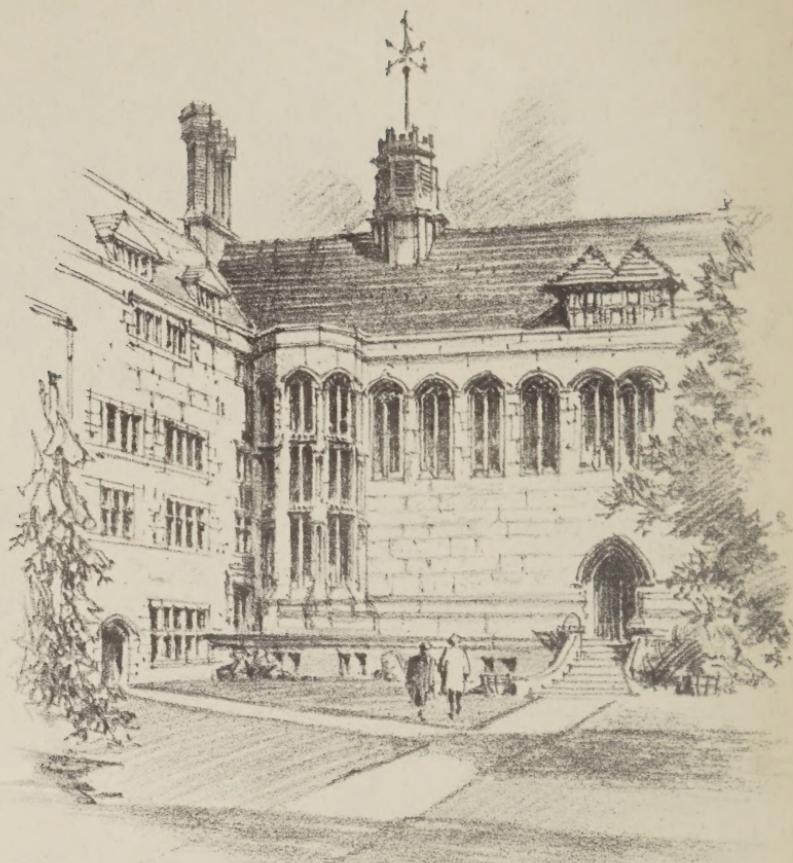


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L O N D O N ' S W E S T E N D





CROSBY HALL
CHELSEA
Joseph Fine 1925

L O N D O N ' S W E S T E N D

by

P. H. DITCHFIELD

M.A., F.S.A.

With drawings in pencil & pen and ink

by

JOSEPH PIKE

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PREFACE

THIS book needs no foreword. It is customary for writers on London to apologize for adding a new volume to the vast library of Londoniana already existing; I venture to think that such apologies are unnecessary. Even little books on 'Wanderings' or 'Rambles through London' by authors who repeat the old-world stories gleaned from Stow and Strype, Wheatley, Thornbury and Walford, and Besant, have their uses, and open the eyes of the modern Londoner, who is proverbially ignorant of the great City in which he lives. Other writers have confined themselves to particular streets or districts, and told the story of every house and its successive owners; and with painstaking research in Rate Books have studied the maps with magnifying glasses. Amongst these devoted students I may mention the names of Mr. Arthur Dasent, who has so thoroughly ransacked the annals of Piccadilly and St. James's Square; Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, who has written voluminously on divers parts of London, including St. James's Street, Knightsbridge and the Squares; the late Mr. Loftie on Kensington, and many others, while the chroniclers of the City are legion. This book makes no attempt to set forth the minutiae of London topography, but with the aid of the skilful artist to describe the principal features of the West End and to recall the history of palaces, great houses, streets and parks, clubs and theatres, and to record the memories of some of the great names associated with them.

In my wanderings through the aristocratic regions of the West End I have met many ghosts of its past inhabitants. I have paid my homage to kings and queens and princes, and rubbed shoulders with dukes and earls, bishops and abbots, actors and actresses, knaves and rogues, statesmen and authors. I have entered the Clubs, Crockford's and Brook's, and seen immense fortunes gained or lost, visited Almack's and watched the aristocratic dancers, and attended divine service at St. Martin's and St.

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James's, where all the fashionable folk in brave attire assembled to worship. I have lingered in the bookshops, walked down Bond Street, where the 'loungers' were much in evidence, taken snuff with the dandies at Fribourg and Treyer's at the top of the Haymarket, and dined with Samuel Rogers and his delightful company. It has all been absorbingly interesting, and perhaps the present West End seems rather dull in comparison.

It has been my privilege to write several books on the great City itself, and I would fain invite those who have accompanied me on my previous wanderings to join me again in this Western pilgrimage. The area is large, but I have tried to cover it as far as possible, although everything in the region of the modern West End is scarcely worth chronicling. The face of London is always changing, and it is difficult to keep pace with its variations. Even while I have been writing this book very considerable transformations have been taking place, especially in Regent Street and Piccadilly, and I have had to watch almost day by day the work of the house-breakers, lest some important dwelling should vanish while I was trying to tell its story.

I have endeavoured to express in the text my obligations to many authors to whose works I have referred, and to whom I am grateful for much valuable information. I owe special thanks to my brother-in-law, Mr. Lionel Monk Smith, whose knowledge of London is great, for his kindly aid in correcting the proofs, and also to the artist, Mr. Joseph Pike, whose graphic sketches of the principal beauties of the West End adorn this book and give to it distinction and its chiefest value.

BARKHAM RECTORY,
October 1925.

P. H. DITCHFIELD

INTRODUCTION

IT has often been my happy lot to wander through the streets and alleys of London City, that wondrous acre which is an embodiment of England's history, and spite modern accretions, destruction and mutilations, contains so much that reminds us of the past. Its noble cathedral, its churches, eight of which survived the Great Fire, the triumphs of Wren, its relics of monastic life, the Halls of the Great City Companies, its streets and lanes, towers and palaces, its Inns of Court and Chancery, its ports and docks and bridges, and the stately river, father of all its greatness, flowing past the triumphs of ancient and modern architecture, delight the eye and kindle an ever enduring affection. The glories of the City have inspired me on several occasions to endeavour to describe its graces and perfections, its romance and ever enduring charm.¹

And now I propose to wander westward and to endeavour to discover the attraction of a region which though younger and possessing less antiquarian lore and legend has a charm that is all its own and abounds with many historical associations though of a less remote period.

The West End grew up as the abode of fashion and aristocratic ascendancy. In early days rich merchants lived in the City over or near their place of business: Bishops, nobles and then merchant princes reared in the great City their august dwellings and town houses, wherein the services of the State or their own public or private avocations required them to sojourn. Many of these houses have disappeared, but some remain, and others have left traces of their former grandeur, which the curious antiquary delights to discover and to reveal to others. It is like finding a little gem in a dark pool by the wayside, passed by and disregarded by thousands every day: and though others may have seen it before, and expatiated on its beauties,

¹ *The City Companies of London* (Dent); *Memorials of Old London* (George Allen); *The City of London* (S.P.C.K.); *London Survivals* (Methuen).

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it is still fresh and novel to us who come after them and seek to know the stories it can tell.

Such City houses were Crosby Hall, the residence of Sir John Crosby, 'Grocer and Woolman,' as Stow calls him, but valiant soldier also, who fought against the bastard Fauconbridge; it has now been removed for safe-keeping to Chelsea; or Sir Paul Pindar's house, the front of which is in the South Kensington Museum. Outside the protecting City walls there was open country. Cows pastured in Finsbury and other fields. Law students of Lincoln's Inn shot rabbits where Lincoln's Inn Fields now spread themselves, and in a proclamation of 1546 King Henry VIII desired to have 'the games of Hare, Partridge, Pheasant and Heron,' preserved from the Palace of Westminster to St. Giles-in-the-Fields. In the time of the Commonwealth St. Martin's Lane was a shady lane with a hedge on either side. In the mediæval period episcopal and noblemen's seats sprang up along the Strand with their water-gates facing the river and barges ever ready to transport their owners. The line of palaces connected the City with the royal City of Westminster, and then as the years roll on the City began to extend westward, and what we know as the West End came into existence.

The former rural nature of this region is testified by the appendage 'in the Fields' attached to many names, such as St. Martin-in-the-Fields, St. Giles', St. Pancras, etc. Regent's Park was formerly Marylebone Park, a royal hunting ground where Queen Elizabeth enjoyed her sport and would have been greatly astonished at the sight of the strange animals which now frequent her hunting grounds. Paddington was a village and populous Marylebone a cluster of houses round the old Church of St. Mary-le-bourne or brook that flowed on towards the Thames and gave its name to Brook Street, Mayfair. Districts once fashionable, where the abodes of noblemen and great statesmen and the aristocratic bodies of Society abounded, have degenerated. The tide has drifted further westward, and left

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these dwellings to lodging-house keepers and such gentry.

The region we are exploring is not devoid of antiquarian lore. The bones of prehistoric animals have been found at Charing Cross, as we shall notice presently. Two important Roman roads run in our district. As you traverse Oxford Street and Uxbridge Road you are following in the footsteps of the legionaries as they marched along an old Roman military road, called *Via Trinobantia*, which led from the sea-coast of Hampshire to the sea-coast of Suffolk. It passed through Staines, the *Ad pontes* of the Romans, whence a road led to the all-important City of Silchester, or *Calleva Atrebatum*, if we give it its ancient title, in Hampshire, no military centre, but a place for trade, and thither the merchants went; and so we can distinguish many of these traders proceeding on their way. Another road, the most important in Britain, the famous Watling Street, passed through our district. It led from Chester to Dover, and it crossed the other Roman road at Tyburn, where the solitary looking Marble Arch now stands. Its course lay along the Edgware Road, Park Lane, and then across St. James's Park to the Thames. There was also a British trackway probably developed by the Romans along the high ground south of the Uxbridge and Bayswater roads, running through Knightsbridge, Kensington and Hammersmith. The name 'Street' is the Roman paved way, and both High Street, Notting Hill, and High Street, Kensington, probably denote a Roman origin. The West End lacks not antiquarian interest.

It has also its manorial records. When Domesday was compiled there was a large estate called Eia which was divided into three manors, Neyte or Neat, Ebury, and Hyde. Eia stretched from the northern boundary of Hyde Park, where the Roman road to Silchester ran, to the Thames. It was held in Saxon times by an official of the Saxon court named the Staller who looked after the king's horses. One of them was named Esgar, whose name is

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preserved in our Berkshire village of East Garston or 'Esgar's town.' As we shall see presently, William the Conqueror gave the manor of Hyde to his favourite Geoffrey de Mandeville, who gave it to the Abbey of Westminster. It was a district of woody wastes intersected by streams, and this doubtless the industrious monks reduced to cultivation and made it valuable pasture land. Possibly, as Mr. Clinch suggests, they formed the eleven ponds which formerly existed where now the Serpentine spreads its placid waters.

The manor of Neyte was situate about Chelsea, and was well cultivated. It had a manor house which was often used by the Abbot of Westminster as a summer retreat. This house must have been a pleasant residence, as the great John of Gaunt requested the Abbot to allow him to dwell there during the meeting of Parliament. Here also was born in 1448 John, the fifth son of Richard Duke of York. Subsequently it declined in importance. The house became a farm, and then nothing was left but its moat. Degradation followed, and the once princely residence of royalty and of powerful abbots became a pleasure garden, or a series of pleasure gardens known as 'Neat Houses' where the jovial Pepys went with his friends after dining at 'Sir W. Pen's, and there in a box in a tree we sat and sang, and talked and eat.' He went on another occasion by water, and complained that 'there was nothing to be had but a bottle of wine,' but he liked seeing the garden. Close at hand was the home of Nell Gwynne's mother who was accidentally 'drowned in the river by the Neat Houses, near Chelsea.'

Then we have records of the Abbot's park at Knightsbridge, and the learned historian of the Abbey, Minor-Canon Westlake, tells us of a sad affair. The Abbot in 1272 had put into his park eighty sheep to oblige a tenant of his at Hampstead, when the naughty Sheriff's men came and drove them out and retained them 'to the manifest damage of the Abbot, assessed by him and established

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at £100.' The same learned authority places the manor of Eye in the district between the corner of Bird Cage Walk and the Buckingham Palace Road and the top of Constitution Hill. 'The chief lords of the fief were the Master and Brethren of the Hospital of St. James, who had a court house in the little town. The community which inhabited it was by no means small. Its houses changed hands at prices which indicate that it was no despised locality, while within its borders dwelt representatives of many trades and callings. How various these were may be indicated by the names of those who pursued them. Amongst them were Lawrence the cornmonger, Hugh the barber, Athelard the carpenter, Philip the mason, Roger the smith, and his namesake the gardener, John and Reginald who were tailors, and by no means least was Richard the Hermit who attached the sanctity of his name as a witness to many a document recording the sale or lease of lands and houses there.'¹

In early times the lands were intersected by divers streams. The principal river was the Westbourne, the name of which survives in Westbourne Grove, Westbourne Park, Westbourne Road, and other neighbouring districts. It rises at Hampstead and pursues its course through Kilburn, Bayswater, and the middle of Hyde Park and thence to the Thames. Another stream called the Tyburn, anciently The Eye Burn, took its rise in the same region of Hampstead, and flowed through Regent's Park, crossing Oxford Street at Piccadilly to the Green Park and past Buckingham Palace. Marylebone also records the presence of the Tyburn stream. No longer can you see these streams aboveground. They have been covered over and turned into sewers, their bright waters being contaminated by the sewage of modern London.

Not yet have we exhausted the ancient features of the West End. There are other bits of manorial history. There was the Manor of Paddington, now noted chiefly for

¹ *Westminster*, by H. F. Westlake, p. 8.

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its railway station. It derives its name from the Poedings or 'sons of Pada,' a Saxon group of settlers. The manor of Chenesitun, which we now know as Kensington, has a long history to which we shall refer later on. It was held in Saxon times by one Edwin, a thane of Edward the Confessor. Notting Hill was once a manor. We must ruthlessly abandon the absurd etymology, propounded by the late Canon Isaac Taylor, suggesting that the place takes its name from the practice of London citizens going there to gather nuts from the trees that grew there. Professor Skeat stated that Notting Hill was the early settlement of the Saxon family, the Cnottingers, or sons of Cnotta. Sometimes the manor was called the Manor of Notting Barns, or Noting Barons, and many other varieties.

In the course of our researches we may meet with other evidences of antiquity, showing that the West End is not all modern, not all Stuart or Hanoverian. Its story is not confined to the eccentric manners and customs of a later age, of the gossip of clubs, the doings of reckless gamblers, the eccentricities of fashion, the triumphs of architecture, but dates back to a remote age that is no less interesting than the annals of the City or Westminster. In our pilgrimage we shall traverse many well-known streets and explore houses and quaint corners of London which may have escaped the attention of many of our readers, save those who love to ferret out things for themselves. It is surprising to note the abysmal ignorance of most Londoners of their own City. What they may see any day of their lives they never seem to have time to explore. The day never comes when they can really give themselves up to any real investigation of the curious objects which they pass every day of their lives. The names of streets never cause them to seek an explanation of their origin, and if we are able in this book to increase their interest in the things that remain it will not be written in vain.

The size and magnitude of London is appalling. Every year it sends out its tentacles and absorbs in its greedy

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now towns and villages and fields and woods and gardens. Tubes and trams and omnibus routes extend far and wide, and in spite of the slowness of bricklayers and impracticable housing schemes, houses spring up, and London grows greater and greater each year. Our West End is not enclosed in City Walls to limit our wanderings, but some limit must be imposed upon the region we have set ourselves to explore. We propose to make Charing Cross Road our eastern boundary, nor shall we wander much further west than Kensington, Westminster and Whitehall with its government offices; the Abbey and its precincts we propose to leave severely alone, though we shall not forget to stroll through the Parks and visit their Majesties at Buckingham Palace, which really belongs to the City of Westminster. Whether we shall find ourselves as far north as Canonbury Tower or as far south as Chelsea, depends upon whether we are tired and weary of our peregrinations. Wanderers like not to impose boundaries to their excursions, to govern their movements by the directions of guides and guidebooks, but to follow their own sweet will, and yet not to omit anything of importance in their quest for beauty and interest. And so as pilgrims we will take up our wallets and wander as we list.

CHAPTER I

CHARING CROSS

WE will begin our perambulations with Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross which may be considered to be the very centre of London life, where the West End begins and the City with its suburban Strand ends. The village of Charing in former days stood midway between the great City of London, the home of the merchants and traders and populace, and the Court at Westminster and Whitehall. It had not any great assemblage of houses. In Aggas' map there appear only a few cottages and an inn, a great contrast to the busy scene which meets our sight to-day. Dr. Johnson once observed, 'I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross,' and other writers laud its importance. Great Britain is, of course, the greatest country in the world; London its greatest City; therefore it necessarily follows that the central spot of the metropolis is the centre of the civilized world! An argument that cannot be disputed.

The meaning of the name Charing Cross has been much disputed. There are those who have asserted that on account of the great love King Edward I bore to his adored Queen to whose memory he raised the magnificent Cross, the last of the seven which marked her resting places when her body was borne during the last sad journey from Lincoln to her final tomb at Westminster, he named the spot *chère reine*, a derivation which Professor Skeat pronounced to be 'too funny to be pernicious.' It need hardly be recorded that the name was in existence long prior to the death of Queen Eleanor. Thus, in 1266 William of Radnor, Bishop of Llandaff, besought Henry III to allow him to lodge in a hermitage at Cheringe which stood where the Charing Cross Post Office now is located. The place-name is spelt in divers ways, *Cheringes*, *Cherring*, etc., and there is a village named Charing in Kent which must have the same etymology as its London namesake. Professor Skeat pronounces in favour of *charing*

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meaning a *turning*; but, greatly daring, I would venture to suggest that *cher* is a proper name, the Saxon founder of the original settlement and that *ing* is the usual patronymic signifying 'sons of' or followers of the said Cher.

Pre-history has left its mark on the region of this part of London. Before the 'silver streak' separated Britain from France mammoths roamed in London, and when the foundations of Drummond's Bank were dug on the site of the old 'Bull's Head Tavern' frequented by Pepys, their remains were found together with such uncomfortable creatures as lions and elks, while in upper deposits probably of the age of neolithic man the relics of such domestic animals as the *bos longifrons*, or Celtic ox, horses and sheep, testifying to his more civilized mode of life.

Antiquaries love to ride their hobbies and will insist on probing down to the earliest beginnings. In some cases they ought to be restrained, and if ever this account of our peregrinations through a great part of London is to be concluded severe remedies must be applied to prevent such unwarrantable excursions.

The erection of the Eleanor Cross carries us back quite far enough though we should like to have seen the pious Edward the Confessor riding to the village of Charing, or the Conqueror with his Norman knights spurring their chargers forward to hunt the deer in Windsor Forest or to chastise and crush some Saxon opposition to his rule, or the monks of Westminster going in procession along the roads, or the mighty fights between the City lads and those of Westminster, when there were many broken heads, and hundreds of other sights which the lonely hermit saw as he stood by the door of his cell and watched and prayed. Across the way he saw the abode of some monks, the Priory of St. Mary Rouncival, an alien house attached to a French monastery, where later stood the noble Northumberland House.

The Eleanor Cross was the grandest and most ornate of

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all those raised by Edward in memory of his beloved queen. 'Mulier pia, modesta, misericors, Anglicorum omnium amatrix.' It was fashioned by the skill and art of Richard and Roger Crundale *cementarii*, with figures by Alexander of Abingdon, who is described in the old records as *Le Imaginatur*. The stone of which it was fashioned came from the famous quarries of Caen, in Normandy, and the marble from Corfe. It was highly decorated and had painted and metal figures gilt. In the station yard at Charing Cross there is a handsome reproduction of the Cross, designed by Edward Barry, A.R.A., a son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament, who was obliged to restrict the size of the monument, as space was limited. It was a pleasant thought of the railway company thus to preserve the memory of the cross and of the good queen, who lies buried in Westminster Abbey. Her tomb shows the figure of the fair queen with a circlet ornamented with trefoils, the hair flowing gracefully on her shoulders, the face so beautiful, the form so graceful. It is the work of William Torell, 'goldsmith,' one of the greatest of the mediaeval artists. The figure is of metal, and has been richly coated with gold; it rests on a sheet of metal placed upon an altar-stone tomb of marble bearing the shields of Castile and Leon, England and Ponthieu. The heart of the dead queen was buried in the church of the Blackfriars, near Blackfriars Bridge, and rests somewhere beneath the foundations of *The Times* office in Printing House Square.

The Puritan fanatics in the time of the Commonwealth vented their rage upon all crosses and doomed them to destruction. The Eleanor Cross at Cheapside was overthrown and soon the Charing Cross shared its fate. This took place in 1647 amid the tears and lamentations of the Royalists. A satirical ballad was written entitled 'The Downfall of Charing Cross,' of which two verses will suffice :

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‘Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing Cross is downe;
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

* * *

‘Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause good old cross, it always stood
So firmly in the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the King should rule again
I'll pull down Tiburn too.’

On the site of the Cross now stands the beautiful statue of King Charles I, the martyr sovereign, which has had a curious history.

This noble equestrian statue, says Horace Walpole, in which the commanding grace of the figure and the exquisite form of the horse are striking to the most unpractised eye, was cast in 1633, on a spot of ground near the church in Covent Garden, and not being erected before the commencement of the Civil War, was sold by the Parliament to John Rivet, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it in pieces. But the man produced some fragments of old brass, and concealed the statue and horse underground till the Restoration. M. d'Archenholz relates ‘that he cast a vast number of handles of knives and forks in brass which he sold as made of the broken statue. They were bought with eagerness by the Royalists, from affection to their monarch; by the rebels as a mark of triumph over their murdered sovereign.’ Walpole adds that ‘they had

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been made at the expense of the family of Howard-Arundel.' Cunningham in his *Handbook of London* refers to a memorandum in the State Paper Office, from which he concludes this statue to have been ordered by the Lord Treasurer Weston, afterwards Earl of Portland, of Hubert Le Sœur, 'for the casting of a horse in brass, bigger than a great horse by a foot; and the figure of his Majesty King Charles proportionable, full six foot,' to be set up in the Lord Treasurer's gardens at Roehampton, in Surrey. At the Restoration an order of replacement was issued by the House of Lords, upon the information of the Earl of Portland (son of the Lord Treasurer), for the recovery of the statue from Rivet, but it was not set up until 1674, when Waller wrote his courtly lines, 'On the Statue of King Charles I at Charing Cross.' There is an idle story that Le Sœur, having finished the statue, defied anyone to point out a defect in the work, when, on a person denoting the absence of the girth, the sculptor, in a fit of indignation, destroyed himself. The assertion of the horse not having a girth is quoted by Malcolm from *The Medley* for August, 1719, but there is a girth, which passes over a very strong rein on the right. In 1810 the sword, buckles and straps fell from the statue, and about the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838, when seats were erected round the group, the sword (a rapier of Charles's period) was stolen. The George pendant from the ribbon has also been taken away, as denoted by the vacant hole in the metal where the George should hang.

The stone pedestal, sculptured with the Royal arms, trophies, etc., was long admired as the work of Gibbons, but a written account proves it to be by Joshua Marshall, master mason to Charles the Second, as his father, Edward Marshall, had been to the first Charles.¹

¹ Joshua Marshall, who resided in the parish of St. Dunstan, Fleet Street, was the 'master mason' employed in the erection of Temple Bar. He died in 1678, aged forty-nine years, at which time he was one of the Common Council, having been elected in 1677, and buried

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On May 29 (Restoration Day) this statue was formerly decorated with boughs of oak. In the spring of 1853 a cast of the statue and pedestal was taken by Brueckner for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, when the following measurements were taken :—Pedestal: 13 feet 8 inches high, 9 feet 11 inches long, 5 feet 7 inches wide. Statue: Height from foot to top of horse's head, 7 feet 8 inches, plinth to top of figure, 9 feet 2½ inches, plinth to neck of horse, 6 feet, plinth to top of hindquarters, 5 feet 10 inches, length from head to tail, 7 feet 9 inches, circumference of horse from back of saddle cloth, 8 feet 2 inches, round chest and hindquarters, 16 feet. The metal casting round the left fore-foot of the horse bears '*HYBER(T) LE SVEVR (FE)CIT 1633.*'¹

Although taken soon after Charles's accession, and at a time when sorrow could hardly have been put upon him, yet the character of melancholy is deeply impressed on the countenance. The horse is superb; the action is that which is taught in the ménage, the motion of the legs showing the spirit of the animal; yet the action is not that of progressing; it is a movement that would not communicate motion to the body, but leaves the rider perfectly undisturbed; the bridle falls almost loose upon the neck, nor does the well-taught steed disturb the

in St. Dunstan's Church, where there is a monument to himself and family. He and his widow were benefactors to the parish.

¹ In the Record Office is a return made by the Lord Mayor, etc., of all 'strangers' in the wards of the City in 1635. There were 171 in the Ward of Farringdon Without, and among the ninety-two in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great occurs the name of the French Ambassador and his family of twenty persons, and 'Hubert le Sueur, by profession a sculptor, a Frenchman born in Paris; he has dwelt here 5 years, and hath 3 children, English born; 4 men servants, one an Englishman, and 3 Frenchmen born at Paris, 2 of them have lived here 4 years and the other 2 years.' In the precinct of Blackfriars there were 212 French and 128 Dutch. Among the latter, 'Sir Anthony Vandyke, 2 yeares, 6 servants.' This was the celebrated painter.

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reverie of thought expressed in the countenance of its master.

Edmund Waller wrote the following lines on the setting up of the statue:

'That the First Charles does here in triumph ride:
See his son reign where he a martyr died,
And people pay the reverence as they pass
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass:
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone:
But heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
And Kings, so killed, rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving fame.'

And here we like to recall the lines of another bard, Andrew Marvell, who records the scene of the martyrdom which the statue faces:

'While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless plight.
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.'

The scene changes. The Restoration of the monarchy has been accomplished, and on the same spot where the Cross stood, where the statue was destined to stand, the Regicides met their fate and were hanged. Amongst these

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was Major-General Thomas Harrison, Hugh Peters, Cook the counsel of the Republicans, and eight others. The brutal instrument of torture stood nigh this spot and many



victims suffered there, being pelted by the populace, and sometimes shorn of their ears.

The centre of the Square now named after the victory of Trafalgar was formerly occupied by the King's Mews, signifying the place where the royal falcons and hawks were kept. Hawking was a 'princely pleasure' and at one time the most fashionable of field sports. A hawk on wrist

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was the badge of nobility, and every royal palace and nobleman's house had its mews. Every gentleman was skilled in the management of goshawks, launers and falcons. A cast of hawks¹ cost £1,000 in James I's time. The name 'mews' signifies the moulting of the precious birds, and is derived from the French word *mue* and the Latin *mutare*, to change, though I have read somewhere that it was the cry of the falconers when they wished to call the gallant bird home after a flight. The office of Grand Falconer of England was an important one. In the time of Richard II it was held by Sir Simon Burley who officiated 'at the Meuse near Charing Cross.' Charles II appointed his natural son by Nell Gwynne, the Duke of St. Albans, to this office. The Mews occupied most of the ground now occupied by Trafalgar Square and the National Gallery; there were the Great Mews, the Green, the Black and the Orange Mews or Court. Hence the name of Orange Street. The principal entrance was nigh to the spot where King Charles's statue and its predecessor the Eleanor Cross stood. The royal stables were situate in Bloomsbury, where in the time of Henry VIII a grievous fire occurred and destroyed most of the buildings and also many fine steeds. So the King in 1534 moved his equine establishment to the Mews at Charing Cross and there lodged his horses with his hawks. It is curious to note the use of the word 'mews' as a description of any kind of stable, though now 'garage' is supplanting the old name. There at Charing Cross the royal stud remained until George IV conveyed it with his numerous staff and officials to his new stables at Buckingham Palace.

You must imagine the square cut up into numerous courts and alleys crowded with taverns and shops and coffee-houses and hostels and inns far too many to be chronicled here.² The company was very mixed. There

¹ A cast of hawks signifies two, a lese three.

² A very full and interesting account of these taverns is contained in Mr. MacMichael's *Charing Cross and its immediate neighbourhood*.

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were illustrious men famed in history, but in the alleys and crowded streets lurked thieves and murderers who made the lives and pockets of passers-by somewhat uncertain in those dangerous days. Desperate and vicious folk haunted the neighbourhood, and revelled and robbed in the hideous night cellars and disorderly houses which grew up in the eighteenth century. It is curious to note that many keepers of gambling dens were summoned before the magistrates and sent to prison, while in St. James's Street, not far removed from Charing Cross, gambling flourished unchecked with enormous gains and losses.

Visions of former great historical events flash before us as we muse at Charing Cross. We see the Lord Mayor and Aldermen marching in procession to Westminster to celebrate the glorious victory of Agincourt; the temporary triumph of Sir Thomas Wyatt in Mary's reign when he put to flight the soldiers of the Queen and there was much excitement at the Court at Whitehall who feared a massacre. Various processions pass, unhappy prisoners and plotters on their way to the block at the Tower, crowds to witness the executions, the mutilations of Prynne, and other victims of rude justice, and then there was that sad procession of thousands of Royalist prisoners who after Naseby were marched down St. Martin's Lane and lodged in the Mews like hooded hawks. We can see, too, the angry crowds listening to the orations of that sorry scoundrel, Titus Oates, over the dead body of Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey, whose murder the perjurer attributed to the wicked 'Papists,' hundreds of whom he had doomed to death by his lying evidence. Less excited crowds came to view, after 'all the King's horses and all the King's men' had been removed to Buckingham Palace stables, a famous menagerie, and a wondrous whale 95 feet long, and then the 'National Repository' or collection of scientific inventions which mightily astonished the populace during the Fourth George's reign. Charing Cross has seen many strange sights and curious episodes.

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TRAFAVGAR SQUARE

The time came when it was considered advisable to sweep away this network of narrow streets and alleys, the abodes of vice and lawlessness, and to form a stately and dignified centre of modern London. The idea was mooted in 1826, but nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before it was accomplished. Not many good acts are recorded of William IV, but he assisted greatly in carrying out the design, and suggested the name of Trafalgar Square.

As we take our stand at the corner of the Strand where the Grand Hotel invites travellers, or, still better, ascend to a chamber on the first floor of that comfortable hostelry, we may examine the details of the Square. On our left is Northumberland Avenue, which takes its name from the noble Northumberland House which was standing here until 1874. I suppose 'all is for the best in this best of possible worlds' according to the pleasant creed of the optimist, though its truth is not very evident at the present time when 'ichabod' is written large over many of our institutions, constitution, and many architectural old-world beauties, yet it was a sad pity that this last of the Strand Palaces should have been condemned to extinction. We remember it in the days of our youth with its famous lion crowning the structure, until the year 1874 saw the axes and hammers of the housebreakers at work on the stately mansion. As I have said it was raised on the site of the Priory of St. Mary Rouncival which after its dissolution was granted by King Henry VIII to Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who began to build it in 1605 from designs by Jansen. It passed to his nephew the Earl of Suffolk, the builder of Audley End, who completed the garden front, and then by marriage to the Percys, Earls of Northumberland, Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk having married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. His daughter Elizabeth Percy succeeded, a somewhat notorious lady of whom

Swift wrote in his 'Windsor Prophecy,' thus satirizing the Court beauty:

'And, dear England, if ought I understand,
Beware of *carrots* from Northumberland.
Carrots sown *Thynn* a deep root may get,
If so they be in *Somer-set*:
Their *Cunnings-mark*-thou; for I have been told
They assassin when young and poison when old.'

The famous and witty Dean had cause to regret his lampoon, as the lady was a favourite of Queen Anne, and it is said, though with what truth I know not, that his lines cost him a bishopric. This Elizabeth Percy married three times before she was seventeen, her great wealth, if not her comely countenance, attracting many suitors. As the verse suggests she had red hair which, though formerly considered a disfigurement, is now deemed by connoisseurs of beauty a special attraction. The names of her third husband, her lover and his assassin are thinly disguised. It appears that after her early marriage with Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, she was wedded to Mr. Thynne, the owner of Longleat House, Wilts, that noble mansion which is now owned by his descendant the Marquess of Bath. A worthless adventurer, Count Konigs-mark, admired the fair lady, and probably her riches more, and resolved to remove the successful suitor. He hired one Colonel Vratz and other accomplices who attacked Mr. Thynne at the lower end of the Haymarket on February 12, 1681, and shot him dead. The murderers were apprehended and tried together with their instigator the Count. By some miscarriage of justice the latter escaped the halter, but Vratz and the assistants were condemned to be hanged; and on his way to execution showed considerable bravado, saying that he was not afraid to die and hoped that 'God would deal with him like a gentleman.'

The mansion, which had been named after the successive families who held it, Northampton, Suffolk, and North-



THE ADMIRALTY ARCH

—Joseph Fine—

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umberland, originally occupied three sides of a court, was enlarged in 1642 by the addition of the fourth side facing the river Thames. Inigo Jones is said to have designed a beautiful gateway, and above the porch the famous lion was set up, which looked fiercely down on Landseer's more peaceful beasts at the foot of Nelson's monument, and after the destruction of the house retired in disgust to Sion House. About the middle of the eighteenth century extensive alterations were made by the Duke of Northumberland and a fine marble staircase erected. The garden extended to the river, to which now the Avenue leads, flanked by huge hotels, the Constitutional Club, the hospitality of which I have often enjoyed, the Royal Colonial Institute, the Playhouse theatre, formerly known as the Avenue, and at the south corner of the Victoria Hotel the home of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. This is one of the oldest Church publishing and missionary societies in England, founded over two centuries ago, and not only has it spread the knowledge of the Word of God throughout the colonies and dependencies of the British crown, but it has published scholarly works on theology and history which are of priceless service to the student and all classes of readers.

Returning to Charing Cross we notice again Nelson's lofty column 145 feet in height, of Devonshire granite in the Corinthian style, erected by W. Railton in 1843. It is surmounted by the colossal statue of the hero by E. H. Baily, R.A., which is pronounced by guide books as 'very poor work'; but as very few people have seen it except from a very considerable distance it is hard for them to judge of its merits. The reliefs on the sides of the pedestal are excellent. These were cast from captured French cannon. They represent 'The Battle of the Nile' by Woodington, the 'Death of Nelson' by Carew, the 'Battle of St. Vincent' by Watson and Woodington, and the 'Bombardment of Copenhagen' by Termouth. This was the sea-fight, it will be remembered, when Nelson turned his

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blind eye on the signal for retiring and won the day. The capital of the column was cast from cannon recovered from the wreck of the 'Royal George.' Then there are the noble bronze lions guarding the base added by Landseer in 1857, magnificent examples of the artist's skill and genius seeming to typify the calm and enduring strength of England in spite of the changes and chances of age after age. During the Great War patriotic orators standing on the platform appealed to the gathered crowds of London citizens to enrol themselves for active service in the defence of the nation, and the soul of Nelson seemed to whisper in their ears his immortal message. Since then many less noble causes have been pleaded there, and tumultuous meetings held when mob orators have striven to stir up the minds of their hearers to rebellion and lawless deeds beneath the shade of England's hero. My friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells a story of what happened before the Great War. The column and statue were enduring their annual cleaning from the effects of London's fogs and smoke, and one man asked his friend, 'What are they doing up there with old Nelson?' He replied, 'They be taking him down; we shall be wanting him soon.' It was a sure prophecy, and though Nelson sleeps beneath the dome of St. Paul's his spirit remains in the British Navy to-day and saved England in her most trying hour.

The memory of great men soon passes away. A youth asked his companion a few weeks ago, 'Who is that up there?' pointing to the monument, and received the reply, 'I reckon he's a Frenchey and his name is Boney-Party.' A little teaching of history might be useful for the youths of London.

In the open space behind the fountains play when a parsimonious Government supplies them with sufficient water, and there are other statues of heroes who have served their country in time of need. There stand in memorial bronze or stone Sir Henry Havelock, the hero

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of the Indian Mutiny, Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, General Gordon, the brave soldier and devout Christian, of whom the poet sings:

‘Warrior of God, man’s friend, not here below
But somewhere dead, far in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
The earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.’

The equestrian statue of George IV clad in Roman garb by Chantrey was intended to crown the structure of the Marble Arch before its removal from Buckingham Palace. It is a fine work worthier than its model. It has been criticized because the sculptor dispensed with stirrups and spurs and girth; but we are not sure whether these would have been consonant with the Roman toga and martial dress. On the west stands a building that until lately was occupied by the Union Club, but it has flitted to new quarters. Founded in 1805 it is said to be the oldest ‘members’ club’ in London, and still has the reputation of being a little old-fashioned. I can only say that when I lunched there during the War comely waitresses were flitting around the tables, and if that is not new-fashioned for a club I know not what is! Before it became a club it was known as the Cannon Coffee House. The Club received a princely offer from the Canadian Government and has now migrated to Carlton House Terrace, and the old club house transformed. It was built by Sir Robert Smirke, who also erected the adjoining building, handsome and somewhat sombre looking, which I used to admire, and not being eager to ask questions often wondered what it was. My ignorance was enlightened one day by discovering that it was no less important than the abode of the Royal College of Physicians which after several migrations settled here in 1825. It has a long and honourable history dating back to 1523, having been founded by the celebrated Linacre whose statue adorns the façade, accompanied by Harvey and Sydenham.

What shall be said about the National Gallery? The building has been loaded with abuse. A spiteful critic once said of it the following severe strictures: 'This unhappy structure may be said to have everything it ought not to have, and nothing which it ought to have. It possesses windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepper-boxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe without anything to show upon it.' But that was written sixty years ago when the standard of architectural taste was not very high and the science of criticism not very accurate and precise. William Wilkins was the architect responsible for the edifice, which certainly is not much of a triumph. It is not worthy of its commanding site. Ruskin styled it a 'European jest.' It is too low, and is dwarfed by its neighbours, but it has a fine portico which was brought here from Carlton House when that fine building was destroyed.

But the treasures of the National Gallery are in its interior and the picture is of greater value than its frame. Last year it celebrated its centenary. It was on April 2, 1824, that the House of Commons voted £60,000 for the Gallery, £57,000 being for the purchase of the collection of Mr. J. J. Angerstein and £3,000 for maintenance charges. The lease was acquired of Mr. Angerstein's house, 100, Pall Mall, the site of which is now partly occupied by Carlton-gardens and the Reform Club, and the collection was thrown open to the public on certain days every week.

After the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection two very important gifts were made to the Gallery. The first was that of Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Constable and Wordsworth, whose collection contained amongst other notable paintings Rubens' famous landscape, 'The Chateau de Steen,' one of the Gallery's greatest treasures. Then in 1831 the Rev. W. Holwell-Carr bequeathed his collection to the nation, and by that time the Gallery was becoming firmly established.

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Thus the collection grew, and if not in quantity at least in quality it compares favourably with any other exhibition in the world.

If we are not content with the external features of our National Gallery we cannot but be satisfied with that masterpiece of Gibbs, the Church of St. Martin's-in-the Fields, to which we must devote a separate chapter, and with the noble, dignified, massive and striking Admiralty Arch in the south-west corner of Charing Cross, the entrance to St. James's Park. It was designed by Sir Aston Webb as part of the national memorial to Queen Victoria. Above the triple arch is the simple but expressive inscription in large letters, 'VICTORIÆ REGINÆ CIVES GRATISSIMI 1910.'

And here we will notice a short street named Spring Gardens, which marks the site of a famous garden which once delighted our ancestors and was a very popular pleasure resort. The buildings used by the London County Council before its members migrated to the palatial buildings across the river, occupy part of the site and the rest was absorbed when the new Admiralty Arch was built and the triumphal way opened across the Mall. Evelyn in his Diary alludes to the Spring Garden and informs us that 'Cromwell and his partisans had shut up and seized on Spring Garden which till now had been the usual rendezvous for the ladies and gallants at this season' (May 10, 1654). Twenty years earlier there is a record in a letter written by the Revd. George Gerrard, Master of the Charterhouse, stating that there was a bowling green in this Spring Garden, where was kept an ordinary of 6s. a meal (when the King's Proclamation allows but two, elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking wine all day long under the trees, two or three quarrels, every week. It was growing scandalous and insufferable; 'besides my Lord Digby being reprimanded for striking in the King's garden, he answered that he took it for a common bowling place where all paid money for coming in.' We read also

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of a maze similar to that at Hampton Court wherein loving couples lost themselves, and of a weeping tree like that which I have seen in the gardens at Chatsworth, beneath the shade of which adventurous persons were enticed, and then the enticer would turn a tap and a playful shower would descend upon his victim. Vicious folk frequented the Spring Garden and perhaps it was a gain to morality when it was suppressed.

Leaving behind such reflections on the depravity of a past age we take a long last lingering look upon the famous square and repeat to ourselves Henley's well-known lines:

'Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)
Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant lions in a haze,
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean road.'

CHAPTER 2

ST. MARTIN'S LANE AND THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

ST. MARTIN'S LANE was in the time of the Commonwealth deemed to be the 'western boundary of London, as it is the easternmost boundary of our wanderings. It is difficult to imagine it a shady lane with a hedge on each side as it was when Cromwell marched his poor unfortunate prisoners after his 'crowning mercy' at Naseby to lodge them in the Mews. Conspicuous at its entrance is the noble church of St. Martin, the story of which has been lovingly told by its churchwarden Mr. John McMaster with a wealth of illustrations that makes an author envious. This is not the first church built upon this site. At least it has had two predecessors. In 1222 there existed a small oratory which was used by pilgrims to Westminster Abbey and a burial place. There was some sad trouble before the century ended owing to a report that some buried treasure was secreted in or near the church, and Edward I ordered a search to be made for it. It is not known whether any was found, but the unfortunate vicar was sent to prison on a charge of treasure trove and assault, and the Dean of St. Paul's at Pawle's Cross publicly cursed all who had been guilty of sacrilege in violating the sanctity of the church of St. Martin.

The church was attached to the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and it was not until 1535 that it ceased to be subservient to that church; and the reason of this final separation was a curious one. Henry VIII, who was very fearful concerning his health, dreaded the plague which often visited London, and was depressed by the continual passing of funerals from St. Martin's to St. Margaret's through the Court gate of the palace and under his windows. So he laid out for the former a burial ground which was much larger than the present raised and paved area around the church. In it the dead of St. Martin's were

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laid, and Henry was thus less often reminded of his latter end.

The churchwardens' accounts, extracts of which are given in Mr. McMaster's book, are full of interest, especially those which relate to the Reformation period. When the Hospital of St. Mary Rounceval was dissolved some of the vestments were given by the King to the church, and when the Earl of Northampton began to build his palace the bodies from the churchyard of the Hospital were reinterred in St. Martin's burial ground. In 1525 a new roodloft with the figures of the Rood and the usual accompanying ones of the Blessed Virgin and St. John was erected. There is in existence no views or description of St. Martin's, but we gather from the accounts that there were three small chapels, and we read of St. Cuthbert's Chapel and St. John's Aisle. In 1544 it was found to be much decayed and a new church was built and then by royal order the rood screen and the figures were taken down. In a church so near to the Court the changes in religion and in the mode of worship were, of course, immediately carried out, whereas in places more remote it was possible not at once to conform. When Queen Mary came to the throne the rood was restored and the Roman use reintroduced. The Queen herself came with a grand procession to St. Martin's, listened to a sermon and heard the Mass sung. When Wyatt's rebellion burst upon the City and the fight took place at Charing Cross, as I have described, the dead were buried in St. Martin's churchyard. Again when Elizabeth came to the throne the Prayer Book was again used and the Protestant form of worship restored. In 1607 the church was enlarged by the addition of a new chancel and aisles. A century elapsed and the building fell into decay. The parishioners resolved that it should be rebuilt.

The present church—the finest of its Roman style in the country—was designed by James Gibbs, who gave us also the beautiful church of St. Mary-le-Strand and the

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steeple of St. Clement Danes. Yet it is a very different church from that which Gibbs wished to erect. He had prepared two designs, and he preferred the one which was rejected on the score of expense; this was a circular church. How far it would have influenced or harmonized with the general aspect of Trafalgar Square it is difficult to guess. The foundation stone was laid by King George I on March 19, 1721, not *in propria persona*, but by deputy, the Bishop of Salisbury being his proxy, and the church was consecrated in 1726. The tympanum above the splendid portico, of which the columns are a little over 33 feet in height, is filled with the royal arms in bas-relief. St. Martin's is the church of Buckingham Palace, and royal children born in the parish are registered there.

Well might Richard Savage thus commemorate the building:

‘O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise.’

Panegyrics innumerable have been bestowed upon it, and especially on the portico and the steps of the basement that give it dignity and proportion. Actually an ignorant Metropolitan Board of Works proposed to destroy this feature. St. Martin's had for a long time a very fashionable congregation, the eccentricities of which are thus satirized by the ‘London Spy’:

‘The inhabitants are now supplied with a decent tabernacle, which can produce as handsome a show of white hands, diamond rings, pretty snuff-boxes, and gilt prayer-books as any cathedral whatever. Here the fair penitents pray in their patches, sue for pardon in their paint, and see heaven in man.’

A strange and unhallowed use was once made of Gibbs's fine steeple. An Italian acrobat named Violante undertook to descend head foremost down a rope from the top of the

steeple in the manner of a flying man. He did so on June 1, 1727, watched by an immense crowd, which included several of the young princesses, and, among others, Horace Walpole, then a boy of ten. The rope was stretched down into the Royal Mews, over the roofs of what was then the lower stretch of St. Martin's Lane, and Violante made his descent in half a minute.

The registers of St. Martin's contain many interesting names. Here, on June 27, 1630, Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II, was baptized. Seventy years earlier the infant Francis Bacon had been brought to the same font. John Hampden was christened in St. Martin's, and so was Colley Cibber, the dramatist, whose autobiography ranks so high. All Sir Christopher Wren's children were received into the Church of England at St. Martin's.

Among the registered marriages is that of Thomas Moore, the poet, to Bessie Dyke, the young actress, to whom, Earl Russell says, he paid 'the homage of a lover from the hour of their nuptials to that of his dissolution'; he did, but it was largely absentee homage.

The list of burials in the vaults of St. Martin's is long and remarkable. Although he was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, the principal funeral honours to the murdered Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey were rendered in St. Martin's Church, of which he was a parishioner, and his portrait is preserved in the vestry hall. Here were buried Nicholas Hilliard, the miniature painter; Roubillac, the sculptor, whose studio was in St. Martin's Lane; Nicholas Stone, the master-mason and sculptor, so closely associated with Inigo Jones; Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough; Thomas, Lord Fairfax; Thomas Chippendale after his long labours at the sign of 'The Chair' at No. 60, St. Martin's Lane; and, if you please, Jack Sheppard, perhaps because he had honoured the parish by committing in it his first felony, the abstraction of two silver spoons from the Rummer Tavern (now the Ship Tavern at No. 35, Charing Cross).

ST. MARTIN'S LANE

In recent years St. Martin's has been a centre of wonderful spiritual life and vigorous churchmanship under the guidance of the present vicar, the Revd. H. R. L. Sheppard, who succeeded his father the Revd. Canon Edgar Sheppard. By his extraordinary activities and original methods and generous sympathy he attracts all sorts and conditions of men, and by his thoughtful invitation the outcasts of society, the men and women who have no homes and who would otherwise sleep in the cold of the Embankment find in the crypt of his church a refuge and a bed.

We have lingered long in contemplating this historic church and must now proceed further up the Lane. We find ourselves first in St. Martin's Place, where stands the statue of one of the martyrs of our time, the heroic Nurse Edith Cavell, who laid down her life for her countrymen and was shot for her pains by the barbaric Germans at Brussels in 1915. This brave lady's memory should be ever honoured, for she tried to save the lives of English soldiers captured by the enemy and to enable them to escape. The statue is hardly worthy of her. It tells of her patriotism, her devotion to her country's cause, but little of Christianity and of the eternal future and the martyr's crown.

It is difficult to realize what was the appearance of this Lane before the great transformation took place caused by the building of the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery and the making of the Charing Cross Road. On the right are some Georgian houses – very lofty they seem when one has to climb their stairs. This region was densely populated, and crowds lived in narrow lanes and alleys in the district called 'the Bermudas,' where thieves and vagabonds lurked ready for any disturbance and crime, and land-pirates eager to rush down upon belated wanderers and well-dressed folk. Where now the Coliseum sheds its gleaming lights and other theatres invite, there were in an earlier age green fields and hedgerows.

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We have imagined that when Cromwell marched his Royalist prisoners after Naseby fight to lodge them in the King's Mews these fields and hedgerows that lined the lane existed, but we find that at an earlier date building had commenced and some fair houses had been erected as early as the advent of James I. One side had been built by the Earl of Salisbury, who had his town-house near at hand, and Cecil Court and Cranbourne Alley, a name derived from his second title, remain to remind us of it. The rural character of the neighbourhood in former days is marked by the presence of a little alley named Hop-Garden Court or, as Strype calls it, 'Hop-yard,' which owed its origin to the great horticulturist, Sir Hugh Platt.

It should be remembered that while the Mews stood at Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane extended on the south as far as the entrance to the Strand, and in this lower portion there was a famous coaching inn, 'The Chequers,' which changed its name to 'The Coach and Horses,' whence a coach started for Windsor on two or three days a week. It was in the yard of this inn that Hogarth painted an early scene in the life of 'The Harlot's Progress.' There was also an inn called 'The Star.' North of Trafalgar Square was Duke's Court, and near it part of the churchyard of St. Martin's and a workhouse. Mr. MacMichael in his valuable history of Charing Cross, to which I am much indebted for [much information, tells of a famous book-binder who lived in Duke Street, Roger Payne (1739-87), and was a real artist. In the Spencer library there was a wonderful *Æschylus* that was bound by him. Sad to record he ended his days in poverty and distress.

The stocks and whipping-post which used to be preserved in the crypt of the church, and may still be there, stood opposite St. Martin's, and beside them a noted small prison called the Round House as a caution to evildoers. Its capacity was limited and Horace Walpole tells us a terrible story of what happened there. Some drunken constables set out to arrest disorderly persons, and pro-

ceeded to take every woman they met of whatever condition, bad or good. Thus they collected about twenty-five and crammed them into the Round House, where they kept them all night with doors and windows closed. The result was that four poor women were stifled to death, and others very nearly in the same condition. The constables fled, and apparently were never brought to justice. Mr. MacMichael quotes from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1744 the account of a crowd of ruffians armed with pistols and bludgeons who attempted to burst open the prison in order to rescue some of their mates who were lodged there. They passed their weapons through the window with the result that the keeper of the Round House and the beadle were wounded. Fortunately, a company of Life-Guards came upon the scene and caught some of the rascals, who were sent to Newgate.

At No. 40 in St. Martin's Place stood the palatial office of the Royal Society of Literature in which I am especially interested. It was founded by George IV, or under his patronage, who gave a large sum out of his own Privy Purse for its endowment – a graceful act of a graceless monarch. In spite of his many weaknesses he really loved literature, and was greatly interested in the prosperity and work of the Society. Encouraged by such royal patronage the Society built for itself its hall or office in 1831, which was designed by Decimus Burton. Unfortunately King William IV cared nothing for books and did not renew his predecessor's munificent grant and the Society languished, and lost its home. However, it still flourishes, and in this year of grace is about to celebrate the centenary of its foundation in 1825. Under the control of Lord Crewe, its President, Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Edmund Gosse, Professor Wagstaff, it continues its excellent work, strives to promote a literary *entente* among the European nations, and the honour of Fellowship is much sought after by literary men.

The full story of the Lane is told with much detail by

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Mr. MacMichael in his book on *Charing Cross and its neighbourhood*, and causes some wonder how so many notable persons have lived or been connected with it. It was a lane of artists, of taverns, coffee-houses. It might have been styled Painters' Lane. Therein the first Royal Academy was born. It began in simple style in a studio in St. Peter's Court, which is now covered by the abode of Messrs. Chatto & Windus (Nos. 110 and 111), where the sculptor Roubiliac worked. It called itself 'The Academy of Painters and Sculptors for the Improvement by Drawing after the Naked,' and subsequently the 'Society of Artists,' when a charter was granted to it. Artists are proverbially quarrelsome, and there were many disputes among the members, amongst whom were Benjamin West, Richard Wilson, Edward Penny, Joseph Wilton, Sir William Chambers, G. W. Moser, Paul Sandby and J. M. Newton. The embryo Academy migrated to Greek Street at the 'Turk's Head,' and left their old home to the Quakers for their Meeting House, whose abode is still in the Lane at No. 52. They sought the patronage of George III, and the actual Royal Academy was born in 1768. We need not follow its fortunes further, save to note that it found a home in Pall Mall, then in Old Somerset House, then in The National Gallery, and last of all in Burlington House, where we shall meet with it again.

Among the courts which branched off the Lane were Woodstock Court, Ellis's, Grant's and Hemming's Row, or Rents, named after Dr. Hemming, an apothecary. This and others were removed when Charing Cross Road sprang into being. Cecil Court has already been mentioned, where lived Hogarth's mother, who was frightened to death by a fire ; and Lancaster Court takes its title not from any royal or ducal house, but from a munificent vicar of St. Martin's, Dr. Lancaster, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, Vice-Chancellor and Archdeacon of Middlesex, who died in 1717. Charles Court doubtless took its name from Charles II, and there lived a wonderful sweep named

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Isaac Ware who rose to be a great architect and erected Isaac Disraeli's house in Bloomsbury Square and the town-house of the Earl of Chesterfield in South Audley Street. It is curious that the stains of soot imprinted on his face by his first calling always remained. Amongst the other famous men who dwelt here was Chippendale, who lived and worked at the Sign of 'The Chair,' not a common or garden chair, but a Sedan chair; and there by his skilled workmanship and ingenuity invented the style of furniture which we all love to possess. I have called the street 'Artists' Lane,' as here lived and worked the great Sir Joshua Reynolds; Nathaniel Hone, a mad Irishman, who painted miniatures; Fuseli, the Swiss painter, whom Sir Joshua helped, and who produced some great pictures and illustrated Shakespeare; Raimbach, a distinguished line engraver; Sir John Thornhill, who painted the cupola of St. Paul's; and many other minor lights. Indeed, report states that there was a colony of manufacturers of Old Masters in May's Buildings, and that many a Rubens, Rembrandt and others, was turned out to deceive the unwary and opulent customer and to bring wealth to the makers.

When the artists wished to meet and enjoy social intercourse they repaired to Slaughter's Coffee-House, a famous rendezvous in the Lane (Nos. 74 and 75), or you might have frequented Tom's Coffee-House near Chandos Street, but the artistic temperament was not there so strong. A very important personage in the Lane was Thomas Coutts, partner with his brother James in the famous Bank which bears their honoured name. Thomas fell in love with a pretty housemaid, Betty Starkey, and married her, much to the disgust of the Coutts family. However, this did not cool the ardour of his love for Betty, who made him the best of wives, entertained his distinguished guests with calmness, grace and dignity, and won the admiration, respect and affection of all the family.

The condition of the Lane until the middle of the

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eighteenth century was deplorable. It was paved with horrid cobbles, the footpath being *non est*, and mud and filth, ashes, oyster shells, and the offals of dead poultry abounded. Then came the Paving Act in 1762, and the Lane was changed. Not yet tar-mac or Macadam, but Scottish granite sets made an excellent road, and the traffic in the Lane was transformed. The erection of the Coliseum has wrought many changes. It replaces two police cells which provided lodging for prisoners when the Round House was full. It swallowed up or curtailed some of the adjoining courts, and where wretched prisoners suffered crowds flock every day to see the splendid performances on the largest stage in London.

In this street stands one of the foremost printing houses in the whole country, whose aid I have often sought in the production of works for which I am responsible. The firm is that of Messrs. J. W. Harrison & Sons, and though Mr. Harrison has often invited me to visit him and see his works, I regret extremely that, as I write, I have never been able to accomplish it. This has been a great loss to me, as Mr. Harrison is the chief authority on the story of the Lane. In the year of the Rebellion of Prince Charlie (1745) the firm began its career, and has descended from father to son for six generations. I trust that I may have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Harrison, and perhaps in a second edition of this book add much of interest kindly supplied by that gentleman concerning the Lane.

In writing this book I find there is so much to record about each square, each street and lane and nook and corner that I would fain linger long and stay my steps; but we have to wander all over the area of West London and cannot remain too long in one spot, or our task will never end.



CHAPTER 3

THE HAYMARKET

THE name suggests the fragrance of country scents and rural scenes, and it was as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century a great market for hay and straw which the wagons of the farmers in the Home Counties conveyed to London. Aggas' map of London shows it girt by hedgerows with a cluster of houses, and where the Carlton

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Hotel and His Majesty's Theatre now stand, in all the glory of modern architecture, visited by the élite, washer-women are shown washing their clothes. The wains loaded with sweet-smelling hay began to roll in in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and not until William IV, the so-called 'Patriot King,' reigned did they change their course to St. James's Market, which was held on the ground where Waterloo Place now extends itself, and to Cumberland Market, Regent's Park. Charles II added to the bucolic attractions of the street by granting permission for the holding of a cattle market.

Later on, where the Carlton Hotel invites its gay crowds of luxurious guests and His Majesty's Theatre, the scene of the many triumphs of the last great actor-manager, Sir Herbert Tree, now stands, there stood the Opera House, which I remember visiting in undergraduate days, and being surprised to find the theatre guarded both inside and outside by stalwart Grenadier Guards. It was the time of the Fenian outrages, when attacks were made and threatened upon public buildings.

The first Opera House was erected by Vanbrugh at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and owes its erection mainly to the members of the Kit Cat Club and other subscribers. This was also, I believe, the first building erected in the Haymarket. It was very grand and superb. It had vast columns, high roofs and gilded cornices, and the architect lavished all his art and skill on its construction. Its only fault was that not a word spoken on the stage could be heard in the vast auditorium. As a theatre, in spite of its elaborate scheme of decoration, it was hopeless, and even Vanbrugh's architectural triumph could not atone for its acoustic defects. Attempts were made to improve its hearing properties. Ceilings were lowered and at last it was possible to listen with pleasure to performances of Betterton's Company and to *The Loves of Ergosto*, set to Italian music. But the house failed to attract until the Italian Opera was introduced in 1710, played by Italian

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performers who produced *Almahide* and received the plaudits of London.¹ Handel's *Esther* and his *Acis and Galatea* were first performed here in 1732.

Fire, that has so often played havoc with London theatres, destroyed Vanbrugh's building in 1789, but it was rebuilt two years later on a vast scale. At the beginning of the nineteenth century its rent was £15,000 a year, and all the great songsters of the Victorian era have sung their sweetest in this building. Amongst these may be named Grisi, Tamburini, Lablache, Mario, Malibran, Pasta and Jenny Lind, and later on Sims Reeves, Piccolomini and Nilsson.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the old theatre was pulled down and the fine modern one erected by the late Sir Herbert Tree, which has been the scene of so many of his triumphs. I knew him well, and often did he invite me to witness his plays, *The Three Musketeers*, *Julius Cæsar*, and many others. Nor will the long-continued run of *Chu Chin Chow* be forgotten.

This street has another theatre, the Haymarket, which began its career in 1720. It was then called the 'Little Theatre in the Haymarket.' Garth wrote a prologue for the opening night, and although the immorality of the Restoration period had scarcely passed away, he said that the world was to be congratulated because the Stage was beginning to take the place of the Church. Here Gay's famous *Beggar's Opera*, which recently has been so popular, was first produced, with Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, as 'Polly Peachem.' This shows that the partiality of titled folk for actresses is not entirely a modern craze. Gay's opera ran for about ten weeks, and carried all before it. People of all classes flocked to the 'Little Theatre,' which was launched on a career of great prosperity. Political references were then popular. The *Beggar's Opera* contained many allusions to current affairs,

¹ Italian Opera was first inaugurated in England in 1674 under the patronage of Queen Catherine of Braganza, who loved music and sang well.

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and this was evident too in Fielding's *Pasquin*, performed by The Great Mogul's company of comedians in 1734, when much satire was expended on Walpole's administration. English audiences are not always very polite, and a company of French actors were driven off the stage to the cry of 'Out on the Frog-eaters!'

In 1744 Samuel Foote startled London by his masterly playing of *Othello*. The Licensing Act of 1736 caused much trouble to managers. It only permitted regular stage plays to be performed in the two theatres which enjoyed the privilege of holding a royal patent. So Foote gave his audience 'tea,' escaped any penalty, and made his theatre one of the most popular in London. But it was Foote's leg which brought prominence and prosperity to the 'Little Theatre.' He went hunting with an aristocratic company. The Duke of York was present, and Foote was thrown and broke his leg. So by way of compensation the Duke obtained for him a permanent licence. So the 'Little House' blossomed into 'The Theatre Royal, Haymarket.' In 1794 George III and his Queen visited it. There was a great crowd of people anxious to see royalty. They crowded together and sixteen people were crushed to death or trampled by the feet of these too loyal citizens.

In 1820 the 'Little House' disappeared and the present building erected by the architect Nash, whose Corinthian pillars and fine façade form the chief elevation of the street and redeems it from monotony, forming the principal object of architectural distinction. Many notable plays have been performed there. For some years the great Buckstone was manager, and I remember seeing him act, and also the Bancrofts, who began to reign in 1879. Their *Masks and Faces* I well recollect. Before His Majesty's Theatre was erected Mr. Beerbohm Tree was both actor and manager. Mr. Frederick Harrison is now the presiding genius of the place and has achieved many triumphs. The interior has been remodelled on several occasions, and if I remember rightly there was much disturbance

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when the place of the pit was converted into stalls, and the Pittites relegated to the gallery.

In former days the Haymarket was a street of taverns, which enjoyed no very favourable reputation. Day and night their evil doors were open and they were thronged by roués and the dissipated of both sexes. Shameless revellings were prolonged till dawn, and in place of the market and sweet-smelling hay there was a mart of prostitution that disgraced the town and presented to foreigners a curious sight of London's morality. Happily, the passing of the Early Closing Act of 1872 closed these homes of vice and converted the street to respectability.

The street has some title to fame on account of the authors and other celebrities who have lived there. In 1704 Joseph Addison, whom we shall meet again in more luxurious surroundings, resided therein and commenced his beautiful poem entitled 'The Campaign,' in which he described the recent victory of Blenheim, having been requested to write it by the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin at the suggestion of Lord Halifax. Lord Godolphin saw a specimen of the work before its completion, and was so charmed with the imagery that he appointed the author Commissioner of Appeal in succession to Mr. Locke, and this led the way to the Under-Secretaryship of State. His lodging in the Haymarket was only a garret where Pope once visited him. It was a far cry from this to Holland House, his last residence. Nance Oldfield, the popular actress, lived in this street. Morland, the wonderful painter of inns and farmyards, was born here in 1763, and in after life used to stay at the former, revel in drunkenness and pay for his night's lodging with one of his pictures.

Of the streets opening out of the Haymarket there are James Street, where the second James used to play tennis in the court which once stood there, and Panton Street, named after the successful gambler, Colonel Panton, who

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won at a sitting a fortune of £1,500 a year, and unlike most gamblers forsook the tables and never played again. He utilized his ill-gotten wealth carefully, bought the land on the eastern side of the street, and we shall meet him again in the luxurious rooms of Piccadilly Hall. He closed his adventurous career in 1681. This eastern side of the Haymarket was occupied by two bowling-greens and a tennis court connected with the aforesigned Piccadilly Hall prior to 1670. Bowling and tennis were the grand old-fashioned games indulged in by the English gentry, and by the former much wealth was lost or won by its devotees. On the ground where the Haymarket Stores tempt us by their wares and Messrs. Garrard, the King's Gold and Silver-smiths, the makers of the Ascot Cup which some years ago strangely vanished, formerly displayed their splendid artistic workmanship, excited players played their games and the 'woods' rolled over the well-kept greens; and the tennis court to the south echoed with the cries of the players, amongst whom was the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Few of the countless thousands who revel in lawn tennis know the intricacies and charms of its nobler ancestor, which is one of the best and finest ever invented. London is always full of strange survivals, and the curious will find a trace of this tennis court in the sign of an inn in Panton Street, the 'Hand and Racquet.' The ruins of the court itself could be seen in Orange Street within my memory, sixty years ago.

Hannah Lightfoot, the beautiful Quakeress, mistress of George III, lived at the corner of Market Street. She had a son by him who was named George Rex, and who received a government appointment in South Africa. He became the founder of the Knysne country and died an old man in 1839. A book entitled *The Fair Quakeress*, by Mary Pendered, tells the life-story of his mother, and Sir Walter Besant immortalized her in his novel. I believe Rex married a native woman and had a large family, and their descendants are to-day spread throughout the length

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and breadth of South Africa, and all show traces of colour derived from George Rex's wife.

The memory of the successful gambler, Edward Panton, is still preserved in Panton Street. His daughter Elizabeth married Lord Arundell of Wardour. Hence we have Arundell Passage just above the Haymarket Stores, wherein Mr. Jenkins, the modern publisher, began his career with his 'Green Label.' On the south of the tennis court and bowling-green was the garden wall of Lord Suffolk's house, whose name is preserved in Suffolk Place and Suffolk Street, which was formed in 1664, wherein is one of the best of University Clubs, the United Universities, where one meets old college friends in abundance and revives old memories. Lord Suffolk does not seem to have liked his neighbours, the bowling-greens and tennis court, and left London; he was succeeded by Sir John Coventry, whose name survives in Coventry Street connecting Piccadilly Circus with Leicester Square. There, too, is the gallery of British Artists, wherein were held the happy reunions of the 'After Dinner Club.' The 'Merry Monarch's' favourites haunt this district, and here he established a luxurious home for his mistress, Moll Davis, whose coach Pepys saw come for her and pronounced it to be 'a mighty pretty fine coach.' Here in Suffolk Street lived and died 'Vanessa,' one of the ladies who suffered much from the curious conduct of Dean Swift in regard to his treatment of women. The world knows his conduct to 'Stella,' his coldness in her company, his affectionate letters, and not even did his secret marriage with her increase his desire for loving intercourse. It was the same with 'Vanessa,' whose real name was Esther Vanbomrigh, the daughter of a good Dutch family, whose acquaintance he made during the zenith of his political power. Her affections were captivated by the power of his genius. She followed him to Ireland and pressed him to marry her, but Swift put her off, and she died of grief and vexation when she discovered that he was married to Stella.

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As behoves a market where drovers and carters resorted the Haymarket possessed several inns, of which the 'Black Horse' still survives in a more palatial style at the corner of Jermyn Street.

The Haymarket was not a very safe place and many murders have been committed there. It was at the lower end of the street that Mr. Thynne met his fate at the hands of Count Konigsmark's assassins, to which murder I have already alluded. It was a miscarriage of justice that the Count should have escaped the gallows. He was a favourite of Charles II. His hirelings were Vratz, a German, Stern, a Swede, and Borotsk, a Pole, who were hanged in the Haymarket. Bishop Burnet attended them in their last hour. Vratz expressed his assurance that 'God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession He had placed him in, and that He would not take it ill if a soldier who lived by his sword avenged an affront offered him by another.' Stern, on the scaffold, complained that he died for a man's favour whom he never spoke to, for a woman whom he had never seen, and for a dead man whom he never had sight of.

Another scandalous murder was that of Nathaniel Coney in a drunken brawl at Long's tavern in this street by the Earl of Pembroke, a notorious gambler, drunkard and roué. For this crime he was impeached before the House of Lords and only escaped by pleading the privileges of his Order. The chronicle of Lord Pembroke's wild and shameless career is amazing, but we need not follow him to the other scenes of his atrocious crimes. Happily for his acquaintances and the public at large, death carried him off at an early age.

At the corner of Suffolk Place, Sir John Coventry had his nose slit to the bone in 1669 by a zealous Royalist for 'reflecting on the King,' and this led to the passing of the 'Coventry Act,' prohibiting cutting and maiming. A friend of Dr. Johnson's, one Joseph Baretti, the author of the English and Italian dictionaries, was insulted by a drunken

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bully in Panton Street. In defending himself he unfortunately stabbed the man, for which crime he was tried for murder, but his friends Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds and Garrick came to his rescue and pleaded so powerfully that the jury acquitted him. The murder of William Weare, a noted gambler, did not take place in the Haymarket, but Thurtell, the murderer, was captured in bed at the 'Blue Post' in this street by a Bow Street runner. The poet commemorates the crime:

'They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn.'

Turning from such ghastly scenes we may stop and gaze at the charming eighteenth century shop at the top of the street, which all architects so much admire. In the reign of George I, verily in 1720, Peter Fribourg opened this shop as a 'Snuffman and Tobacconist,' at the sign of the 'Rasp and Crown,' the rasp representing the snuffman's calling, as it was an instrument for rasping tobacco prior to the invention of any mechanical means of doing this. For more than 200 years Messrs. Fribourg & Treyer have carried on their trade, and snuff was the mainstay of the business till about 1840, when it began to go out of fashion. George IV was a large taker of snuff, and his name appears frequently upon the books of the firm a little over a hundred years ago. Wisely have the modern representatives of the firm preserved the old building with its fine old Adam screen, its well-known shop front with its circular bay windows showing Adam's influence and the fanciful and pretty application of cobweb lines in the fanlights to the entrance doors. We can imagine we can see a company of beaux with their full wigs, their dandy canes, and scented laced handkerchiefs emerging from this door. How dexterously they handle their elegant snuff-boxes, and present them to their neighbour, displaying the soft whiteness of

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their hands and the splendour of their rings, and then with graceful gesture applying the deftly handled pinch :

‘A delicate pinch! Oh how it tingles up
The titillated nose; and fills the eyes,
The breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full-collected pleasure bursts at last.’

The Prince Regent had a ‘cellar of snuff’ which he sold for £400 to the owners of this shop, Messrs. Fribourg & Treyer, who also bought the stock of Lord Petersham, a prince of dandies. He had a great collection of snuff and snuff-boxes and had special boxes for summer and winter wear. Shame, gentlemen, you should have smoked a pipe!

Nearly opposite is the entrance to Jermyn Street which derives its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, who was the chamberlain and friend of Queen Henrietta Maria and who assisted the poor, thoughtless, spirited lady during all the terrible sorrow of King Charles’s murder. Many illustrious persons have resided in this street and, among the crowd, we notice the handsome Colonel Churchill at the outset of his career (1665–81), ere he blossomed into the greatness of the Duke of Marlborough and had the misfortune to marry the tempestuous Duchess Sarah. Crowds gather in London on the slightest pretext. I wonder whether they flocked to see an aged man being borne from the door of the St. James’s Hotel on July 7, 1832, to his carriage starting on his last journey. He was the wonderful writer, Sir Walter Scott, who had been taken seriously ill when on the Continent, and was determined to end his life at his beloved Abbotsford. Though worn out with long travail, weak and ill, his eyes lighted up when he beheld his Scottish home, where he passed away just a fortnight after leaving this hotel.

We must not forget to pass into the entry of the little court off the Haymarket called St. James’s Market (we are all very loyal, very Stuartian in the Haymarket), and there hear Richard Baxter preaching to an excited crowd.

COCKSPUR STREET, WATERLOO PLACE
AND PALL MALL

PROCEEDING westward from Charing Cross we find ourselves in a street the name of which reminds us of a cruel sport of former days. Though illegal in this country, cockfighting has not been entirely suppressed and, like the baiting of bulls, lingers on in remote districts where the eye of the law fails to observe it. The sport was fairly universal throughout England. In my neighbouring town of Wokingham there is a cock-pit walk behind the 'Rose' Inn, marking the spot where mighty contests took place in the eighteenth century, the gentlemen of Berkshire contending with the gentlemen of Hants or Surrey, some thousands of pounds depending upon the issue.

The cockspur, some examples of which I have seen, is a small spur made of steel with a sharp point, which was fastened to the clawed feet of the bird, a blow of which often proved fatal to the adversary. Nigh this place there were two famous cock-pits, at Whitehall and St. James's Park; so cockspurs were in great request, and if you wish to engage in this cruel sport you will have no great difficulty in procuring and arming your cocks with spurs.

We have visited already Spring Gardens upon the site of which in recent times the sober London County Council had its offices, until they were removed to the Palace across Westminster Bridge. The Council recognize their responsibilities with regard to the preserving of relics of Old London, and have amassed a useful library of books relating to the City, which are in charge of the learned son of a learned father, Mr. Wheatley, Junior. In Spring Gardens the large room which echoed with the oratory of the members of the Council is now devoted to other meetings and social purposes. The very pleasant After-Dinner Club now holds its receptions there, and Literature, Art and the Drama call together their devotees. In Cockspur Street the shipping companies invite you to travel all over

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the world, and display attractive products of various countries. Fain would I accept their invitations, but never has Time allowed me to travel into distant lands. Home and England's fair land are good enough for me, and here I often used to climb the stairs leading to Mr. Edward Stanford's office, that prince of map-makers, who for some time here published 'Murray's Guide-books,' before he retired to Long Acre, and for whom I revised some of the volumes.

On the island space opposite, between Cockspur Street and Pall Mall East, we see an equestrian statue of George III, by Cotes, wearing his small wig, and so past the doors of the Carlton Hotel and to Waterloo Place, the home of statuary and clubs, over which the lofty column of the Duke of York dominates. A very different scene would have greeted us in former days. There stood Carlton House on the south, a large building, which appears in some old prints. It was erected by Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton, in 1709. His descendants sold it to Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1732, and it became prominent and notorious when it passed into the possession of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Frederick, Prince of Wales, had married the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, who survived him many years and lived here in retirement until her death in 1772. The house aroused itself considerably when the future King and Prince Regent began to reside there. Vast sums were spent upon it, and Horace Walpole, who greatly admired the embellishments and profuse decorations, said that 'All the mines in Cornwall could not pay a quarter.' Magnificent banquets were held here, and the Prince Regent's set, Beau Brummell and the rest, were often seen entering the doors of this famous mansion. As we shall notice presently, it was the intention of the royal owner to build another palace in Regent's Park and to connect it with Carlton House by the formation of Regent Street; but even kings and princes cannot always accomplish their designs.

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In 1827 Carlton House was pulled down, and as we have seen, its stately columns now form a redeeming feature of the National Gallery. The name of the mansion is perpetuated in Carlton House Terrace, those stately houses overlooking St. James's Park. We have also a Carlton Club, a Carlton Hotel, and another Carlton House in Lower Regent Street, where merchants and divers companies make their fortunes.

On the site of Carlton House is the Duke of York's column. This duke was the second son of George III, and brother of George IV, and the statue was sculptured by Westmacott. 'I do not know what the achievements of this Duke of York were,' states the learned Dean of St. Paul's, and perhaps others may share his ignorance. He was certainly not a great hero or worthy of his exalted height of 124 feet, and some reflections on his career may banish any ideas of hero-worship. Let it be known, however, that he was the hereditary Bishop of Osnaburg when only six months old. The caustic Sydney Smith wrote: 'I believe our right reverend father in God is in process of being weaned.' He was for some unknown reason appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He was an admirable tactician. Is his memory not recorded in song:

'O the gallant Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up a hill so high,
And marched them down again.
And when they were up they were up,
And when they were down they were down;
And when they were but half-way up,
They were neither up nor down.'

By such wonderful tactics he succeeded in losing us two campaigns in Flanders and Holland. In recognition of these services he was made Commander-in-Chief, but had

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to resign owing to the indiscretion of his mistress in selling promotion to officers.

In later years he became the vehement opponent of Catholic Emancipation, and the recognized champion of the Church in the House of Lords. Perhaps it was a case of reverting to type, and the infant Bishop of Osnaburg may have had something to do with this, and to his being born in the odour of sanctity. The wits of the time commented upon the height of the column as appropriate to one who preferred to be beyond the reach of his creditors, who were numerous, in spite of the fact that he had an income of £70,000, together with his salary of £10,000 as Commander-in-Chief, and a like sum for guarding the person of the mad King George. He seems scarcely worthy of his lofty position. Moreover, it is misleading, as foreigners carry away the impression that this paltry Duke of York is second only to the great Nelson, whose statue dominates the neighbouring square. The Duke's column has other unpleasant memories, as it was deemed a kind thing to stop every soldier's pay for one day in order to provide the funds. Well said *The Satirist* when the statue was erected:

‘Small reason have the Royal Family
Their kinsman’s new position to deplore:
He now stands higher in the public eye
Than he was ever known to stand before!’

You will not wish to ascend the stairs that lead to the gallery to do homage to this indomitable hero. I believe they are closed, as a French musician was foolish enough to fling himself over the railing and was killed.

Several statues of far more worthy folk grace Waterloo Place. Among the recent ones is that of Captain Scott, the hero of the Antarctic exploration. It was carved by his widow, Lady Scott, and bears the words from the last entry in his diary: ‘Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood and endurance and courage of my

WATERLOO PLACE AND PALL MALL

company which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale.' Heroes of the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean War are there. Lord Clyde, Lord Lawrence, Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, Lord Napier of Magdala, the three gallant regiments of the Guards with their captured Russian guns, Florence Nightingale, 'the Lady of the Lamp,' and her friend, Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea, whose statue, by Foley, formerly graced the old War Office in Pall Mall.

Looking around Waterloo Place we are attracted by a notable building at the south-west corner with a statue of Minerva standing over the porch and a frieze. It is the august dwelling of the Athenæum Club, founded by John Wilson Croker, after consultation with Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Society, for the association of individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of science, literature or the arts. Princes of the blood Royal, Cabinet Ministers, bishops, Speakers of the House of Commons, judges, foreign ambassadors, or ministers plenipotentiary of not less than three years' residence in the Court of St. James's, are welcomed as extraordinary members. The company at the Athenæum is, therefore, extremely select, perhaps a little overpowering. It is interesting to note that in so rarefied an atmosphere, amidst an assembly of such exalted talents, dignity and importance, 'No higher stake than half-guinea points shall be played for, and that no game of mere chance shall be played in the house for money.'

The history of the club has been told by the Rev. J. G. Waugh in an interesting book printed for private circulation in 1900. Its first home was 12 Waterloo Place, where it remained until 1827, when it obtained its present site. This house was planned by Decimus Burton, and an attic

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storey was added in 1899. A little story is told, by Mr. Ralph Nevill, of the frieze which adorns the exterior. Croker determined that John Heming, a Scotch sculptor, should design it on the model of that of the Parthenon. The members opposed and wanted an ice-house. But Croker was a determined man and got his way, and the ice-house was abandoned for the sake of the frieze. Hence the epigram:

‘I’m John William Croker,
I do as I please;
They ask for an ice-house,
I’ll give them – a Frieze.’

The pillars in the hall were copied from the Temple of the Winds at Athens. There are two statues in niches, ‘Venus Victrix’ and ‘Diana Robing.’ The library is the best club library in the world, and is strong in all departments of study, both English and foreign. There are many portraits and busts of former members who number all the great names in literature, art, statesmanship and the Church. Ghosts of great writers haunt the library in which they used to work, including Macaulay, Isaac d’Israeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Lord Lytton, and a host of others.

Very strict rules with regard to smoking were in force some time ago, perhaps on account of the presence of so many bishops; but as most bishops smoke now, the stern rules have been somewhat relaxed, and the attic storey was fashioned for a smoking-room. The club has a noble hall and a grand staircase, and the former was redecorated in 1891 under the direction of Sir L. Alma Tadema. Originally a soirée was held every Wednesday, to which ladies were admitted. That has long been discontinued, and, as a satirical member observed, ‘Minerva is kept out in the cold while her owls are gorging within.’ The Athenæum has often welcomed great actors, and the following have been members: Macready, Mathews, Kemble,

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Terry, Kean, Young and Irving. There is a well-known story of Huxley (or was it Herbert Spencer?) playing a game at billiards with a stranger, a guest to him unknown, which gave birth to the saying, often quoted, about such remarkable skill affording 'evidence of a misspent youth.'

On the east side of Waterloo Place, opposite to the Athenæum, is the famous military club, called the United Service Club. Previous to its foundation, officers who came to London had no places of call but hotels and coffee-houses. On May 31, 1815, General Lord Lynedoch, Viscount Hill and others united in the establishment of the General Military Club, and in the following year the privilege of membership was extended to the Navy, and the club received its present appellation. Its first home was in Charles Street, but in 1828 it migrated to its present excellent site, the building having been designed by Nash. Its former house was handed over to the Junior United Service Club. The present club-house is a fine building with a classical portico facing Pall Mall. There are many interesting portraits and some statuary. Very noticeable is the colossal bust of the Great Duke in the entrance hall, by Pistrucci, but it is impossible to record here the names of the illustrious soldiers and sailors who have played such honourable parts in 'our brave island story' and saved England and the Empire in many a crisis in her history.

New buildings have been arising in Waterloo Place, much altering its appearance. Two publishing firms of note used to have their offices here. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. lived at the west side, whose portals I used to enter when I first began to write for the famous *Cornhill Magazine*, and there made the acquaintance of the most delightful of men, Mr. Reginald Smith. Well do I remember the reception he and Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, gave at Middle Temple Hall on the occasion of the centenary of the founding of that magazine. After Mr. Reginald Smith's much lamented death the firm, whose greatest

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triumph was the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was amalgamated with that of Mr. John Murray. The other publishing firm was that of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., who lived in the north-west corner of the Place. I started with them the editorship of the 'National Churches Series,' which dealt with the ecclesiastical history of all the European nations and also of America. We had several distinguished writers on our list, including Mr. Baring-Gould, Canon Overton, the Dean of Lichfield, etc., when just on the eve of the publication of the first volume the firm went into liquidation. Great was my dismay; however, I was able to transfer the series to Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co., and all was well.

Proceeding along Pall Mall we find ourselves in a street of clubs; but, first, I must say a word about its name, which is, of course, derived from the old game that was played here when the Stuarts reigned. Imagination may enable us to see the 'Merry Monarch' engaged in his favourite pastime, in which he was undoubtedly most proficient. The poet Waller's lines may occur to us:

'Here a well-polished Mall gives us joy
To see our prince his matchless force employ.
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.'

The connection between the old game and golf is not very remote. Indeed, the two were close allies and relations. We might call them sisters. Pall Mall cannot be an ancestor of golf, as the latter is the older game, though its form has varied much in various countries and centuries, and the evolution of modern golf has been a gradual process. There is a Dutch game called kolf, but, as Mr. Andrew Lang remarks, 'it is no more golf than cricket is poker.' Chole, played in Belgium and northern France, is a transitional form, but my concern is chiefly with Pall

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Mall and to show its similarity to our own more famous game. Sports have a habit of reviving, and possibly a game which was extremely fashionable for nearly two centuries may again succeed in capturing the public taste and renew its life.

Pall Mall was popular from the end of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth, and then went out of fashion. At one time there were few large towns without a mall or prepared ground where the game could be played. France was probably its original habitat, whence it migrated to Scotland, and then found its way into England when King James VI of Scotland crossed the border and established the Stuart dynasty in England. It appears that he was well acquainted with the game and approved of it, as in his *Basilicon Doron*, wherein he enumerates certain sports and exercises suitable for the education of his son, Prince Henry, he specially mentions Pall Mall. There is evidence also that prior to the coming of King James the game was not known in England, as Sir R. Dallington in his *Method of Travel*, published in 1598, expresses his surprise that the sport had not been introduced into this country.

We will try to reconstruct the game. It was played in long shady alleys and on dry gravel walks. A golfer would not appreciate tall trees overhanging his course, but the art of the pell-mell player was to keep the ball low, so as to make it skate along the ground with considerable speed and to be careful not to strike it so as to raise it from the earth. This is shown by what Charles Cotton wrote:

‘But playing with the boy at Mall
(I rue the time and ever shall),
I struck the ball I know not how,
(For that is not the play, you know),
A pretty height into the air.’

Therein it seems to have resembled croquet rather than golf, but evidently the boy was a caddie, who was required

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to carry the clubs or mallets which were of different sizes and forms. The length of the mall in St. James's Park was very nearly half a mile, and the greatest care was bestowed upon it. Pepys, who saw the King's brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II, playing there, relates in his *Diary* that he had some conversation with the keeper of the mall, and that the man told him how he mixed the earth for the floor, over which powdered cockle-shells were strewn. All this required such attention that a special person was employed for the purpose, who was called the cockle-strewer. In dry weather the surface naturally was apt to turn to dust, and consequently to impede the flight of the ball, so that the cockle-strewer's office was by no means a sinecure. On this ground a ball could be driven about 400 yards. It was made of boxwood. Golf balls in the sixteenth century were made of leather stuffed with feathers. It was not till the middle of the last century that golfers were able to sing with the poet:

‘Hail, gutta percha, precious gum.’

This London Mall was pronounced by Richard Blome, who wrote in 1673, to be the best in Christendom, but Evelyn claims that the Mall at Tours, with its seven rows of tall elms, was ‘the noblest in all Europe for length and shade.’

The great authority on the subject is Joseph Lauthier, who wrote a treatise entitled *Le Jeu de Mail*, published in Paris in 1717. It is a very scarce book. Mr. Andrew Lang only once saw a copy, and he mentions an earlier author, one Hieronymus Mercurialis, who called his book *Pila-Malleus*. It was written and published at Venice, which does not exactly lend itself to such games.

The player required some mallets and balls, and two arches or hoops were fixed at either end of the mall, and a wooden border marked so as to show the position of the balls when played. The mallets resembled croquet mallets, and Lauthier directs that the weight and height of the

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mallet should be in proportion to the strength and stature of the player. The balls were of various sizes and weights, and each size had a distinct name. In damp weather, when the soil was heavy, a lighter ball was required than when the soil was sandy. A gauge was used to ascertain its weight, and the weight of the mallet was adjusted to that of the ball. The arch or pass was about two feet high and two inches wide, and was therefore narrower than the most severe croquet hoop. The one at the west end of St. James's Park remained in its place for many years, and was not cleared away until about the year 1760. The mallet was raised above the head, somewhat in the same way as a driver is used in golf, and brought down with great force, so as to strike the ball to a considerable distance. I know not whether the player assumed the correct position and 'swing' of a golfing expert.

Lauthier describes four ways of playing at pall mall. The first was the *rouet*, or pool game; the second *en partie* or a match game; the third *à grands coups*, at long shots; and the fourth *chicane*, a species of hockey. Moreover, he proposes a new game to be played like billiards.

Such are some of the records of this ancient pastime which was closely akin to our favourite game that affords us so much delight. We have it on the authority of a Harleian MS. that the golf which Prince Henry, the son of James I, played, 'was not unlike to pale maille.' Substitute a hole for a hoop, a greensward for a cockleshell-strewn gravel court, a club for a mallet – a specimen of this may be seen in the museum of the Club House at St. Andrews – a boxwood ball for a gutta percha, and you have a very fair presentment of the modern game that is really so ancient that its age cannot be truly estimated. The links or ground used for the game did not exactly follow the course of the street, but are said to have occupied its north side where the buildings on the south side of St. James's Square now stand.

Wandering down Pall Mall we notice the Travellers'

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Club housed in a fine building designed by Barry in 1832. Lord Castlereagh was the founder in 1820. It was the fashion of the age to copy Italian models, and this was an imitation of the Villa Pandolfini at Florence, and is built around a courtyard. The Club is, or was, very exclusive, and black balls often fall in showers during elections. My old college friend, Cecil Rhodes, might have been deemed a traveller, one of our great Empire builders, whose name a colony of the British Empire bears; but he was summarily rejected, and shared the fate of Thackeray, whose chair is preserved as a memorial of the great writer. Evidently the Travellers' preferred his empty chair to his company, and therein showed a curious lack of literary taste. What is the qualification of a Traveller? Not to have roamed the Rockies, or visited 'India's Coral Strand,' or to have circumnavigated the globe – it is to have travelled out of the British Isles to a distance of at least 500 miles from London in a straight line! Theodore Hook shows his wonderful ability in rhyming in his description of the members:

'The Travellers' are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cosily,
And dream they climb the highest Alps, or rove the plains of Moselai.
The world for them has nothing new; they have explored all parts of it;
And now they are club-footed! and they sit and look at charts of it.'

Mr. Ralph Nevill, who seems to know every club in London, informs us that the library is a very delightful room, and that 'reading, dozing and meditation' are the chief pleasures of the members, who delight to recall their adventures during their travels in regions 500 miles from London in a straight line.

Next door is the Reform Club, established in 1837, as the rallying ground for the Liberal Party soon after the passing

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of the Reform Bill. It was instituted for the purpose of promoting the social intercourse of the Reformers of the United Kingdom. All candidates are to declare themselves to be reformers, but no definition of a 'reformer' is given. My cousin, Dr. Ditchfield, was for many years a member of it, and did good service to the club in regard to the library through his knowledge and love of books. I used to lunch with him there in the days of my youth, and was much inspired by the dignity of the great hall. Lovers of art should venerate the place, as here Mr. Angerstein lived who made a great collection of pictures which formed the nucleus of the National Gallery then arising in Trafalgar Square. The architect of the club-house was Mr. Barry, the builder of the Houses of Parliament, who must have been very busily employed at this period. It is in the Italian style and resembles Michael Angelo's Farnese Palace at Rome. The portraits of illustrious Liberals adorn the walls and Mr. Gladstone and others are immortalized by busts and statues. I know not the relations which exist between this Club and the National Liberal. It represents, I believe, the old-fashioned Liberals, who are somewhat different from the modern Radical. John Bright was a distinguished member, but such is the changing nature of party affairs that I believe his nephew, a member of Parliament, was blackballed. The Reformers used to make themselves comfortable, and possessed a cook who was the envy of all other clubs. This was Alexis Soyer, a Frenchman, who could not only cook amazing dinners, but also produce a book upon his art.

Side by side with the Reform is the great Conservative Club called the Carlton, seemingly at peace but violently opposed in politics. Its polished red granite pillars have now been removed. The club was founded by the Duke of Wellington in 1831, just before its neighbouring political rival was established. It first opened its doors in Charles Street and then removed to Carlton Gardens. But the premises were too small for the increasing

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number of members and a new home was built in Pall Mall by Sir Robert Smirke in 1836. Again this had to be enlarged and finally Sydney Smirke in 1854 built the present dignified home of the Conservative cause after the model of Sansovino's Library of St. Mark, Venice. The history of the Conservative Party during nearly a century is writ large in the story of the Carlton Club and is reflected on its walls by the portraits of the distinguished statesmen who have borne the burden and heat of many a day of crisis and struggles. Not the least exciting was the recent meeting which doomed to death the Coalition and the re-establishment of the Conservatives. It is unnecessary here to record the names of the former leaders of the party whose portraits afford inspiration to the present members.

Just across the way is the Junior Carlton which was founded in 1864 and three years later the palatial club-house was built by the architect, Mr. Brandon. Naturally it carries on the same traditions as its distinguished ancestor on the other side of Pall Mall, and needs no further description.

On the same side is another military club, the Army and Navy. It had some migrations, which we need not follow, before it settled here. It was founded about the year 1840, and was called the Army Club. The Duke of Wellington seems to have had a great desire to blend together the two great Services. As he did in the case of the United Service Club, so here he desired that Naval men should share the amenities of the new club with the Army, and thus promote good feeling. I visited the club as the guest of a Colonel and was much impressed by the handsome building which Mr. Nevill describes as 'one of the finest club-houses in the world.' Following the fashion of other architects of the period, Messrs. Parnell & Smith copied a foreign design, and selected the Venetian style, taking as their model the Palazzo Rezzonico, situate on the Grand Canal in the city of canals. It was begun in 1846

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and finished in 1851. I had often heard the club called 'The Rag,' but never could obtain a satisfactory explanation, until my host informed me that a certain Captain Duff, a somewhat volatile member who was fond of mischief and nocturnal rambles, and who returning late one night demanded a repast. The cook had retired and little food could be found to satisfy his craving appetite. So he exclaimed that the motto of the Club should be 'Rag and Famish.' 'The Rag' took the fancy of the members and 'caught on.' Hence one of the most hospitable clubs in London is characterized by this singularly inappropriate name. It is said that the club-house stands on the site of a house which was inhabited by Nell Gwynne. In one of the rooms I saw a mirror which belonged to her, and once reflected the countenance of the celebrated beauty, and also a fruit-knife with which she peeled and cut her peaches. Her portrait by Sir Peter Lely is there, but that has been acquired in more recent times. There is, however, some question about the house which Nell Gwynne occupied. Wherever it was there was a garden which had a mount, on which Nell used to stand to talk over the wall to the King as he walked in St. James's Park. This is true as Evelyn records it in his *Diary*, and was much shocked by such proceedings. He wrote:

'5th March, 1671. I walk'd with him (Charles II) thro' St. James's Parke in the gardens where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. Nellie, as they cal'd an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace on the top of the wall, and the King standing on ye greene walke under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walk'd to the Duchess of Cleavelande, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation.'

No wonder that Evelyn and most of the English gentlemen were disgusted by the shameless immorality of the later Stuarts. Besides Nell Gwynns, whom Burnet

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described as 'the indiscretest and wildest creature that ever was in a court,' and the Duchess of Cleveland above mentioned, there was in Pall Mall the French Duchess of Mazarin and Moll Davis in St. James's Square, in which James II kept his mistresses Arabella Churchill and Catharine Sedley.

Where the old War Office stood has arisen that immense modern club, the Automobile, which is the last word of comfort and luxury. It is an immense caravanserai, and is scarcely entitled to the name of club. It is too big, too crowded, too much frequented by all sorts and conditions of men, for a society of men of kindred tastes to meet together and enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse. However it presents many advantages with its swimming baths, gymnasium, its welcome to the wives and daughters and friends of members; but we must hurriedly pass its doors, except to notice the wondrous ceiling of the smoking-room which by covenant was preserved when the club was built. It was part of the old War Office, and part of the ceiling of one of the rooms of Schomberg House, a portion of which remains. This Schomberg House was formerly the residence of H.R.H. Prince Christian and H.R.H. the Princess Christian, and is now in the possession of their daughters H.H. Princess Marie Louise and H.H. Princess Helena Victoria. It was my privilege often to visit their Royal Highnesses and to enjoy their friendship. The house takes its name from the great soldier, the Duke of Schomberg, who accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, when he came to take possession of the English throne. He was a life-long friend of William III. In spite of his great age of 82 years he fought in Ireland for the King and was slain at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. The present house is only a fragment of the former one, but it is a very precious fragment. It has been the home of artists. John Astley, the painter, resided there and adorned the entrance by placing the relief over it. He divided the house into three portions, and having married

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a rich wife he became known as 'Beau Astley' and entertained largely. Nathaniel Hone, R.A., lived here for a time. He was intensely jealous of the fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds. I see him walking down Pall Mall, a tall, upright, large man with a broad-brimmed hat and a lapelled coat, buttoned up to his satin stock. He is vowed vengeance against his rival and devising a picture which shall prove that Reynolds was a mere plagiarist, to be called the 'Conjuror.' It was painted and exhibited, but the Royal Academy naturally rejected it. The portion of the house that remains is one of the wings in which Gainsborough lived and died (1778-88). His brother artist Sir Joshua Reynolds sat to him and was present when Gainsborough passed away uttering those last words, 'We are all going to heaven and Vandyke is of the company.' Cosway, the miniature painter, also lived at Schomberg House. He wore, as he walked abroad, a mulberry silk coat embroidered with scarlet strawberries, and was undoubtedly a very foppish little man. But he could paint miniatures and enjoyed the patronage of the Prince Regent and his companions. Mrs. Cosway also painted miniatures and was a very vivacious woman, 'a golden-haired, languishing Anglo-Italian, graceful to affectation and highly accomplished.' She was fond of music and held receptions at Schomberg House, which was crowded, and Pall Mall was blocked with carriages, sedan-chairs, link-boys and lackeys.

In this street of clubs there are others which can only be recorded briefly here. There is the very fashionable Marlborough Club at No. 52, of which King Edward VII when Prince of Wales was a member. The Oxford and Cambridge makes a brave show in Pall Mall, having a very imposing façade built by the Smirke brothers in 1837, whence Homer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Apollo and the Muses, Milton, Newton and Virgil, look down upon the passers-by. There is also a New Oxford and Cambridge Club at No. 68, but for this and other modern institutions

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I have no space. There were some old gaming clubs that have happily vanished. There was one in which Jewish money-lenders located themselves in a room below the place where the gamblers played, ready to lend their money to impoverished players who had been cleaned out so that they might continue their game. This room where the money-lenders sat to do their business was styled 'Jerusalem Chamber.'

The last house on the south side of Pall Mall is an important one. It is Marlborough House, the present residence of the much beloved Queen Mother, Queen Alexandra. As its name implies it was the home of the great soldier, the first Duke of Marlborough, to whom a grateful nation gave the magnificent Palace of Blenheim. The Crown leased to him a portion of the park for this purpose. The Duke employed Sir Christopher Wren to build it in 1709; it is a good example of the Queen Anne style, and is constructed of red brick. Here the great Duke died before his Oxfordshire palace was completed, and here his famous and disagreeable Duchess Sarah passed her widowhood which lasted twenty-two years. She lived to a great age, fought with every one who opposed her, and quarrelled with every one. She was especially bitter against the Government and Sir Robert Walpole. You will have noticed that the entrance to this important dwelling, where the sentry stands, is somewhat mean and unworthy. A story is attached to this. The Duchess Sarah desired to improve the entrance. Sir Robert heard of this intention; so he went quickly and bought up the houses which obscured the entrance and the Duchess was baulked of her wishes. Her language on such an occasion must have been tremendous! There is a story of her visiting her lawyer in King's Bench Walk; the lawyer was out; the duchess left no card; but when the former heard what his visitor had said he had no difficulty in establishing her identity. She had no respect for the King whom she used to style 'my neighbour George.' At

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length her vitriolic tongue was stilled by death in 1744. The house has had several royal tenants. Prince Leopold resided here in 1817, until he ascended the Belgian throne. Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV, lived here for some years. The house has been much enlarged and became the residence of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) and his beautiful bride from Denmark, the Princess Alexandra. Here the present King George was born, and it remained the home of Prince Albert Edward until he was called to the throne and removed to Buckingham Palace. For some years our present King and Queen, when Prince and Princess of Wales, lived at Marlborough House. We had the honour of being present at a Garden Party and Reception there on one occasion. We saw the fine rooms most elaborately decorated and richly furnished, the wall-paintings by Laguerre in the Saloon of the victories of the Duke, and the pleasant garden which covers the space formerly occupied by the great yard of the old St. James's Palace.

We have been lingering in the neighbourhood of St. James's Square but have not entered it, save to gain an entrance into the Rag. Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent has published a goodly volume on the Square, and nothing more can be said about it. Evelyn and Horace Walpole have been its early historians. The former knew it in its infancy, the latter in the early vigour of its manhood. It owes its origin to Henry Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, the founder of Jermyn Street, in the reign of Charles II, though nearly all the houses have been rebuilt. From its foundation it was always considered a fashionable and aristocratic square, and many names of great statesmen and noblemen are associated with it. The houses have a look of old nobility about them, but some shops and offices of business and clubs have disturbed the serenity and aristocratic atmosphere of the square. It is a very loyal square. We have King Street and Charles Street named after the Merry Monarch, and York Street and

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Duke Street in honour of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The ground on which it stands was styled St. James's Fields, and a conduit stood in the centre which appears in some old prints. William III is the tutelar genius of the place and his statue by Bacon now occupies the place of the conduit. The Square has memories of Dr. Johnson, who, accompanied by Savage, unable to find a lodging, spent the night in walking round its central garden, 'not at all depressed but brimful of patriotism and resolved that they would stand by their country.' The builder of the Square, Henry Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, erected a house for himself and called it St. Albans House. You will not discover it under that name, as the Duke of Norfolk purchased it in 1723, and it became Norfolk House. When Frederick Prince of Wales and his friends were turned out of St. James's Palace by his irate father, George II, he found a refuge here, as the Duke kindly lent it to him, and here George III was born in 1738. Although Norfolk House has been rebuilt the part of the original structure where the royal birth took place still, I believe, exists. No. 32 is the town residence of the Bishops of London. Prior to the Great Fire the Palace of the Bishops of London was in St. Paul's Church-yard, and Fulham Palace has been their residence almost from time immemorial. We shall visit it presently. It is too far distant to be a convenient home for a busy bishop, and in 1771 this London House was assigned to him. The present house is only a century old, and occupies the site of a very unepiscopal personage's birthplace, Lord Chesterfield's, who first saw the light in 1694. No. 10 is a notable house, as a tablet on its front sets forth. It has been inhabited by three Prime Ministers. Lord Chatham (1757-61), Lord Derby (1837-59), and Mr. Gladstone, whom we used to call the 'Grand Old Man' (1890). It has also memories of the notorious Lady Blessington whom we have met before, and its site, with that of No. 9 and 11, was occupied by the house of the great Duke of

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Ormond, called Ormond House, who bought it from the Duke of St. Albans in 1684. Here his duchess passed away. He had lived before, as I have already recorded, at Clarendon House, whither he was returning on a dark night after accompanying William III to an entertainment in the city. He was always attended by six footmen, three walking on each side of his coach. On this occasion these men were stopped and were not at their accustomed posts when Colonel Blood (the man who tried to steal the royal jewels in the Tower) with his son and five accomplices attacked the Duke, pulled him out of his coach, and put him on horseback buckled to one of the ruffians. Blood's intention was to hang the Duke at Tyburn in revenge for the hanging of some of his companions in an attempt to seize Dublin Castle. His plan had succeeded so far, and on he rode to get the gallows ready with a rope. The man to whom the Duke was fastened was a strong and powerful ruffian. However the Duke managed to get his foot under the man's and unhorsed him. They both fell together and struggled on the ground. In the meantime the coachman had aroused the servants, and in a body they rushed to the rescue, discovered their master, and managed to release him. In spite of a royal proclamation it is not known whether any of the miscreants were discovered or punished.

Returning to the Square we find that the Duke's house was demolished in 1736. At No. 13 is the Windham Club, occupying the house where William Windham, the model of the true English gentleman of his day, resided. He was one of the most accomplished statesmen, and had a devoted attachment to his hero, Burke. The Duke of Leeds now has his town house in Grosvenor Crescent. His ancestors used to live at No. 3. Of one of these when a bachelor the following verses were written:

'When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fair young lady of high quality,

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How happy shall that gentlewoman be
In His Grace of Leeds' good company!
She shall have all that's fine and fair,
And the best of silk and satin to wear;
And ride in a coach to take the air,
And have a house in St. James's Square.'

The Square will ever have the gratitude of all lovers of literature, for in the north-west corner, No. 14, is the famous London Library, the repository of thousands of books on every branch of literary achievement. Next to the British Museum, I suppose, it is the great resort of authors for the gathering of information on all sorts of subjects. It was founded by the 'Sage of Chelsea,' Thomas Carlyle, in 1847, and can boast of possessing some 300,000 volumes. At No. 15 lived Sir Philip Francis, who some say was the author of the *Letters of Junius*, and must have found many victims of his satire in his neighbours. He let his house to Queen Caroline during 1820 when she was the victim of the trial that was forced upon her by her husband George IV. She must have eyed with some dismay and distrust her neighbour, Lord Castlereagh, at that time Foreign Secretary. I had much pleasure in seeing some admirable illustrations of the interior of No. 20, which was built by Robert Adam. The ceilings and walls are exquisitely executed with wonderful designs in plaster, and are charming examples of his skill. The house is now the office of a great firm of wine merchants. The claret that comes of such a house must have a special bouquet and the port such as delighted the connoisseurs who lived in the Square in former days, Windham and Burke and Pitt and Lord Derby, and Byng, for so long Whig Champion on the Middlesex hustings, and Gladstone. Winchester House was for some time the town residence of the Bishops of Winchester (1829-75). In 1721 it was rebuilt, the previous dwelling having sheltered those egregious minxes Arabella Stuart and Catherine

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Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, the mistresses of James II. There are some other interesting houses and clubs, but those I have mentioned must suffice for the present, as time forbids a longer sojourn in this memorable Square.

CHAPTER 5

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

ST. JAMES'S PALACE is the most important royal palace in London. For many a long year it has been mostly closely associated with our Royal family, and the quaint towers and gateway looking up St. James's Street possess an antiquarian history quite of an unique character and is the chief relic of Tudor architecture in London. This palace, moreover, enshrines the memory of a greater number of famous events in the history of England than any other domestic building situated in London, and for this reason is worthy of special attention. The site of the palace was occupied prior to Norman times by a hospital dedicated to St. James for fourteen maiden lepers, and continued to exist throughout the Middle Ages. In the time of Henry VIII leprosy had much decreased in England, and the King greatly admired the situation and determined to convert it into a royal residence. So by means of an exchange he gained possession, pensioned off the sisters, and as Holinshed states, made it 'a fair mansion and park' when he married Anne Boleyn. The letters 'H.A.' can still be traced on the chimney-piece of the presence chamber or tapestry room, as well as other memorials of those strange days. And what days they were! We see Queen Anne Boleyn going to St. James's in all the joyous splendour of a royal bride, loving and beloved. And then Henry's love was turned to hate, his jealousy was fired, and he doomed her to death at the hands of the executioner in the Tower.

No wonder the cruel, monstrous king seldom cared to live again at St. James's: it was haunted by the weird reminiscences of his beautiful bride. Another unhappy queen reigned there, Mary, termed 'the Bloody,' ill-favoured, weak in body, neglected by her Spanish husband, the chief instigator of her cruelties, who lighted the fires of Smithfield and doomed so many good honest folk to a cruel death. When Philip II of Spain had left her

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solitary and alone and returned to Spain his disconsolate queen lived in this Palace and died in utter isolation. The knowledge of the hatred of her subjects, of Philip's deser-



tion, of the loss of Calais, crushed her, and we are told: 'The Queen abandoning herself to despair told them (her maids of honour) that she should die though they were

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yet strangers to the cause of her death; but if they would know it hereafter, they must dissect her, and they would find Calais at her heart; intimating that the loss of that place was her death wound.' She passed away in the dull November days of the autumn of 1558. But brighter days were in store for the palace. It saw 'the Solomon of the North,' King James I, with his hungry suite of Scottish lords, arrive, who established here his promising eldest son, Prince Henry, in 1610; and here the Prince kept a brilliant and magnificent Court with three hundred salaried officials. But alas! it only lasted two years as, to the grief of the nation, the young prince died on November 6, 1612. Then the palace was given to his younger brother Prince Charles. Here he brought his bride, Henrietta Maria, from France, much to the disgust of the extreme Protestant and Puritan section of his future subjects, who were still more displeased to have to welcome her mother Marie de Medici, who took refuge here from her troubles in France, maintained a magnificent household for three years, and enjoyed her somewhat excessive pension of £3,000 a month which English purses had to provide. That curious little chapel which juts out of the garden wall of Marlborough House was reared by Charles for the Roman Catholic services of his queen, and we can imagine her and her stately mother with her relentless face and cruel eyes walking across the little space that separated the palace from the chapel. All this was distasteful to English minds. The City liked not the paying of forced loans which Charles demanded. His arbitrary treatment of Parliament roused the wrath of his opponents. The King saw the brewing of troubles, and consulted the *Sortes Vergiliæ*, which provided some gloomy prophecies. He turned to the pages of Dryden's translation, and his eye fell upon this passage:

‘Seek not to know, the ghost replied with tears,
The sorrows of thy sons in future years.

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This youth the blissful vision of a day,
Shall just be shewn on earth and snatched away.
Ah! could thou break through fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.'

The war had run its course. The King, a prisoner at Windsor, was brought to St. James's to await his trial for high treason in Westminster Hall. The regicides, whose memories and deeds England would fain forget, doomed their King to death on the scaffold. Very pathetic were the last scenes that took place in the palace on Sunday, January 28, 1649. The Parliamentary soldiers, rude, rough men, had never ceased to guard the King closely. He was allowed no privacy. They sat and smoked their pipes in his presence. Under a strong guard he was conveyed on that memorable Sunday from Westminster Hall to St. James's, and with him marched his faithful, loyal friend Bishop Juxon, of London, who preached his last sermon to his beloved sovereign on the text, 'In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my Gospel.' His Majesty then received the Sacrament and spent much time in private devotion. On the morrow he bade farewell to his dear children the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, praying them to forgive his enemies and not to grieve, for he was about to die a glorious death for the maintenance of the laws and liberties of the land and the true Protestant religion. Then he took his little Duke of Gloucester on his knees, saying, 'Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head,' and the young prince looked very earnestly and steadfastly at the King, who bade him be loyal to his brothers Charles and James, and all the ancient house of Stuart. It was a most affecting parting from his dear children. The next day the King was conducted to the scaffold at Whitehall, and the last terrible scene has already been alluded to in these pages. The comment of the great German historian Leopold von Ranke, who is rightly regarded as the best

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and most impartial authority on the history of Europe in the seventeenth century, after describing the tragedy of the execution, thus sums up his estimate of Charles's claim to the title of martyr:

'There was certainly something of a martyr in him, if the man can be so called who values his own life less than the cause for which he is fighting, and in perishing himself saves it for the future.'

The palace also was the prison of his faithful friends Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel, who soon followed their royal master on their sad pilgrimage to the scaffold.

When Charles II regained the throne he preferred to reside at Whitehall, and gave to his brother James Duke of York the Palace of St. James's, where both of the brothers had been born. A real ghost is said to haunt the palace, that of one of Charles's mistresses, the Duchess of Mazarin, who was kept in great estate here. Indeed St. James's was often used as a residence for royal mistresses. George I installed there the long, thin German 'May-pole' whom he brought over from Hanover, and created Duchess of Kendal, and afterwards a new favourite, Anne Brett. The Countess of Yarmouth and the Countess of Suffolk, mistresses of George II, had also apartments here. A strange world, my masters!

Here James married his first bride, Anne Hyde, much to the displeasure of the Court, and here was born Mary, who was married to the Prince of Orange, a wedding which had strange results on the history of the country. Here Anne Hyde died, and to this palace James brought his second wife, Mary of Modena, who here gave birth to Prince James Edward, better known as the Old Pretender, whose long life was spent in wandering and exile, in futile attempts to gain the Crown, in unsuccessful schemes and ruinous plots, until he and his children found rest within the peaceful walls of Rome. Macaulay thus wrote of him:

'There on the morning of Sunday, the tenth of June

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(1688), a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to 77 years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick.'

Everyone knows the absurd story, concocted by James's enemies, of how the infant was smuggled into the palace in a warming-pan, and was not the son of the King and Queen. The scene and circumstances of the birth are graphically described by Mrs. Strickland in her *Lives of the Queens of England*, the excitement in the palace when the news was spread that the Queen was about to be confined, the introduction of the warming-pan which, according to the evidence of Mrs. Margaret Dawson, one of the Queen's bed-chamber women, contained fire when it was brought into the Queen's room to warm the bed. Moreover there was a great crowd of sixty-seven persons including royal physicians and eighteen members of the Privy Council. It is difficult to imagine that their prying eyes could all have been deceived, though the report of deception was widely circulated and a plan was framed in order to show how the infant was smuggled into the royal presence. Queen Anne said that she did not believe the story, though she admitted that the palace was 'as much the properest place to act such a cheat in.'

From this palace James II fled in ignominy and through cowardice to France, and William III took up his abode here after his adventurous march, and placed his Dutch Guards in the courtyard. Londoners noted that the Duke of Schomberg was a constant guest and that only Dutch folk were invited to his banquets and never an Englishman. Princess Anne, who had been born at the palace in 1665, lived here and was here married to Prince George of Denmark in 1683. George I also resided and also George II when Prince of Wales until after a quarrel with his father he was ordered to leave. His beloved wife died here in 1737 and it was the home of his daughters, the

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Princesses Anne and Mary, until they married, and here the Princess Caroline died in 1757. The chapel has been the scene of several royal weddings, amongst which may be mentioned the marriage of Frederick Prince of Wales to Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, of George IV to Caroline of Brunswick, and of Queen Victoria to her well-beloved Prince Albert. In accordance with the ancient custom of assigning the use of the Palace of St. James to the younger scions of the royal house it has been given as a residence to the present popular Prince of Wales, who lives here when he is not making pilgrimages to the furthest corners of the Empire and winning the hearts of the subjects of the King. From the above brief account of the Palace it is quite evident that it is the most important of the royal palaces of London, and more closely connected than any other with the long history of English Royalty. From the days of Henry VIII to the present time there has always been a close personal connection with the reigning sovereigns of the British Empire.

CHAPTER 6

ST. JAMES'S STREET

ST. JAMES'S STREET is a street famous for its clubs. These are the lineal descendants of the taverns and coffee-houses which had their uses in former days and are associated with the memory of Ben Jonson, Dryden, Addison and Samuel Johnson. If, indeed, the tavern has developed into the club, that palace of luxury, one can only say, as in the famous transmutation of alphana to equus, '*C'est diablement changé sur la route.*' Going back to the origin of things we may try to imagine this fashionable street as a mere unpaved rustic road connecting the palace with the 'Way to Reading,' or Piccadilly as we now know it, having hedges on both sides, and forming part of St. James's Fields, an open space where cows grazed and rural sights were seen. It is difficult to trace its early history, but a royal palace attracts the residences of the aristocracy, and Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, the prolific writer on London, in his *Memorials of St. James's Street* informs us that in 1599 there were at least two houses on this road, one inhabited by Mrs. Anne Poultney, whose distinguished family we shall meet with in our story of Piccadilly and a Mr. Baldwin. In the opening years of the seventeenth century these early residents had many new and aristocratic neighbours including the Earl of Berkshire and the poet Edmund Waller. It was not until the year of the restoration of the monarchy that the street took to itself the name of St. James's. It was unpaved and at its north end Evelyn tells us that it was 'a quagmire'; so an order was made for its pavement in 1662.

The names of many historic families appear on the list of the owners of houses in this select district, several of whom dwelt in the adjoining streets, in King Street, Ryder Street, Park Place, St. James's Place and others, and in former days there were many small courts and alleys which have now ceased to exist. One of the survivals is Pickering Place or Court, a quiet restful little square with

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its eighteenth-century houses and flagged courtyard. Its seclusion invited the gambling-house keepers, and a noted 'hell' was established at No. 5, where rouge and roulette, French and English hazard plucked many victims. Coffee-houses sprang up to satisfy the needs of the inhabitants of the Street where literary men congregated and the dandies of the period, and also adherents of the Stuart cause. St. James's was a nest of Jacobites, and Government spies were on the watch to discover and denounce Jacobites who were not infrequently arrested.

John Stow's continuator Strype thus describes the street:

'St. James's Street beginneth at the Palace of St. James's and runs up to the Road against Albemarle Buildings, being a spacious Street, with very good houses well inhabited by Gentry: At the upper end of which towards the Road are the best, having before them a Terrace Walk ascended by steps, with a Freestone Pavement: Out of this street on the West side it hath a Passage into these places fronting the Pall Mall, a Passage to Cleveland Court, formerly one large House, and called Berkshire House, which being purchased by the Dutchesse of Cleveland, took her name; now severed into several Houses, the chief of which is now inhabited by the Earl of Nottingham; and here are two other small Courts against the Earl of Baths. Then in the said Street is a yard for stablings, with some Houses which run down to St. James's Park Wall.'

This passage is important as it informs us that most of the houses in the street were in private possession and trade had not invaded St. James's in the middle of the eighteenth century. Later on tradesmen set up their shops and we find hatters, tailors, perfumers, confectioners, carriage-builders, booksellers, silk-mercers, etc., and taverns and coffee-houses and clubs, some of the most famous ones still existing, which we shall visit presently.

We may here note some of the famous men and women who lived here. Lord Byron resided at No. 8 when he was

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writing *Childe Harold* and when Canto II was published in 1811 he gained sudden and instant fame. A medallion portrait marks the house.¹ Later on he lived at No. 4 Bennett Street, near the top of the Street; of his rise to fame Moore wrote: 'In place of the desert which London has been to him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw the whole splendid interior of high life thrown open to receive him, but found himself, among its illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.' Moore also describes his first attendance at the House of Lords to take his seat. This was in 1809 before he had achieved fame as a poet, and there was no one of his own rank to introduce him to that august assembly. It was not a success. Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, was inclined to welcome him heartily, but Byron coldly refused his advances, and after taking his seat soon retired, and said that he would have nothing to do with either party.

A very important person lived in this street whom we shall meet again, Charles James Fox, patriot and inveterate gambler. You might have seen his rotund form entering Brooks's at any time and departing at dawn. He lost fabulous sums of money, and at one time his fellow-members paid all his debts. His father left him £154,000 to defray all his obligations, but it was all absorbed and he was soon as deeply involved as before. The Fox Club, a branch of Brooks's, was founded in his honour and at the dinners the first toast was 'In memory of Charles James Fox.' It was a mad world, my masters, and gambling was a strange and insensate form of madness. Fox once played cards with Fitzgerald from ten o'clock at night till six the next morning, a waiter standing by to tell them whose deal it was, they being too sleepy to know.²

The Clubs of St. James's Street would require much space in which to record their annals. At the south-west

¹ The house has been pulled down. A new building has just been erected which has been appropriately named 'Byron House.'

² *London Clubs*, by Ralph Nevill.

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corner is the Conservative Club, of which I was once an honorary member for a brief period. The present building was erected by Smirke and Basevi in 1845 and occupies part of the site of the old Thatched House Tavern, where the Literary Club held its meetings in 1799. This was ruled over by the despotic Dr. Samuel Johnson and was very exclusive. It was and is now The Club, and only very prominent men are admitted to membership. Dr. Johnson and his circle, including Boswell, Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, Fox, and Gibbon, belonged to it, and in modern times Mr. Gladstone, Lord Leighton, Professor Huxley, Lord Salisbury, Lord Balfour, Lord Oxford and Asquith, and many other eminent men. Here, too, met the Dilettanti Club in 1800, which possesses a remarkable number of pictures and portraits of its distinguished members which now adorn their room in the Grafton Gallery. The Thatched House Tavern dates as far back as the Hospital of St. James, and was of modest dimensions. Its visitors included Steele, Addison and Swift. Subsequently in the eighteenth century it developed into a resort of wits and fashionable folk, and became the chief tavern in the West End. The building was pulled down in 1814 and the new Thatched House existed, as I have said, till 1843, when it made way to the Conservative Club. It is a combination of classical details in its architecture, combining the Corinthian and Roman-Doric styles. Part of its site was occupied in former times by a French *émigré* named Rowland, famous for his Macassar oil, and also by a house where lived Elmsley the bookseller, where Gibbon lodged and wrote and died in 1794. When the Tavern ceased to invite its guests and disappeared the Club was moved higher up the street and was known as the Civil Service Club, but it soon changed its name and is now the modern Thatched House Club. It is well that the old name should have been preserved.

Perhaps the most famous of the St. James's Clubs is 'White's.' Its annals have been told in two large volumes,

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and it is impossible in a short space to record its full history, which extends over two centuries. The Club sprang from White's Chocolate House, started by Francis White in 1697 on the site of what is now Arthur's Club on the east side of the street. It is rather difficult to follow the migrations of these chocolate houses and clubs. John Arthur was an assistant of White, and his name and that of his employer are perpetuated by these names of clubs which played an important part in the social life of London, and in spite of countless social changes and the spread of democratic ideas are likely to remain for some time yet. White continued to carry on his business till his death in 1711. He had a very capable wife who succeeded him, and made White's the centre of the fashionable life of the day and the resort of the best company in London. When Mrs. White, or 'Madam' as she was called, died, John Arthur succeeded as proprietor, but a grievous calamity occurred in 1732, and the whole premises were burned down. Arthur's wife, we are informed in the *Daily Courant*, leaped from an upstairs window on to a feather bed and escaped injury. The King and Prince of Wales were present for an hour and encouraged the firemen by giving guineas.

If you desire to see what White's looked like at this time you should examine Hogarth's series of paintings of *The Rake's Progress*; and on Plate 4 which depicts the arrest of the foolish young man at the instance of an irate landlady, as he is being carried in a Sedan chair, you will find a view of the building with the hanging sign of the chocolate-house.¹ After its re-building, Robert, son of the former proprietor, succeeded, and White's developed into an exclusive Club. The present Club that bears the name is said to date from 1755, and was housed in the present building, once the home of the stately dame, the Countess of Northumberland. Some alterations have been made since,

¹ Mr. Chancellor states that the depicted building is really Gaunt's chocolate-house, to which Arthur removed during the rebuilding.

including the erection of the famous Bow Window wherein Beau Brummell sat in state with his special cronies to the exclusion of everyone else. In the meantime White's became a great gambling club. One member is known to have made £200,000 by his play at this club. Many illustrious names appear on its list of members, great soldiers and sailors, statesmen, and others who have left their mark upon the annals of their times. Mr. Ralph Nevill tells with infinite zest the stories of the gamblers and men of wit who frequented White's. The old betting book is a great curiosity. We may permit ourselves to quote one curious extract, in which a name is mentioned not quite unknown to the players of whist. 'Mr. F. Cavendish bets Mr. H. Brownrigg 2/1 that he does not kill the bluebottle fly before he goes to bed—July 17, 1856.' To such egregious trifles do great minds stoop!

The great rival of White's was Brooks's, which began its career (at least as far as St. James's Street is concerned¹) in 1778. It was a political club and advocated Whiggish and Liberal principles. It was no less a great gambling place and Charles James Fox was a distinguished member of it. It is almost inconceivable to modern men that a man of such wonderful genius and such a great statesman should have been so infatuated by his love of play. He piled up great debts, and, as we have seen, spent hours and days at hazard or faro when he should have been concentrating his mind on the nation's affairs. Brooks, the manager of the club, was an easy-going man, and though thousands passed through his hands, died poor. You will remember the oft-repeated lines:

'Liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in Clubs, despairs a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.'

¹ It existed in Pall Mall fourteen years previous to 1778, having been founded by Almack, a Scotsman, whose real name was Macall, and whom we shall meet again.

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Many stories are told of the Club, of its members, of the old gambling days, but these have been repeated so often that it is unnecessary to record them here. One story which shows the extent of the gambling may be mentioned as it concerns the noted 'Tom of Ten Thousand,' Mr. Thynne of Longleat whose murder I have already recorded. He seems to have been as successful in cards as in love, as the following note is inscribed in the Club books: 'Mr. Thynn, having won only 12,000 guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust, 21st March, 1772—And that he may never return is the ardent wish of members.' Evidently a victim of his wrote these words. It is curious to find the name of the pious and philanthropic William Wilberforce, the freer of slaves, engaged in playing faro. He was lucky, and on one occasion won £600. This cured him of his love for play, as he could not bear to think of having won so much money from younger fellows who he was sure could not afford to lose. The Club had an anxious time during the Home Rule controversies of the 'eighties of the last century when the Liberal Party was so divided, and the breach occurred which led to the establishment of the Liberal-Unionists. Many blackballs were flying about at the election of members and finding their way into the ballot-boxes, each side rejecting members proposed by the other. Hence many good men were prevented from joining the Club, until Lord Granville poured oil on the troubled waters and the storm died down.

Another of these clubs is Boodle's, which has a very charming club-house, the work of the brothers Adam, and was built in 1765. It presents a fine façade, and was founded in 1762. The club was originally known as the *Savoir Vivre* and has always been considered the country gentlemen's London haunt, especially of those who come from the delectable county of Salop. The old gaming tables remain upon which fortunes were won and lost when gambling was the rage. Fox came here to lose his

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money, and Gibbon, the historian, planning new chapters for the *History of the Decline and Fall of Ancient Rome*, and Wilberforce maturing his designs for freeing slaves, the Duke of Beaufort and many other leading men in the world of fashion or letters. Boodle's was and is a favourite club for Masters of Foxhounds, and you may hear discussions on the merits of divers packs or the latest news from the shires in the lounge just as if you were in the heart of the country. Gillray, the famous caricaturist, lived next door to the Boodle's and he has immortalized it by a drawing of Sir Frank Standish, a member, and styling it 'A Standing Dish at Boodle's.' Clubs have their day; they flourish and die, and the War has pressed hardly on many of these institutions. Thirty years ago even the existence of Boodle's was threatened, but it weathered well the storm, and I believe is now as prosperous as ever. It would have been a crime to allow such a grand old club to perish.

The Cocoa-tree is a famous club of which I had the honour of being a temporary member. It is named after a chocolate-house which flourished when the 'Good Queen Anne' reigned. While Brooks's was Radical the Cocoa-tree was Tory, and moreover a nest of Jacobites who were bent on restoring the House of Stuart to the throne. I was much interested to see the curious golden palm which spreads its branches through two floors of the building. This club was also famous as a gaming-house, and I have seen the counters which are still preserved here marked with divers sums of money, some very large. Play at this club often ran remarkably high. The company assembled there was very fashionable. As I sat in the lounge many stories of its former frequenters flashed through my mind. I see the witty Dean Swift fresh from Ireland entering the tavern in order to gather the latest news and gossip, and the poet Rowe trying to ingratiate himself with Dr. Garth by borrowing the latter's snuff-box and so claiming before the company an intimacy which

did not really exist. The witty doctor lent him the box and scribbled on it φ , ϱ , (Fie! Rowe!), a very classical snub which the poet laid to heart. I see the portly figure of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) 'dining and getting drunk *tête-à-tête*' with Sheridan, very much to the astonishment of Fox who had heard that they had quarrelled. Here comes the Duke of Norfolk whom men called the 'Jockey' (the eleventh ducal representative of the Howards), and who was not above boasting of his high lineage. He is proposing to invite to a feast all the descendants of the first duke; but the proposal came to nothing as he discovered that six thousand persons claimed that honour. George Selwyn used to come to the Cocoa-tree and utter those rude remarks which have made him famous. Byron had a very 'wet night' here with three boon companions extending from 6 p.m. to 5 a.m., drinking claret and champagne and after supper a 'Regency punch' composed of Madeira, brandy and green tea, and yet he managed to ambulate home alone without the aid of a hackney coach!

Some of the stories of high play at the Cocoa-tree are almost incredible, and Horace Walpole has much to say concerning it. He tells us of a cast at hazard the difference of which amounted to £180,000, of young fools being fleeced by the gamesters, of a young lord losing £11,000 in one night, but recovering it by one great hand at hazard, and of another who lost £100,000 to an Irish gentleman who magnanimously consented to receive ten thousand and to throw for the odd ninety, which fortunately the youngster won. Like many other clubs the Cocoa-tree felt the strain of the Great War, and sold part of the property.

Arthur's Club is a very charming one. It was originally a coffee-house erected in 1736; the present club-house with its fine façade was built by Hopper in 1825. There is a large hall with a grand staircase, and several handsome rooms. It was a country gentlemen's club with no traditions of high play, but according to Mr. Ralph

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Nevill 'sheep points and bullocks' on the rubber were the usual points at whist. I know not their equivalent in the coin of the realm, but they may betoken the bucolic status



of the players. The Devonshire Club stands at the north-west corner of the street, a very comfortable club with a large membership. The building once bore a different name. It was the celebrated Crockford's. Although much

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gaming went on in other clubs, it was not the *raison d'être* of the Club, whereas Crockford's existed for gambling. It was founded by the wily Crockford for that purpose. He was originally a fishmonger of a sportive turn of mind. He gambled in a small way and was lucky in betting. In conjunction with some rascals he opened some hells where foul play was not unknown, made large sums of money, and was then ready for his great adventure. He erected this large house in 1827 designed for him by Wyatt, and determined to attract the wealthy and men of high degree and fashion by the sumptuousness of the surroundings, the excellence of his dinners and suppers and the quality of his wines. They came, and saw, and Crockford conquered. In a few years he amassed over a million of money. It is a strange feeling that comes over one when one is lunching in that large dining-room upstairs to recollect that this room was the scene of such wild play and of many a tragedy.

There are and were other clubs in St. James's Street, some of an ephemeral nature, some fairly modern, such as the Badminton, and others rather more ancient as the Raleigh and the New University Club. The Royal Societies Club (which is not to be confused with the Royal Society Club) is perhaps the newest arrival in the Street. Founded in 1894 it was intended to provide a congenial meeting-place for members of learned societies which abound in Burlington House. It has a fine building, large entrance hall, dining-room, and lounge, and as befitting the abode of learned men, a good library. I have often been invited to join the Club, but have hitherto resisted, as for a countryman I am foolish enough to consider that my club-accommodation in London is fairly ample. It is a pleasant club where one is sure to meet some of one's friends who frequent Burlington House.

Amongst famous men who lived and worked or amused themselves in St. James's or in its neighbouring streets was the poet Campbell, and also Pope, and the brave and

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gallant General Wolfe of Canadian fame, besides others whom I have already mentioned. Pope's name reminds one that his friend Theresa Blount, of Mapledurham House on the bank of the Thames, for whom and her sister he entertained some affection, lodged in King Street. Here lived Louis Napoleon during his exile at No. 3A ere he set out to ascend his imperial throne. Swift and Steele lodged in Bury Street. Tom Moore, the author of *Irish Melodies* and of *The Life of Byron*, seems to have roamed here from lodging to lodging, and Lord Strangford translated the poems of Camoens. This Bury Street has been a street of poets; Crabbe lodged here. I often wander down Duke Street on my way to the abode of the *Connoisseur*, and sometimes to an abode of mystery, a Freemasons' Lodge, and have met coming out of No. 67 the great Edmund Burke rehearsing a speech that he is about to deliver in the House of Commons with his unsurpassed oratory; and there is a barber's shop with a child playing before its door who was destined to be Lord Chancellor Sugden and Lord St. Leonards. Campbell is leading an easy-going life, and the gallant Captain Marryat who delighted us in the days of our youth with his splendid sea-stories, may be seen taking a breather after spending hours of scribbling on the exciting episodes of the *Phantom Ship*.

In King Street are the well-known Willis's Rooms, now an auction mart, and perhaps few who pass by its doors recognize that that building is the successor of one of the most fashionable institutions in London, Almack's. There are many who have thriven on the providing of amusements for the fashionable world. There was Mrs. Cornelys, who contrived to establish herself at Carlisle House, in Soho Square, and entertained Society by her dances and masquerades which were not devoid of scandal. The lady was not quite careful enough about her reputation and the character of her guests. The founders of gambling rooms all had the view of personal gain in establishing

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their schemes, and one of the chief and most successful of them all was the canny Scotsman, Almack, or Macall, whom we have met with already. He was of lowly origin and valet to the 5th Duke of Hamilton, and after making his clubs a great success he determined to found a fine sort of social club where Society men and women might meet and have balls and masquerades. He was shrewd enough to see that his club must gain the approval of all the leading ladies of the great world, that it must be exclusive, and admission to it must be accounted the highest privilege. So the scheme was launched under the best auspices. Almack built his palatial rooms, employing as his architect Robert Mylne, who was of the family of the Royal Master Masons of Scotland, the ancestor of an Oxford friend of the present writer. The canny Scotsman wisely appointed the august ladies, his patrons, to manage the concern. So Almack's lived and prospered. Balls, masquerades, and endless gaieties followed each other in quick succession. It was the talk of the town, and fair dames and their charming daughters would almost give their bright eyes to gain admission to the most select circle. Stringent rules were passed by the ladies, and not even the highest in the land were permitted to break them. Even the Duke of Wellington was on two occasions excluded, because his dress was not exactly *de rigueur*, or because he was a few minutes too late, as no one could be admitted after eleven o'clock. It would be impossible to find space here to describe all the triumphs of Almack's of which the diaries, memoirs, and literature of the period are full. Willis, who I think was Almack's nephew, succeeded Almack in the proprietorship and management, and his name is preserved in the title 'Willis's Rooms.' Its glories lingered on till about 1840, but no actual date can be assigned for its decease. It just died a natural death. The Rooms were used later for lectures and occasional balls – I remember being present at one in the days of my youth given by a Literary Society – and now the

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voice of the auctioneer rings out 'Going, going, gone,' as are the glories of Almack's which delighted our ancestors and of many other institutions which are perishing in a democratic age.

In this same King Street is a theatre of note, the St. James's. It is no mushroom house, but in another ten years it will be able to celebrate its centenary. Its history would be interesting but it cannot be told here. Most of us will remember the splendid acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall (I think I remember seeing them in *The Iron-master*) and of Sir George Alexander.

There are other turnings out of St. James's Street which ought to be described. Bennett Street and Arlington Street record the names of the Bennett family, Earls of Arlington. The latter is a street of many memories and dates as far back as 1686. We see the Duchess of Cleveland retiring here after the death of her royal lover Charles II. The 2nd Duke of Buckingham contrived to retain his estates under the Parliamentary régime by marrying the daughter of the Earl of Fairfax, General of the Cromwellian Army, but found her a rare trial. After his death she lived here. Many distinguished folk have lived and do live in this pleasant thoroughfare. Lady Mary Montagu resided in Arlington Street in the house of her father, the Duke of Kingston; and several noble lords were here in the last years of the seventeenth century. The shameless Duke of Monmouth found a house here, Charles's illegitimate son who played for the throne and fought at Sedgmoor, and crawled for mercy before his uncle King James, who sent him to the block. We shall meet with the Pulteney family, Earls of Bath, in Piccadilly. They resided here before they migrated there, and this street is closely associated with the Walpoles. Sir Robert lived here, and here the famous Horace first saw the light in 1717, who amuses us so much by his gossipy letters and witticisms and caustic remarks.

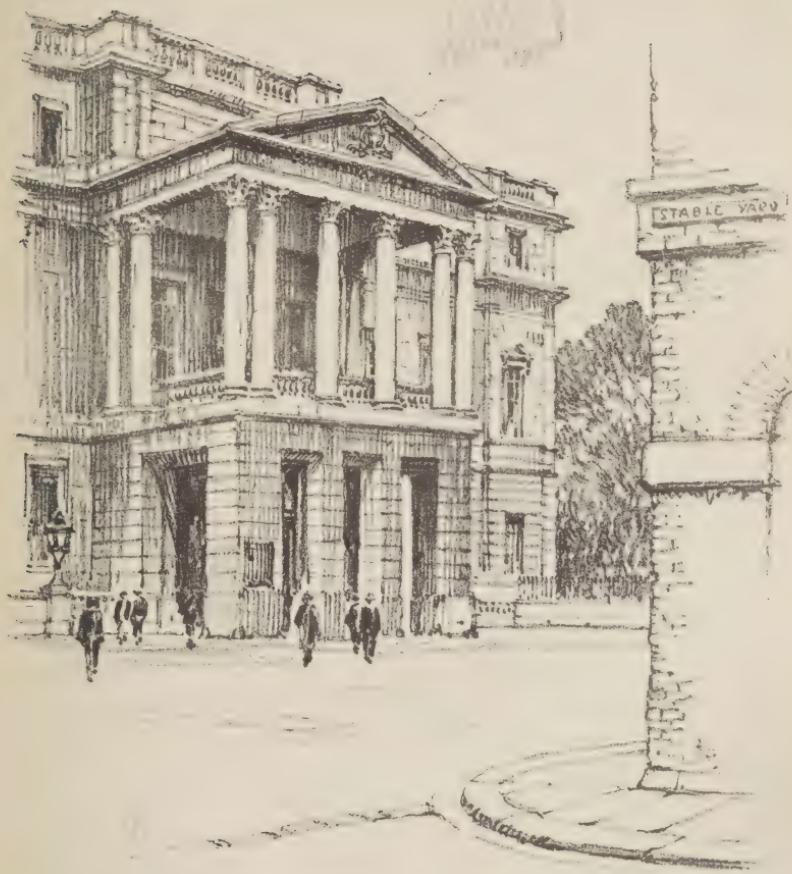
The Marquis of Salisbury when not residing at his be-

loved Hatfield lives at No. 21. No. 20 is redolent of the memories of 'the old Marquis,' who was, I believe, the greatest statesman of modern times. Two Berkshire acquaintances of the present writer have lived here, Sir Alexander Henderson, M.P., and the late Colonel Van der Weyer, son of a former Belgian Ambassador and a stalwart member of the Garth Hunt. I must pass over the names of other Dukes and Lords, and only record the sad parting of Lord and Lady Nelson for the last time, on account of the reference of the great sailor to 'dear Lady Hamilton,' of the mention of whose name Lady Byron said she was tired.

In St. James's Place stands Spencer House. It was built by the first Earl Spencer in 1760 overlooking the Green Park, and Vardy designed the façade facing the street, while that facing the park was the work of James Stuart, and is very ornate. The ceilings were decorated by Zucchi. From a literary point of view the house of the banker-poet Samuel Rogers is especially interesting, not only for its former contents but for the number and quality of his distinguished guests whom he invited to his famous breakfasts and dinner parties. Here he used to entertain all the literary geniuses of his age, Byron, Macaulay, Moore, Wordsworth, Campbell, Sydney Smith, Fanny Burney, and crowds of others. For over half-a-century he exercised his boundless hospitality in surroundings replete with paintings, books, statuary and other examples of the highest art. He lived to a great age, and when he quietly passed away about the middle of the last century it seemed that the end of an era had ceased and that literary and social London would never be the same again. The house, No. 22, is marked by a tablet to preserve his memory. The shades of other famous men haunt this narrow street including Addison, Wilkes, Fox, Lord Cochrane, and Warren Hastings, who was waiting with some anxiety his impeachment and trial. In Cleveland Row stands a house of great importance. It was known as

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Stafford House or Lancaster House. It was built by Wyatt for the Duke of York, the second son of George III, on the site of 'the Queen's Library' erected for Caroline of Anspach. It is a noble house and the interior decorations are especially worthy of notice. The hall and staircase were designed by Charles Barry, and are, as Mr. Hare points out, 'perfect in proportions and harmonious in their beautiful and grey colouring, the best specimens of scagliola decoration in London.' The house passed into the possession of the Dukes of Sutherland, who amassed there a great collection of rare paintings, including family portraits and rare works by Spanish masters, and also of the English, Dutch, Italian and French schools. The house has been the centre of gorgeous entertainments given by the Dukes of Sutherland. Queen Victoria used to love to walk across the Park and enjoy the society of the Duchess, and used to compare the magnificent house with her own Buckingham Palace, much in favour of the former. But its glories have now departed, and the beautiful pictures have gone elsewhere. Stafford House was purchased by the benevolent soap-merchant, Lord Leverhulme, and presented to the nation for the purpose of housing the London Museum. This scheme was admirably conceived and thoroughly carried out. Everything relating to the history of the great city has been collected, relics of every kind from prehistoric times to quite modern days which have witnessed the passing of objects that were quite familiar to our fathers. The late Lord Leverhulme, son of a little grocer in the Lancashire town of Bolton-le-Moors, had a powerful imagination. He started and devised many extraordinary schemes for the benefit of mankind and the promotion of art, but I question whether he ever accomplished anything better or more useful than the London Museum.



THE LONDON MUSEUM

— Joseph Price —

CHAPTER 7

PICCADILLY

WE now find ourselves at the top of the Haymarket and plunge into the thronged Piccadilly Circus and its inviting neighbourhood, where crowds ever gather, and if we are not run over by the hundreds of omnibuses and motor-cars or too much jostled by the throng we can meditate on its history.

The Circus is very gay and bright when the sun shines upon the motley crowd as they circle round the central island portion, upon the flower-baskets of the flower-girls (a charming display of colour), while the fountain designed by Gilbert plays, and above the bronze archer is ever ready to discharge his arrow, reminding the passers-by of the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, who ever strove to help the poor and sorrowful and to promote happiness in a dull grey world. Gilbert's archer is a memorial of the good man. Alas! the scene has changed. Eros is no longer there; and scaffolding surrounds the central spot, where men are busy making a new station for the Bakerloo Tube. People have greatly missed Eros, who thought little of him when he was there; and now they seek his return, which we hope will be accomplished ere long. There, in front of us, is the Avenue named after the good Earl whose memory will for aye endure. It is all new, this Circus, with its five converging roads, save across the way the old Quadrant, a century old, used to stand, the work of Nash who designed the beautiful crescent of Regent Street which is now passing away, and, as I write, looks like a shelled city. On the left is the ladies' delight, the house of Swan and Edgar. On the north is Signor Romano's Café Monico where he provides feasts that rival the banquets of Lucullus. It was a meagre banquet we Freemasons were enjoying, a slight refreshment, when the German bombs were falling and the guns were being fired and I had to make a speech against the hideous noise. I was then

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standing close to a large window facing Shaftesbury Avenue, but I was assured that if a bomb fell into the street I should be quite safe as all the glass would fall outwards. Those air attacks on London are not pleasant recollections. I was there too on an election night when the results of the polling were declared by electric notices on the tower of a neighbouring theatre, and the Circus was packed with excited crowds who cheered or groaned according as the favoured or unfavoured candidate's name shone forth in coloured letters.

A new artistic terror has arisen recently, those many-coloured electric illuminated advertisements which flash forth and extinguish themselves and then renew their perpetual motion. Whiskys and bicycles and wines and cigarettes and heaps of other things invite custom. It is all very blatant and vulgar and useless, as whoever was induced to buy a cigar or drink a glass of port by seeing these glaring signs? The sarcastic folk who love to dwell on the penuriousness of the Scotsman, have named this blatant show 'the Scotsman's Cinema.'

The Pavilion opposite invites to a cinema or variety show and behind us is the Criterion which provides food for the body in its restaurant and for the mind in its theatre, which lies some way down in the bowels of the earth, while high above on the roofs is an Italian Garden where folk dance and play or generally amuse themselves. Such is the Circus, the highest development of the art of amusement in this twentieth century, and we have progressed far from the days of the philanthropic Earl to whose memory it was dedicated.

Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent has diligently devoted a whole volume on the subject of Piccadilly in which book he has traced the story of Piccadilly and almost of every house in it with his usual accuracy and precision; and also wandered into the adjoining squares and streets. It were vain here to attempt to follow in his footsteps,

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though I may have to refer to his book in investigating this part of London's varied topography.

First, as regards its name. The late Mr. H. B. Wheatley, the great authority on London, stated in a chapter on Pepys's London, which he wrote for my volumes on *The Memorials of Old London*, that 'Piccadilly was the original name of the district after which Piccadilly Hall was called. The latter place was situated at the north-east corner of the Haymarket, nearly opposite to Panton Square and close to Panton Street, named after Colonel Thomas Panton, the notorious gambler, who purchased Piccadilly Hall from Mrs. Baker, the widow of the original owner.' It is a question whether Piccadilly was named from the Hall or the Hall from Piccadilly, and Mr. Dasent upholds the former theory. Robert Baker was a tailor whose shop was in the Strand, and like many other fashionable tailors he made money. Amongst his wares he sold Pickadels, a fashionable ruff or collar, which were worn by both ladies and gentlemen, as we see their effigies so adorned on many a brass and sepulture. Rowlands in *The Knave of Hearts* (1612) talks of these:

'Let us have standing collers, in the fashion
(All are become a stiffe-necke generation)
Rose hat-bands, with the shagged-ragged Ruffe.'

And John Marston in 1598 talks of the labours of laundresses in 'making bands and ruffles.' So when Master Baker had made a fortune he wished to retire from business and built himself at the top of the Haymarket a house which the neighbours derisively called Piccadilly Hall alluding to his former trade in Pickadels.¹

¹ This seems to be the most likely story. Mr. Dasent suggests that the word may be derived from the old Dutch word 'Pickedellekens,' meaning 'the end of everything'; but this seems unlikely; and I have elsewhere alluded to my friend Mrs. Stopes's ingenious conjecture that the street was called 'Pick-a-dilly' from the wild flowers which grew here when Gerard was compiling his *Herbal*. I used to imagine that there were

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The road was then known as 'the Waye to Redinge,' our famous Berkshire town; and it was a plain country lane bounded by hedges and girt with green fields and trees. A rural windmill ground corn nigh the retired tradesman's house, and to-day we have Great Windmill Street to remind us of its former existence. When Baker died his widow continued to live in the house for some time and then sold it to a man named Osbaldeston, formerly Lord Pembroke's barber, who established here a famous gaming-house with the bowling greens which have already been described. The place flourished amazingly and became a very fashionable resort. After the Restoration Colonel Panton came upon the scene, whom we have already met, and with the proceeds of the successful gaming developed the estate, building houses on the bowling green and abolishing the gaming establishment. On its site was erected a fine house which was inhabited by Sir Henry Coventry, who gave his name to Coventry Street. He was Secretary of State to Charles II and died there in 1686. You will find some modern buildings that bear his name at the top of the Haymarket.

Crossing the Circus past the Criterion Restaurant and Theatre and the top of Regent Street, S.W., we arrive at the entrance to Piccadilly. The first part of this street was originally called Portugal Street, in honour of Catherine of Braganza, the ill-used queen of Charles II. During his reign the tide of fashion, always setting westward, brought the aristocracy from Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden and the Strand and the development was rapid. The leader was the ambitious and unscrupulous Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who obtained a grant of land from the King, whereon he built a great mansion on the north side of the 'Road to Reading,' called after him Clarendon House. It faced St. James's Street, standing where Albemarle shops in the street displaying 'Pickadels' in their windows, the precursors of Messrs. Swan & Edgar, but that was a vain delusion.

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Street now runs, and looked haughtily down on St. James's Palace. Its architect was Sir Roger Pratt. It consisted of a large central portion with a glorified porch in the centre and two wings, had two storeys and an attic lighted by dormer windows. On the top of the gabled porch rose a domed tower surmounted by a golden globe. Its cost was about £40,000. Evelyn went to see it on November 28, 1666 (as he states in his Diary), 'now almost finished, a goodly pile to see to, but had many defects as to architecture, yet plac'd most gracefully.'¹ Evelyn had presented to the Chancellor on a previous occasion his book on architecture, and perhaps he did not see in Clarendon House his ideas thoroughly carried out. Hence his strictures! Lord Clarendon was a strange character, an able writer, as his *History of the Rebellion* testifies; but he had an inordinate ambition, which oft 'doth o'erleap itself.' His daughter had secretly been married to the Duke of York, and a vision arose that perchance his grandchild might sit upon the throne of England. He loved wealth, and was not very scrupulous as to the means of acquiring it. Having obtained the large tract of land, considerably more than he required for his mansion, he immediately sold several large portions to Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Sir William Pulteney, on the west of Clarendon House and on the east side to Sir John Denham.

Lord Clarendon did not long enjoy the amenities of his mansion, which rather contributed to his disgrace and fall. Macaulay wisely sums up his character. He was all-powerful in the State, advised and dictated to the King, despised and defied the House of Commons; was more reactionary than Charles. He was supposed to have been the author of the shameful sale of Dunkirk to France and to have profited by the transaction. Hence the populace dubbed his new dwelling 'Dunkirk House.' They called it 'Holland House' because he was supposed to have

¹ There are two engraved views of the house, a small one by John Dunstall, and a large one by J. Spilburgh.

received a bribe from the Dutch, and 'Tangier Hall' because they disliked the cost of keeping up the garrison in that new dependency. Andrew Marvell in his *Clarendon's House Warming* wrote:

'Lo! his whole ambition already divides
 The sceptre between the Stuarts and Hydes.
 Behold, in the depth of our Plague and Wars,
 He built him a palace outbraves the stars;
 Which house (*we* Dunkirk, *he* Clarendon names)
 Looks down with shame upon St. James;
 But it is not his golden globe wilt save him,
 Being less than the Custom-house farmers gave him;
 His chapel for consecration calls,
 Whose sacrilege plundered the stones from St. Paul's.'

His temper was hot, his manners arrogant, his avarice great. With ostentatious pride he squandered his riches. His picture gallery was filled with masterpieces of Van dyke, once the property of ruined Cavaliers who hated him. When the Dutch sailed up the Thames the populace held him responsible for the disgrace, and vented their rage upon his new house, broke his windows, cut down the trees in his garden, and set up a gibbet before his door adorned with the words: 'Three sights to be seen, Dunkirk, Tangiers and a barren Queen.' He offended every one, even the King himself, by rebuking him for his vice and frivolities. In order to save his life he fled and was doomed to perpetual exile.

Clarendon House soon shared the fate of its owner. In 1675 it was sold by Lord Cornbury, the late Chancellor's son, to Christopher Monk, second and last Duke of Albemarle, who needing money pulled down the house and sold the estate to Sir Thomas Bond of Peckham, Comptroller of the Household to the Queen Mother, Henrietta Maria, a devoted follower of Charles II, to whom he lent large sums of money during the monarch's exile. He began to build upon the site and created Bond

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Street and Albemarle Street, Dover Street and Grafton Street. All these old names disclose their ancestry, as in many other parts of London. The two first are obvious. Dover Street takes its name from Henry Jermyn, Lord Dover, nephew of the founder of Jermyn Street, and Grafton from the Duke of that name.

One is tempted to wander along these ways, but only the briefest allusions are possible. We may turn up Bond Street—Old Bond Street (a recent endeavour to unite the Old and the New was unanimously rejected by the inhabitants), and mingle with the crowd of fashionable folk and watch the struggling mass of motor-cars and carriages and pause at No. 41 and murmur 'Alas! poor Yorick,' the pet name of poor Lawrence Sterne. He was the prince of clerical jesters, one of the best writers in the English language, but not a very exemplary parson. As some of his friends used to tell him, his vein of humour was too free for the solemn colour of his coat, and his prudence lacked. However he was much beloved by his friends and parishioners, and he was the model 'diner-out,' whose Cervantian spirit was ever ready to set the table in a roar, and whose laugh and jest were ever at the call of every folly that provoked them. His jokes savoured of the age in which he lived, and were often coarse and unpleasant, like some of the situations in his *Sentimental Journey*. Here in this house he died sadly and solitary attended by a hired nurse. A brilliant dinner party was in progress elsewhere attended by the Dukes of Roxburgh and Grafton, the Earls of March and Ossory, David Garrick, and David Hume, and a footman was sent to inquire. His room was over a silk bag shop, and the proprietress bade the footman ascend the stairs. He found Sterne dying. 'Now it is come,' he cried; he put up his hand as if to avoid a blow and died in a minute. On hearing the sad news doubtless his fine friends continued their gay dinner and thought little of their former companion. It was left to two strangers to provide his monument in the Bayswater

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burial ground upon which was inscribed an incorrect date of his death, September 13, instead of March 18, 1768. There is a gruesome story, published twenty years later in the *St. James's Chronicle*, which states that Sterne's body was carried off by body-snatchers and conveyed to Oxford, where it was recognized in the dissecting-room by a man who had been his friend. 'Alas! poor Yorick.'

Halton in his *New View of London* describes Bond Street as a fine new street inhabited mostly by nobility and gentry, between Portugal Street near St. James's, south-east, and the Fields north-west. Old Bond Street was built in 1686, New Bond Street, as far as Clifford Street, soon after 1700 and the extension to Oxford Street about 1721. Old Burlington House was situate where New Bond Street now runs. It was built by the Earl of that name who was an enthusiastic lover of Renaissance architecture. The exterior was very fine, the interior less comfortable, and the Earl was advised to purchase a house opposite, admire its beauties, but not to live in it. Burlington Gardens and Old Burlington Street preserve its memory. These gardens extended back to Savile Row and excellent peaches and other fruit grew there. Savile Place is a passage leading into Conduit Street, which is so named from a conduit which formerly existed in Bond Street. A curious chapel stood here. It was a wooden structure fashioned on wheels for the camp on Hounslow Heath for divine service for the troops according to the Roman rite by James II, who was constantly endeavouring to introduce Roman Catholicism into England. After his flight and the coming of 'Dutch William' the 'church' was set up here, reconsecrated for Anglican services, and when Conduit Street was built gave place to a permanent chapel.

Uxbridge House was built at the corner of Old Burlington Street by the Earl of that name (Henry William Paget), who when Waterloo was fought was created Marquess of

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Anglesey, and Queensberry House, erected for the third Duke in 1721, the patron of the poet Gay.

In the early eighteenth century all the houses in Bond Street were palaces. The first Duke of St. Albans, son of Charles II and Nell Gwynne, the Earl Paulet, the Earls of Orkney, Portmore, the Duchess of Bolton who was an actress, Lavinia Fenton who played Polly in *The Beggar's Opera*, which in recent years has been so happily revived, Lady Elizabeth Wentworth, and the notorious Countess of Macclesfield, were some of the inhabitants. Grafton House was in Bond Street, the home of the Dukes of Grafton, and the elder Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, was living in this famous street about the year 1766. If we were wandering along this highway in the latter part of the eighteenth century we might have met the first Lord Liverpool, Charles Jenkinson, Sir Luke Schaub, Ambassador in France, Gibbon, the poets Richard West and Thompson who had lodgings at a milliner's shop, Dr. Johnson's biographer Boswell and the redoubtable Doctor himself as he sauntered along with his friends Reynolds, Goldsmith and Garrick to dine with his great admirer. All the celebrities of the age were frequenters of Bond Street.

A great feature of the street were the shops of the booksellers, who combined with their ordinary business circulating libraries in the days before Mudie's was born or thought of. They were places of great resort, as we have seen already, and here not only did learned scholars come and discuss literary questions, but fair ladies wearing on their heads gigantic ostrich feathers flocked to change their library books and gossip. Hookham's shop at No. 15 was a favourite meeting place. Hannah More's hero 'Florio' 'subscribed at Hookham's, saw the papers,' in order 'to keep him from the papers.' Moreover Hookham was a publisher as well as a bookseller, and published Peacock's early works. A very curious business was grafted on to that of selling and circulating books. These

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booksellers began to 'run' theatres. It began with one William Sams who started a theatrical agency after the modern fashion. The beaux of Bond Street found it more convenient to buy their theatre tickets in their usual haunts in Bond Street than to trudge off to the theatre doors in the Strand or elsewhere. So the business began, and then developed into the conduct and management of the theatres themselves. Such an enterprising person was John Mitchell, of 33, Old Bond Street, who in the early years of the nineteenth century produced plays at the Lyceum and the St. James's theatres, and happily his firm still continues to serve the public, being known as Messrs. Ashton and Mitchell. Another of these amazing persons was John Ebers, Mitchell's neighbour and rival, who ran His Majesty's Theatre and found it an expensive venture. The ladies of Bond Street were especially pleased when they saw one day in his shop a very handsome young man who obliged them with the latest 'thriller' and talked pleasantly about his books, and made his shop most attractive with all the latest magazines, novels and news-letters. This was none other than the prolific novelist, William Harrison Ainsworth, son-in-law of Master Eber, who disguised his identity under the name of Matthews. However, the attractions of his customers failed to please him. He preferred writing *The Tower of London*, *Guy Fawkes* and heaps of others, to waiting on fair ladies and listening to the quarrels of authors. So he retired from his shop and 'John Ebers and Company' was painted over his library door. Another noted bookseller and publisher was John Brindley, who opened his shop at No. 29. It is still a bookseller's shop and a very charming front it has, where Messrs. Ellis still display their tempting wares. Another fine old front is that of Messrs. Savory and Moore at No. 143, New Bond Street.

Perhaps the greatest of Bond Street residents I have reserved to the last, Admiral Nelson, after he had lost his arm and here endured untold agonies, being never free

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from pain night or day for three long months, tenderly nursed by his wife. Sixteen years later the lady who exercised so great and baneful an influence on his life, Lady Hamilton, resided in Bond Street, and having occasion to require the services of Mr. Savory, an ancestor of the present head of the firm of Savory and Moore, she gave to him a silver cup which is still preserved.

In Bond Street formerly existed the well-known Grosvenor Gallery, at one time the pride of the aesthetes. Did not Gilbert sing about

‘The greenery yelloww
Grosvenor Gallery
Je ne sais quoi young man?’

All London flocked to see the pictures and when it closed its doors as a gallery the whole building was converted into the Grosvenor Club, one of the most sumptuously housed clubs in London, of which the present writer was a member. The gallery was founded by Sir Coutts Lindsay in 1877. On his death and the realization of his estate, the Club was required to furnish about £120,000 in order to retain the premises. This the members were unable to do, and the *Æolian* Company stepped in and the Club migrated to a charming site in Piccadilly at the corner of Dover Street. But bad times in recent years have hit Clubland hard, and the Grosvenor Club has ceased to exist. Few of the ladies and gentlemen who attend the concerts of the *Æolian* Company realize when they enter the premises that they are passing under a doorway fashioned by Palladio himself, and that it was brought from the church of St. Lucia at Venice. It is the only redeeming feature of the poor façade devised by the architect, Mr. T. Sams.

In the same street there was the haunt of our youth, the Doré Gallery, whose pictures were considered masterpieces by a Philistine generation. Certainly the artist had an amazing fertility of genius. How we used to gaze with

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awestruck feeling on the 'Christian Martyrs,' that picture of the Roman Coliseum with the lions prowling round the arena and devouring the bodies of the saints, and how often was the story told of the little child who complained that 'one poor lion had not got a Christian!' In the same building Messrs. Sotheby, the famous firm of auctioneers, removed here from Wellington Street, sell by auction the contents of old ancestral libraries, china and other treasures, the gathered spoil of many country houses which hard times have wrung from their owners, of priceless books and manuscripts that are offered for sale when Death has borne away the scholar-owners to their tombs.

As we walk along Bond Street the view of modern London fades and a vision of ancient days discloses itself. It is the London of *Tom Jones* and of *Amelia*, also of the hideous race of 'Bond Street Loungers,' *La Politesse du grande monde*, who march along five abreast on the pathways and force all the ladies to walk along the muddy road. They are a bad-mannered crew with their hideous low crowned broad-brimmed hats worn very much on one side, tight-buttoned coats and tight breeches and absurd stockings and pumps. They seem a set of drunken clowns, and leer and insult the women as they pass. Another view is seen. Manners if not morals have improved. It is the age of the Regency, of Beau Brummell and the Prince, of Chesterfield and the rest. Coaches and sedan chairs crowd the thoroughfare, and on the footpath strut the beaux with their full-bottomed wigs and cocked hats, their snuff-boxes and clouded canes, knee-breeches and buckled shoes and silk hose; and elegant ladies attired with spreading hoops, their thin waists, and enticing patches on their faces; the shops with their slightly bowed windows and small panes containing all manner of enticing wares, old furniture, knick-knacks, snuff-boxes; coffee-houses where the beaux congregate and ogle the fair ladies as they pass; booksellers' shops where the dry-as-dusts dispute over the merits of rival scholars, or argue about

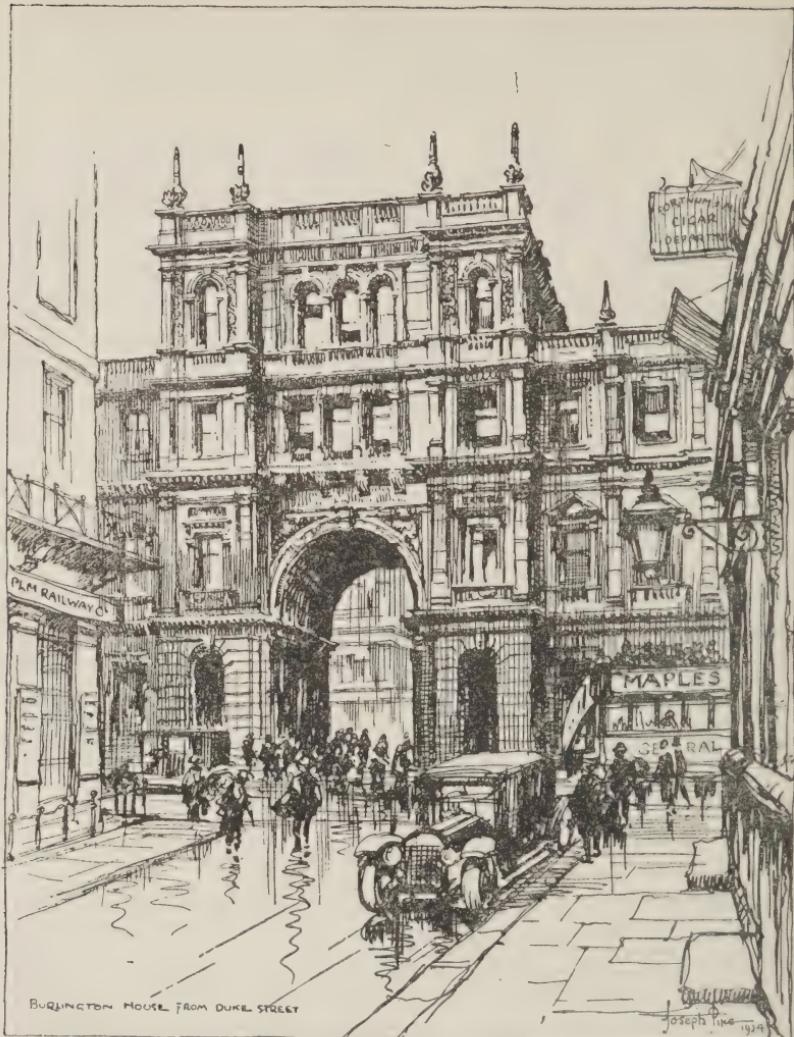
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the reading of a passage in a Latin author. The drama is very real, but London is not a very safe place for dreaming now-a-days, and we must go back to reality and pursue our travels.

In Piccadilly stands out boldly Burlington House, whither the British Public flock every year, each one imagining himself or herself to be a real and true judge and connoisseur of art. Stern duty calls and they invariably obey and are able to assure their neighbours at dinner that 'they have seen the Academy and that it is rather poor this year with no striking pictures.' But Burlington House contains far more than an annual picture show. It is the home of the Sciences, of several learned societies which shall be described later. The present Burlington House is the third that was erected on this site. It will be remembered that Lord Clarendon sold part of the land granted to him by the Crown to certain individuals. Amongst them was Richard Boyle, 2nd Earl of Cork and the first Earl of Burlington, who held the office of Lord Treasurer of Ireland. Cork Street, at the rear of Burlington House, takes its name from this nobleman. His first architect was Sir John Denham, who made fame for himself by writing poetry as well as building houses; but he did not live to complete the building and was succeeded in his task by John Webb, cousin and pupil of Inigo Jones.

A notable personage at the beginning of the eighteenth century was the third Earl of Burlington, patron of literature and all the arts, who claimed to be a fervent disciple of Palladio, had travelled and studied in Italy, and was certainly a skilful amateur architect. In these days if we desire to build a house we call in the aid of an architect. It is not often now that the gentlemen of England are capable of designing their own houses, as this worthy nobleman did. He practically rebuilt the house in the style he loved and erected a very beautiful colonnade which Sir William Chambers, the builder of Somerset

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House, declared to be one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe. It was probably designed, not by the Earl himself, but by Colin Campbell, the author of *Vitruvius Britannicus*. A high wall screened the house from the

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street. The interior decorations were very fine, and an Italian, Marco Ricci, was brought over from Italy to make the mural paintings. The poet Gay thus wrote of the noble building:

'Burlington's fine palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns!
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated pictures lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein.'

It will be gathered from this verse that the great musician, Handel, resided here for some time. Subsequently William Kent, the egregious mutilator of buildings and gardens, to whom the Earl took a fancy, and therein displayed a certain decline in taste, was let loose upon the house and built a monstrous gateway.¹ After the Earl's death Burlington House passed by marriage to the Cavendish family, who in 1854 sold it to the Government for the use of the nation as a centre of light and learning, and all the front portion, as we see it now, was erected by Banks and Barry to provide headquarters for learned societies about twenty years later. Unhappily the noble colonnade was sacrificed and the stones carted away.

Of these societies a brief description must be given. Farringdon's recently published Diary records much of the early history of the Royal Academy and of the quarrels of artists, and his attempts to pour oil on the troubled waters. Its records date back to 1768. Its original homes were Somerset House and a part of the National Gallery, whence it migrated to its present abode. Its history is the history of British Art with all its varied triumphs and achievements, its periods of decline and revival, and

¹ Mr. Hare tells of a satirical print by Hogarth representing this gate surmounted by Kent with Lord Burlington on a ladder carrying up the materials, and Pope whitewashing the gate and splashing the passers-by.

containing the record of all the illustrious painters and sculptors during the last century and a half.

The Society of Antiquarians is the earliest learned society I have been able to trace. It was founded in Elizabethan times in 1572 under the presidency of Archbishop Parker, and numbered among its members Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester; William Camden; Sir William Dethicke Garter; the Earl of Marlborough; John Stow; Justice Whitelock, and other antiquaries of distinction. However, King James I became alarmed for the *arcana* of his Government and, as some thought, for his established Church, and suppressed it. But antiquaries are very tenacious folk. During the seventeenth century Dugdale, Spelman, Selden, and Anthony à Wood, held high the lamp of knowledge, and on November 5, 1707, three antiquaries met at the 'Bear Tavern' in the Strand, and agreed to hold a weekly meeting on Fridays at 6 o'clock 'and sit till ten at furthest.' Other antiquaries joined them and they removed to the 'Young Devil Tavern' (ill-omened name!) in Fleet Street, where Le Neve was president. The Society was formed in 1717. Its minutes have been regularly kept since January 1, 1718, and the first volume bears the motto:

'*Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.*
Stukeley, secr., 1726.'

A Royal Charter was granted by George II who declared himself to be the founder and patron (surely his most gracious act!) reciting that:

'The study of the Antiquity and History of former times, has ever been esteemed highly commendable and usefull, not only to improve the mind of man, but to incite them to virtuous and noble actions, and such as may hereafter render them famous and worthy examples to posterity.'

The qualifications of a Fellow are thus defined in the Charter:

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‘By how much any person shall be more excelling in the knowledge of the Antiquities and History of this and other nations; by how much the more they are desirous to promote the Honour, Business and Emoluments of this Society; and by how much the more eminent they shall be for Piety, Virtue, Integrity, and Loyalty; by so much the more fit and worthy shall such person be judged of being elected and admitted into the said Society.’

Such is the high standard and such the qualifications which we, who have the honour of being Fellows, have to try to live up to! At first the Society had apartments allotted to it in Somerset House and was required to employ a Sergeant-at-Mace; but subsequently it migrated to Burlington House.

Here some wonderful treasures are preserved, and the noble library on the first floor is its chief charm. On its shelves repose a splendid store of books on archaic lore, and it is indeed a pleasure and privilege to read and study in such attractive surroundings.

Across the quadrangle the Antiquaries look upon the palatial rooms of the Royal Society, which has a notable history far too long to be recorded at length here. It was founded by Charles II in what Evelyn calls the *Annus Mirabilis*, the year of his Restoration to the English throne, its object being for ‘the improving of natural knowledge.’ Evelyn was elected a member, Sir Charles Moray the first President; and he was followed by many illustrious men. Amongst them have been Sir Christopher Wren, Pepys, Lord Somers, Chancellor of England, Isaac Newton, whose portrait bears the legend:

‘Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in night;
God said, “Let Newton be,” and all was light.’

Other Presidents have been Sir Hans Sloane, George, Earl of Macclesfield, who brought about the change of the Old Style to the New, and by whose coach the people

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used to run shouting, 'Give us back our eleven days,' Sir Humphry Davy, who invented the safety lamp, and many other illustrious men. It is said that Charles II propounded for their deliberations some weird problems which were of the nature of 'catches.' Many of their meetings were devoted to practical experiments, and on one occasion (November 14, 1666) the operation of the transfusion of blood from one dog to another was successfully performed. Dr. Wollaston was celebrated for having analysed a lady's tear, which he arrested on her cheek. It is not recorded how or why he made her weep. Amongst the treasures of the Royal Society is Sir Isaac Newton's reflecting telescope, as well as various objects made from the famous apple-tree which is popularly supposed to have suggested to him the Law of Gravitation.

Other societies have their homes in this abode of learning, including the Linnaean, the Astronomical, the Chemical, the Geological, founded in 1807, which considerably fluttered the dovecots and aroused the anger of divines who believed that the earth was created literally in seven days, exactly 4004 years before the Birth of Christ. Some other societies may lurk within the portals of Burlington House, and certainly those which have rooms there are glad to extend hospitality to those which have no permanent home in this favoured seat of learning.

Perhaps a little oppressed by this weight of learning we emerge from these abodes of science and art into lively Piccadilly. On our right is the Burlington Arcade, devised by Lord George Cavendish in the year of Waterloo, the architect of which was Mr. Ware. It is guarded by beadles and stout iron gates, and houses a number of little shops, the proprietors of which make up for the smallness of their shops by the largeness of their prices. However they are very attractive and the Arcade makes a pleasant shelter when the rain pours pitilessly in Piccadilly. A modern arcade on the opposite side of the street has imitated this century-old establishment. The Prince's

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Restaurant invites us to luncheon and Hatchard's to a feast of books; and then there is the Albany, most select of bachelors' quarters. You feel inclined to walk 'delicately,' like Agag, on tip-toe, lest you should make a noise and disturb the literary folk who are supposed to be writing their momentous works in those inviting chambers of cloistral quietude. It always seems a sort of literary back-water, so calm and still and peaceful after the noise of Piccadilly with its roaring motor-buses and hooting taxicabs and constant stream of humanity. I am a country-man, and like not noise, though I love London, and often have I stayed at my Club in Piccadilly when the sound of the taxis conveying homewards belated revellers has scarcely ceased before the heavy wagons from the country conveying goods to Covent Garden begin to roll along. And yet my much loved friend, the Hon. James Leigh (called by his friends 'Jimmy'), Dean of Hereford, used to sleep comfortably there, while in his very peaceful Deanery he was troubled with insomnia.

The Albany is peopled by many ghosts of departed authors. It occupies the site of an important house, the history of which Mr. Dasent has well traced, which has had many notable names and was finally known as York House, so named after the Duke of York, brother of George IV, the illustrious tactician 'who marched his army up the hill and marched them down again' and lost us two campaigns in Flanders and Holland. The Chambers take their name from his second title. Among the ghosts who haunt the place are Lord Byron, who wrote his 'Lara' here in Lord Althorpe's chambers, and George Canning, the statesman. Macaulay was busy writing his great history, slandering squires and parsons in Rooms E.1; Tom Duncombe in F.3; Lord Valentia, the great traveller, whose descendant is happily still with us, a distinguished soldier, statesman and Freemason. 'Monk' Lewis lived in K.1, and poured forth his extraordinary mystery tales which made the flesh of our fathers creep

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with horror by their weird thrills. Bulwer Lytton was there writing his novels, *The Last of the Barons*, etc., and before his marriage he whom we used to call 'the Grand Old Man,' Mr. Gladstone, resided in the Albany, and there conned his speeches, or studied Homer, or wrote on theology, the wonderful recreations of that many-sided man. At the northern end is the business house (entrance in Vigo Street)¹ of my friend, Mr. John Lane, the successful and enterprising publisher, at the sign of the Bodley Head. Long years ago, when he published the works of very minor poets, *Punch* had a satirical sketch of an organ-grinder outside the Bodley Head with the legend on the letter-box, 'Rubbish shot here.' But that was long ago and the Bodley Head has now developed into one of the most successful publishing houses, and caters for as brilliant a galaxy of talented authors as any in London. But alas! my old friend, Mr. Lane, has passed away and his place knows him no more.

Crossing the street we find ourselves in the precincts of a notable church which exercises a powerful spiritual influence on the life of Piccadilly: St. James's. It has no ancient history, no traces of Gothic architecture. It arose in consequence of the development of this part of London and follows or started the tradition held by the Church that where her children wander there they should have a House of God wherein to worship Him. As the people flocked westward, as multitudes of houses arose, so the Church tries to follow them and erect her shrines in every centre, eastward and westward, northward and southward, for rich and poor, for the fashionable congregations, for the dense crowds in eastern slums, so that she may raise her banner aloft and preach to all the Way of the Cross.

So here when the green fields on the 'Way to Reading' began to be built over, St. James's Church was built. It

¹ Vigo Street is so named in honour of the action at Vigo Bay in 1702. Vigo Lane is now Burlington Gardens.

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was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684 and had a separate parish assigned to it cut out of the large parish of



St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It bears the marks of the great architect's genius and has been little altered since his day;

save the erection in recent times of an open-air pulpit against the wall facing Piccadilly for the purpose of attracting some of the crowds which throng the street and trying to influence them by a short sermon. The church is built of red brick. It has a forecourt on the east side of which is the rectory, and on the west the vestry hall; but this latter has now disappeared, the site having been sold for a large sum for the benefit of the church. On its site a new building has just arisen as the habitation of the Midland Bank by the singular genius of Sir Edwin Lutyens. The design is certainly original and reveals the wit and whimsicality which never fail to distinguish Sir Edwin's domestic architecture. It can scarcely be deemed a great success, though the red brick and white stone building, based on English seventeenth century tradition, has a certain quaint picturesqueness and is not out of harmony with Wren's church, though it is dwarfed by the tall walls of its neighbour, the Prince's Restaurant. It has a low-pitched roof and the architect's playful spirit has run riot in the use of decorative motives. Originality *à tout prix* seems to have been his main ambition.

The exterior of St. James's is not the most beautiful of Wren's creations, but the interior is very fine and has a splendid roof. It was at one time the most fashionable church in London in the eighteenth century. To it flocked all the great and aristocratic people in the neighbourhood. Defoe tells us that a stranger could not get a convenient seat without paying for it as dearly as he would for a chair at a play; because 'all the beauty and quality comes there.' Three of its rectors became Archbishops of Canterbury: Tenison in 1694, Wake in 1716, and Secker in 1758. You may see their portraits in the vestry. A notable feature of the church is the fine font, carved by Grinling Gibbons in marble. It is of great beauty. On the stem you see the Tree of Knowledge, round which the Serpent is entwined offering the apple to Eve, who is standing with Adam. Other beautiful specimens of Gibbon's art are displayed

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in other parts of the church. Lord Chesterfield, whose Christianity was not always evident in his writings, was baptised in this font and also the first Earl of Chatham.

Evelyn tells us in his *Diary* that he thought:

'The new church at St. James's elegantly built. The altar was especially adorned, the white marble inclosure curiously and richly carved, the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr. Gibbons in wood; a pelican with her young at her breast, just over the altar in the carved compartment and border inironing the purple velvet fringed with I H S embroidered, and most noble plate, were given by Sir R. Geare, to the value (as is said) of £200. There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad, more richly adorned.'

The organ was presented by Mary, the queen of William III and daughter of James II, who had intended to place it in his Roman Catholic chapel at Whitehall. Her sister, afterwards Queen Anne, attended this church regularly and was a great friend of the rector, Dr. Birch. Many celebrities lie buried here. Amongst these are Henry Harlow, John Huysman, the caricaturist James Gilray, Michael Dahl, who painted so many portraits of illustrious people, and the Vandevelds, who maintained the fame of the Dutch School. There are the remains of other notables: 'Old Q.', the old reprobate, whom we shall meet again in living flesh, Dr. Sydenham and Dr. Mark Aken-side, Dr. Arbuthnot, the companion of Pope and Gay, who shared with them in their merry-makings as when at the 'Rose' Inn, in our Berkshire little town of Wokingham, they improvised the cheerful song of 'Molly Mogg' in praise of the innkeeper's pretty daughter. The dust of the delightful Charles Cotton, gentle scribe and friend of Izaac Walton and associated with him in *The Compleat Angler*, lies there, and Robert Dodsley, the noted bookseller, who wrote poems and kept the 'Tully's Head' in Pall Mall, where wits, statesmen and book-lovers forgathered, including Johnson and Burke, Young and Akenside, Walpole

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and Warton, and many others, was buried here, and Mrs. Delany, the beautiful actress. Nor must we forget old Tom D'Urfey, dramatist, who added to the gaiety of nations by his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. The 'Merry Monarch' liked him and treated him as a friend, as Addison records:

'I remember King Charles leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulders more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that the monarch was not a little supported by 'Joy to Great Cæsar' which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto Carrero more than once in short satirical compositions which have been in everybody's mouth. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.'

Musing on the various characters who lie at rest in the precincts of St. James's, we pass out into the busy street again, admire the striking front of the Piccadilly Hotel with its torches flaring as the evening shadows have fallen, while we recall, perhaps with a sigh, our childish recollections of St. James's Hall which formerly stood on its site, and Christy Minstrels who gave us delight, and graver joys of great concerts and other entertainments. But it is not too late to enter Hatchard's, the best of booksellers, where my friend Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys reigned so long, whom kings and queens and dukes and lords consult about the best literature of the day. Not long ago the shop was rebuilt, and the new front has a quaint Queen Anne style about it that is altogether attractive. Daring to enter, you can never resist the luring eyes of the countless books, which seem to say, 'I am just what you want. Buy me. Read me. Do not I please you?' Perforce you must buy, and if you ascend the lift that takes you where the second-hand books are stored, you are a doomed man. Your pockets will be heavier and bulge frightfully, but your purse will be lighter.



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F. H. P. 1925

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‘Who is Hatchard? What is he, that all the *savants* commend him?’ If you would know you must go to Tom Payne’s shop – ‘Honest Tom’s’ – at Mews Gate, nigh the King’s Mews, about the year 1790, and there you would see a bright young man named John Hatchard, who rivalled his aged employer in the interest he took in the books that lined the walls. Born in 1768, educated at Grey Coat Hospital, he tried printing and did not like it, became an apprentice to Mr. Ginger, a bookseller of Great College Street, Westminster, served his time well and celebrated its expiration (at his father’s expense) with a good supper and a flowing bowl of punch, with songs and toasts and sentiments. Then came his period of service with Tom Payne, and after eight years, during which he made many friendships with the learned book-lovers of his day, he set up for himself in 1797 at No. 173, Piccadilly, with less than £5 in his pocket, and when he died in 1849 he had a fortune of nearly a hundred thousand pounds. As he piously and gratefully remarked, ‘God blessed my industry and good men encouraged it.’

As he prospered he moved his shop, first to 190, Piccadilly, then the paradise of booksellers, and afterwards to 187, where Hatchard’s stands to-day. The ghosts of by-gone great personages crowd the shop. We may see the distinguished members of the Clapham Sect, Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, and his little son, the future great historian, who has just received a present from Hannah More with the command to buy a book at Hatchard’s. Moreover, the good lady herself was a frequenter of the place, which not only provided books published by other people, but sent forth into the world many goodly tomes, amongst them Macaulay’s *History of England*. Hither, too, came John Keate, Eton’s famous head master, who instilled learning and morals into his scholars with the powerful aid of the birch. Does not history record that he birched a large number of boys who were sent to him to be prepared for Confirmation, thinking

that they were delinquents, and when preaching in the College Chapel on the text 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' and not quite knowing what to say next, concluded with his usual formula: 'And, boys, if you are not pure in heart, I shall thrash you within an inch of your lives'?

Accompanying the redoubtable doctor we may see Cracherode, Beloe, Dr. Heberden, Heber, Archbishop Howley, George Canning, the Poet Laureate Pye (the worst of poets), Crabbe, whose poems Hatchard published — a host of other good men and true who frequented Hatchard's and brought their precious manuscripts for publication, or bought books for their delectation. We need not follow further the fortunes of Hatchard's. Mr. Thomas, the second son of John, the founder, used to attire himself in a blue dress coat with velvet collar, gilt buttons, white cravat, yellow waistcoat and brown nankeen trousers, and was a very kind-hearted, pious and gentlemanly man. He reigned till 1858, when John's great-grandson, Henry Hudson, succeeded until 1880, when my friend Mr. Humphreys came on the scene and to my great regret has recently resigned. I shall miss his kindly welcome to his region of books.

Another good bookseller lives opposite at No. 43, though his other habitat is in the Strand, Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., who can claim over a century of existence, dating back to the morrow of Waterloo. Thomas Sotheran, having come up in 1812 from the city of York, where his forbears had already been booksellers in the eighteenth century, to become an assistant to the old Quaker booksellers, John and Arthur Arch, in Cornhill, set up for himself at No. 2, Little Tower Street, the then little thoroughfare which led from Eastcheap to Tower Hill. Here his son Henry was born in 1820, the father of the present head of the firm, who as a boy had walked over old London Bridge built by Father Peter de Colechurch in A.D. 1176, and was present at the burning of the Royal Exchange.

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In my quest for bookshops I have forgotten the ugly buildings known as the Museum of Practical Geology, built by the architect Pennethorne about seventy years ago, where it has been my privilege to listen to learned lectures, and to admire the busts of the famous geologists of the past who have left their collections to the Museum, precious stones and wonderful fossils. I understand, however, that the Museum is doomed. In recent years it has served no very practical purpose, save that it has afforded a pleasant trysting place for happy lovers, who take more interest in themselves than in the collections around them. These will be wafted away to South Kensington, and the ungainly building will, I understand, in due course disappear. Retracing our steps we see the Prince's Restaurant, and above it the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, a great society of artists founded in 1831, which must not be confused with the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Their story has been told by the writer's cousin, the late Mr. John Lewis Roget, in two large volumes, which are full of interest, recording the names and achievements of the great artists of ancient and modern times. Isaac d'Israeli wrote a volume on the *Quarrels of Authors*, who are a touchy race, but nothing to be compared with artists, whose disputes are many and various. A great effort was made to unite the two bodies in 1881, when the Royal Society approached in a friendly way the Royal Institute, but it was all in vain.

There is another building whose portals we pass, the Egyptian Hall, where the great conjurors and illusionists, Maskeline and Cook, delighted us in the days of our youth with their wonderful entertainments before the company migrated to the Queen's Hall. It was all very amazing and ever new and startling. The elder Maskeline took a country house in Berkshire, where he was much liked by his friends. I met him at a garden party, where he was most polite in handing chairs for the ladies to rest on, but it seemed to me that he was inviting victims to his stage

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and preparing some interesting illusion. Such is the force of association.

Crossing Piccadilly and turning to the right after the Bond Street turning we soon find ourselves in Albemarle Street ; the origin of its name has already been told. It is a street of learned societies and there, at No. 50A, is the famous House of Murray, the great publishers. My friend Mr. John Murray, C.V.O., has reigned there many years, producing many important books. It was founded by John Murray in 1768, who was an officer in the Royal Marines. The present head of the firm is the fourth bearer of the name, and he is now assisted by his son, Lieut.-Colonel John Murray, D.S.O., late Scottish Horse, who distinguished himself greatly in the War. Fleet Street was the original home of the firm, but they migrated here in 1812 and have lived here ever since. Many illustrious literateurs have been associated with Murray's, including Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Rogers, Thomas Moore, Crabbe, Southey, Darwin, Borrow, Dean Stanley, Gladstone, Lord Roberts, Livingstone, Queen Victoria, whose *Life and Letters* were edited by Lord Esher. On the death of another publishing friend, Reginald Smith, his firm, Smith, Elder & Co., was absorbed; hence the House of Murray inherited the works of Thackeray, the Brownings, the Brontës and of other great names, together with the old *Cornhill Magazine*, for which I used to write when it lived in its old habitation in Waterloo Place under the editorship of Mr. Reginald Smith, whose early death we all deplored, and have continued to contribute to its pages under the genial editorship of Mr. Leonard Huxley, son of the great scientist.

I cannot find many references in literature to Albemarle Street, except to note that Shelley, after eloping with and marrying Harriett Westbrook in Scotland, stayed for a time at Cooke's Hotel. A few years later the rascal went off with Mary Godwin, and poor deserted Harriett drowned herself in the Serpentine. In Grafton Street at the end of this thoroughfare, at No. 4, lived the great

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Lord Brougham, and there is the shop of the famous bookseller, Quaritch, whose renown extends over Europe and America. I should like to dwell on the late Mr. Quaritch's unique knowledge of books and his charming eccentricities, but lack of space forbids.

Returning to Piccadilly and turning to the right we pass Hatchette's Restaurant, which occupies the site of the 'White Horse' Cellars, a hostelry famous in the old coaching days. And there it will be convenient to stop and take breath before pursuing our course along the rest of the 'road to Reading.'



CHAPTER 8

PICCADILLY, FROM THE 'WHITE HORSE' CELLARS TO HYDE PARK CORNER

PERHAPS it might have been convenient to mount the coach that started from the 'White Horse' Cellars and proceed westward; but it would have been a hazardous proceeding. The 'Way to Reading' was unspeakably vile, and the dangers that awaited the daring passengers from overturning vehicles and from highwaymen were alarmingly great. Opposite the Ritz Hotel the way was barred by a turnpike gate which in 1721 was removed to Hyde Park Corner. The road at the end of the seventeenth century was well-nigh impassable. On one occasion, in 1692, Sir Robert Atkyns, Speaker of the Commons, who lived at Kensington, two miles distant from the

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Houses of Parliament, was prevented from attending an important Conference of the two Houses on account of the badness of the roads. Lord Hervey, writing to his mother from Kensington in November 1736, says, 'The road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean, and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud. There are two roads through the park, but the new one is so convex and the old one so concave, that by this extreme of faults they agree in the common one of being, like the high road, impassable.' The overflow of waters after heavy rains was very great in the hollow occupied by the Marquis of Hertford's mansion, No. 105, Piccadilly. This was at one time the Pulteney Hotel, now (or until lately) the Isthmian Club. In December 1726, the carriage of the Ambassador from Morocco was overturned, and the daughter of Baron Hartoff was almost killed by the upset of the Baron's carriage. Another description informs us that the pavement 'is, for the most part, miserably broken and hazardous to ride upon.'

The danger of highwaymen added terrors to the road, although it was so near London. It was not necessary for the Knights of the Road, such as Claude Duval or Dick Turpin, or the magnanimous Bliss, to ride as far as Hounslow Heath to intercept coaches and rob their passengers; the deed could be done quite as easily in Piccadilly or Knightsbridge, and then there was less of a journey to the 'Hole in the Wall' in Chandos Street for refreshment after the deed was done. There were highway-women as well as men, as the following extract from the *London Observer*, a hundred years ago, plainly testifies:

'About eleven o'clock on Thursday se'nnight, as Mr. Wm. Ratcliffe, a traveller from Wolverhampton, was returning to his inn, he was attacked in Back Piccadilly by a number of females who, pinioning him against the wall,

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tore open his waistcoat, and after a rude search into the secret recesses of his wardrobe, succeeded in pillaging him of bills and cash to the amount of £100.'

Horace Walpole, writing in 1750, tells of the dangers of Piccadilly. He was sitting in his dining-room in Arlington Street one night at eleven o'clock, when he heard the cry 'Stop thief!' He opened his window and inquired what was the matter, and learned that a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, not fifty yards from his house, and adds that although the attempt was unsuccessful, the man escaped. I have read also of a thief at the end of the seventeenth century who having stolen a silver mug from the house of the great physician, Dr. Sydenham, in Pall Mall, fled through Piccadilly and was lost in the bushes of Conduit Mead.

Such was the dangerous condition of the road in former days. The only danger now is that of being run over (which Heaven forfend!) by one of those countless motor-buses that ply along the street. You will have heard of the fame of Devonshire House. Alas! its glory has departed, and as I write, it has fallen under the power of the ruthless housebreakers, and has now disappeared with all its memories of grandeur and magnificence. Its future was uncertain, but now I believe it is to be the West End office of Messrs. Thomas Cook¹ & Sons, who will transport you all over the world, if you are so minded.

The site was formerly occupied by Berkeley House, which was built on a rural farm called Hay-hill Farm, the name of which is preserved in Hay Hill,² Hill Street, Farm Street. Its builder was Lord John Berkeley of

¹ The original Cook hove from Leicester, where he used to arrange picnic parties and excursions for the populace. He enlarged his ideas, came to London, and now his firm is the owner of Aladdin's mystic carpet, which wafts you everywhere.

² I stand corrected by Mr. Arthur Dasent. He says that Hay Hill is really Aye or Eye Hill, commemorating the Aye or Eye bourne, a name corrupted into T'Aye bourne, and Tyburn.

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Stratton, who before he was raised to the peerage fought brilliantly in the Great Civil War, accompanied Charles II into exile, and was created a peer. At one time he was Deputy Governor of Ireland. The house cost him £30,000. Evelyn dined with him on one occasion and described the newly-erected mansion. His 'good friend,' Hugh May, was the architect. It was well built and had many noble rooms, all rooms of state without closets, so the Diarist states, and adds: 'The staire-case is of cedar, the furniture is princely; the kitchen and stables are ill-placed, and the corridor worse, having no report to the wings they joyne to. For the rest the fore court is noble, so are the stables, and above all, the gardens, which are incomparable by reason of the inequalitie of the ground, and a pretty piscina. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of. The porticos are an imitation of an house described by Palladio, but it happens to be the worst in his book, tho' my good friend, Mr. Hugh May, his Lordship's architect, effected it.'

Lord Berkeley did not long enjoy the magnificence of his new house. He died in 1678 and soon after the mansion was rented to Prince George of Denmark and the Princess Anne (afterwards styled 'the Good Queen Anne'), who had quarrelled with 'Dutch William.' Mrs. Strickland tells us: 'The Princess Anne, divested of every vestige of royal rank, lived at Berkeley House, where she and Lady Marlborough amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against Queen Mary and her "Dutch Caliban," as they called the hero of Nassau.'

After the death of Queen Mary the Princess was reconciled to the King and was invited to set up her Court at Whitehall. The royal pair sojourned only three years at Berkeley House; Lady Berkeley returned and Evelyn is asked to advise and give directions about the building of two streets, Berkeley and Stratton Streets, on part of the Gardens. He deplored very much 'the straightening of

that sweet place, by far the most noble gardens, courts, and accommodations, stately porticos, etc., anywhere about the towne.' Yet he saw the advantage accruing to the owner, as it yielded near £1,000 per annum in mere ground rents. However, he inveighed against 'the mad intemperance' of building about the city, and we wonder what he would think if he saw what is now called London.

Lady Berkeley died in 1698, and the first Duke of Devonshire purchased the property, which has continued to be held by the Cavendish family until the recent sale. So Berkeley House became Devonshire House. He was haunted by fires. He was driven from Montague House on the site of which the British Museum now stands, and then from White Hall, and his son and successor had reigned only four years in Piccadilly when in 1733 Devonshire House was gutted and had again to be raised from its ashes. The well-known high brick wall which enclosed the forecourt and was standing until yesterday, was all that remained of the former house. He employed as his architect William Kent, a man of lowly origin, having started life as an apprentice to a coach-painter, who by his ability and the patronage of Lord Burlington and others became one of the fashionable architects of his age. The new Devonshire House was built of brick and was of an unpretending nature, but its interior was magnificent. The cedar-wood staircase of the older house was replaced by a winding marble one. There was a low pillared entrance hall, handsome reception rooms with fine ceilings, and walls covered with paintings by great Masters. It is sad to see the house-breakers at work on the palace, which has been the scene of gorgeous receptions of the chief men and women of each age who enjoyed the princely hospitality of the Cavendishes. It was the rallying place of the great Whig Party, and perhaps its liveliest time was during the reign of the beautiful Duchess Georgiana, the wife of the fifth Duke. She was as clever

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DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · PICCADILLY · DEMOLISHED FEBRARY 1925.

JOSEPH PIKE

as she was beautiful, wrote poetry, causing Coleridge to sing:

‘O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learnt you that heroic measure?’

Her chief achievement was wrought in the field of politics as the ardent supporter of Charles James Fox in

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the famous Westminster Election of 1784. There is a well-known story of the fair Duchess kissing a butcher in order to secure his vote. Upon this the following epigram was written:

‘Array’d in matchless beauty, Devon’s fair
In Fox’s favour takes a zealous part;
But oh! where’er the pilferer comes, beware,
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.’

With such aid it need not be said that her champion triumphed. Nobly have the Dukes of Devonshire played their part in our national history, and their record need not be set down here. Chatsworth still owns them as its owners, but it is sad to reflect that the great house in Piccadilly, which has been the scene of so many of their triumphs, should have passed from them and shared the fate of so much of the old English life that is passing away.

Before proceeding onwards along Piccadilly we will stroll along Berkeley Street, which takes its name from that great family whose acquaintance we have made. It, with Stratton Street, was carved out of the garden of Berkeley House by Lady Berkeley. New buildings have obliterated ancient features. Alexander Pope lived in this street. On the left is Lansdowne House, and there is a curious passage separating the gardens of that house from those of Devonshire House, which has managed to survive. Attention has often been called to the bar which crosses its entrance. It is an instance of ‘locking the stable door after the steed is stolen.’ It appears that a highwayman after robbing a coach in Piccadilly rode his horse along Bolton Row and then down this passage, and so escaped his pursuers. The bar was put up to prevent any similar event. As I have said, this was all open country in the sixteenth century, where hunting and hawking took place, and on the spot where Hill Street runs was shown, raised on a pole, the head of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was implicated in the rebellion of 1554. Highwaymen were

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plentiful here, as we have already shown, and here a robber caught no less a game than the Prince Regent and one of his boon companions driving in a hackney coach; but he drew the covert practically blank, as when he threatened them with his pistol and called out 'Your money or your life!' his victims could only raise half-a-crown between them.

The centre of Berkeley Square is occupied by a grand group of plane trees, and it is the best wooded square in London. These trees were planted by Mr. Edward Bouverie, of the well-known Berks and Wilts family, who lived at No. 13 (now rechristened 12A in order to avoid the unlucky number) during the second half of the eighteenth century. The most important house in the Square is, of course, Lansdowne House, with its noble garden. It was built originally for Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, in 1765, who sold it in an unfinished state to William Petty, Earl of Shelborne, afterwards created Marquis of Lansdowne, who employed Robert Adam, the most skilful of the famous brothers, to finish it. All the art and skill of man have been employed in perfecting this noble mansion. Italian artists have painted wonderful ceilings. Statuary has been brought here from the same land, and the house itself has grown under the guiding hands of subsequent artists. The famous library was built by George Dance, the fashionable architect of the latter half of the eighteenth century and builder of the Mansion House in the City. It contained at one time the famous Lansdowne MSS., now housed in the British Museum. The third Marquis was a great collector of pictures by Old Masters and the best English painters. I remember visiting Bowood, the Wiltshire seat of the family, and there seeing a remarkable collection of works of art.¹

¹ The problem of the traffic of London is, like the poor, always with us. The congestion at Berkeley Street is in these days overwhelming. In order to give some relief it is actually proposed to make a tunnel under Lansdowne House and the site of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, and the

Berkeley Square seems to have housed all that is great and good (and sometimes, bad) of the aristocracy of England, great statesmen, artists, philanthropists and men and women of genius, great soldiers and sailors, and now *nouveaux riches*. Ghosts haunt us at every turn. I brush shoulders with the great Lord Clive, founder of the British Empire in India. He is coming out of No. 45, and then the sad news spreads round the Square of his suicide in 1774. I see the ghost of Colley Cibber, a sly, witty, shrewd, furtive, gay old coxcomb, very angry because he had been reading again what Pope had said of him in the *Dunciad*. Horace Walpole looks pleased, having just indited a very amusing epistle to one of his many friends. He is emerging from No. 11, and then all the town wept when in 1797 they saw the hearse at his door to bear him away. There is a little romance stirring at No. 48, where lived the great banker, Robert Child. May has dawned, and early in the morning a young lady is hurrying from the door carrying a small parcel. A young maid is with her, and round the corner there is a hackney coach waiting into which the lady enters. The driver cracks his whip, and away they fly, and soon she is joined by a young man who happens to be the young Lord Westmorland, and off they start in a post chaise for Gretna Green. There is great consternation at No. 48. Mr. Child vows vengeance against young Westmorland, orders a post chaise, and hastily pursues his rebellious daughter and her expectant bridegroom. We need not follow him further. The adventurous couple were safely married; but their married happiness did not last long, as Lady Westmorland died young. Her father's great wealth descended to her daughter, Sarah, who married Lord Villiers, afterwards Earl of Jersey. She was very beautiful and Mr. Dasent informs us that she was a great society leader and was immortalized by Disraeli as 'Zenobia.' She lived to a Ritz or Green Park, in order to relieve the strain. Such a plan seems to a non-engineering mind incredible, if not impossible.

good old age, dying in 1867. Her great wealth remains in the family of the Earl of Jersey, whom we know in Oxfordshire. To this same house came Lord Rosebery, so well known as a statesman, orator, sportsman, author, scholar, etc. He made divers alterations in the house. In 1894 he became Prime Minister, but found the burden of that office too much for his strength. His nerves were affected, and insomnia set in, and at night he used to walk round the Square endeavouring to banish that intolerable disease. After a brief occupancy he felt obliged to resign. Lord Aldenham told me a story concerning this. He was attending a ball at Hatfield when the Marquis of Salisbury was entertaining the Princess Mary of Teck, and had taken her in to supper. A telegram was placed in his hands, and having glanced at it, he placed it quite casually into his pocket just as if it was an affair of no importance. Having conducted his royal guest back to the ball-room, he summoned his secretary and told him the contents of the telegram. The 'old Marquis' was a man of resource and immediately knew what must be done. 'We must wire at once to Windsor Castle. The Queen will have long ago retired. She must be aroused from her slumbers and told the news. If Her Majesty should find the first announcement of this intelligence in *The Times* to-morrow morning, she will be greatly annoyed and blame us severely.' There was consternation at Windsor when the telegram arrived. The Lords and Ladies in Waiting were much perturbed; however, the programme was carried out. The Queen was aroused, and there was peace.'

Amongst the distinguished sailors who have lived in Berkeley Square was poor Admiral Byng, who was made a scapegoat of the politicians after his defeat in the Mediterranean, and doomed to be hanged at Spithead. Never was there a more disgraceful political crime. In order to save themselves from popular indignation the Government decided to sacrifice a gallant sailor.

And here I would call attention to the great achievement

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of Mr. Arthur Dasent, who in his book *Piccadilly* has set forth the names of all the inhabitants of the Square, tracing the successive owners of the various houses from the earliest times to the present day. It is a wonderful achievement and a monument of careful research. Some of the ghosts who have haunted me have been evoked by his incantations, and therefore I am grateful to him. Real ghosts have been supposed to haunt one of the houses in the Square, about which strange stories have been told. A gang of thieves and coiners have been accused of creating strange noises in order to keep away undesirable visitors. The Psychical Society have, I believe, made investigations, but the ghost has not appeared *in propria persona*; but some persons still have hope. One feature must be noted, and that is the beautiful ironwork in front of the doors of some of the houses with extinguishers for putting out the flambeaux, which footmen carried lighted when they stood behind at the back of the carriages of their masters when driving through the dark streets at night. A good example of this ironwork remains at No. 45.

But we must hasten back to Piccadilly after our slight detour. Proceeding westward after Devonshire House we come to Stratton Street, built by Lady Berkeley, of Stratton (hence the name). No. 1 is typical of many of the Georgian houses of the eighteenth century. It is plain to baldness, the most interesting things about it being the iron balustrades. The builders of that period do not seem to have troubled themselves about treating the side of the house as richly as the front. The façade is in the form of a bay. It was built for the Earl of Eglinton, who was shot by a poacher, and has had several noble owners, until at length it was bought by Thomas Coutts, the banker, whom we have met already in St. Martin's Lane, and who married Betty Starkey, a housemaid. After her death he consoled himself with an actress, Harriet Mellon, over forty years his junior, he having attained the patriarchal age of four-score. His daughter by his first wife was

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married to Sir Francis Burdett, a violent Radical and champion of free speech, who was arrested here and taken to the Tower and imprisoned for some time. His daughter was the famous philanthropist and much beloved lady, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who died twenty years ago at the age of ninety-two years.¹

The next turning is Bolton Street where stands Bath House (No. 82), the residence of the ancient and very rich family of Pulteney, which was pulled down and rebuilt for Lord Ashburton in 1821, head of the great banking firm of Barings. By descent the property descended to our Berkshire baronet, Sir Richard Sutton, who owned Benham Court, near Newbury, and became extremely wealthy. It was one of the tragedies of the war that his son, Sir Richard, a very excellent and charming young man, the heir of one of the finest properties in the kingdom, should have been killed in the Great War.

Clarges Street takes its name from Sir Walter Clarges, nephew of General Monk's wife. No. 81, Piccadilly was until recently the abode of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. This, too, I understand, has been pulled down, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club has migrated to Albert Gate and owns the house opposite the French Embassy. It was built about 1750 and was owned by Lord de Tabley, and then became a notorious gaming house, and was at one period of its career the property of that prince of gaming-house proprietors, Crockford, whom we have met in St. James's Street. Every person who strolls down Piccadilly notices the charming-house (No. 94) which is of a retiring nature and situate a little distance from the road. It has on its entrance gates the words 'In' and 'Out,' from which it familiarly receives its name the 'In and Out Club,' though it rejoices in the more dignified title, the Naval and Military Club. It bore another name in its early days,

¹ Since this was written I understand that this house has fallen a victim to the house-breaker. Berkeley Street has been widened and Stratton Street has vanished.

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being styled 'Egremont House' from the title of its builder, the Earl of Egremont, about the middle of the eighteenth century. His son was a great patron of art, most successful on the turf, owned Petworth House, and was the most hospitable of men.

In this house also lived the Duke of Cambridge, son of George III and father of the Duke we all knew, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and from this circumstance the house adopted the name of Cambridge House. Another honour befel this mansion. It became the dwelling-place of one of our greatest Prime Ministers, Lord Palmerston, about whom much might be written. His was an Irish title and lapsed with him. I often stay at the house of some friends who are lineally descended from him, and might be able to establish the claim to the revival of the title, and I have visited Broadlands, the charming Hampshire home of his descendants, which contains very numerous memorials of the distinguished statesman and of his beautiful wife. History tells us how well he governed England, and stories are told of his imperturbable humour. One at least I must find space for. When a deputation came to him to protest against the appointment of Charles Kingsley as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University, on the ground that Kingsley knew nothing about Modern History, he replied, 'Well, what has the fellow written? Ah! I see here *Two Years Ago*, and if that is not modern history I do not know what is.' Charles Kingsley retained his professorship. In the rooms where the great Pam talked and wrote and worked, and Lady Pam held her great receptions, distinguished soldiers and sailors fight their battles over again, and enjoy the amenities of an excellent club, with the story of which they may like to acquaint themselves.

White Horse Street records the memory of an old inn which is no longer in action and has completely vanished. In No. 96, which has been converted into chambers, lived the royal dentist Durmergue, with whom Sir Walter Scott

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stayed. The Badminton Club lives or did live at No. 100, and next door is the most palatial and ever hospitable Junior Constitutional, probably the most comfortable club in London, which exercises no little influence upon the fortunes of the political party with which it is connected. It has an attractive and well-filled library. The Isthmian Club, at No. 105, dwelt in an historic house and was known as Barrymore House. Lord Barrymore was a very wild young man who had a house in our Berkshire village of Wargrave, where he astonished the natives by building a theatre in which he acted, was a patron of boxing, entertaining all the noted bruisers of the day, raced his horses at Reading, and met an early death by an accident on the Dover Road. The house was the home of the Marquis of Hertford who began to accumulate the Wallace Collection now stored in Hertford House in Manchester Square. The exigencies of space prevent me from describing the characteristics of the original of Thackeray's 'Marquis of Steyne' and Disraeli's 'Lord Monmouth.' St. James's Club lives at No. 106, to which it removed from St. James's Street. It is a notable house, rich in architectural detail and its associations with a great family. It was formerly known as Coventry House, having been the residence of the Lords Coventry, and owes much of its beauty to the work of the brothers Adam. Next door is the Savile, a very pleasant and sociable club. You sit at dinner at a horse-shoe shaped table, and there is no exclusiveness, and members and guests seem to constitute a family party. There is supposed to be a fixed hour for dinner, which tends to sociability. Recently the club celebrated its centenary, if I remember rightly, though its sojourn in Piccadilly has only lasted forty years. The house has many associations, chiefly with the Rothschild family, who have been long connected with this wondrous street. Lord Rosebery resided here before he went to Berkeley Square. We may notice many other clubs as we stroll westwards, amongst them the Lyceum, the famous

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Ladies' Club which I have been permitted to enter, where learned ladies hold receptions, give dinners, and discuss literature and art and other fascinating subjects. There is the Junior Athenæum, the Piccadilly, the Cavalry and several others, including the well-known Bachelors' in Hamilton Place. I have forgotten the 'Star of Piccadilly,' 'Old Q.,' Duke of Queensberry, who resided at No. 138 in his old age. Mr. Arthur Dasent has given the full story of his not very edifying career. He had many vices and some virtues. He lived to a great age, and became senile and worn-out by his voluptuousness, and most writers dwell upon his discreditable old age and forget any merits that he possessed. His memory, however, is incapable of being 'white-washed.'

At the corner of Park Lane stood Gloucester House, which has vanished and given way to a large block of flats. Mary, the Duchess of Gloucester, died there in 1857. Lord Elgin lived there before the Duke acquired it, and brought there his famous Elgin marbles, now in the British Museum. Byron described the house as

'. . . the general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art.'

It was afterwards the residence of George Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who died there in 1904. Hamilton Place, a very aristocratic location, was named after James Hamilton, ranger of Hyde Park in the time of the 'Merrie Monarch.' There lived Lord Eldon, whom we shall meet again in Bedford Square. The houses in the westernmost end of the street were formerly called Piccadilly Terrace, and are sometimes still so denoted. At last we reach Apsley House, for ever associated with the memory of the great Duke of Wellington. The house derives its name from Lord Apsley, who built it, employing the brothers Adam as architects. He was the son of the first Earl Bathurst, and became Chancellor of England. It was inhabited by Lord Wellesley,



DORCHESTER HOUSE
PARK LANE

Joseph Fine

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the elder brother of the great Duke, who purchased the property in 1830, increased the size of the house, and made sundry alterations. It is a noble house, worthy of a noble man, who saved England in one of the greatest crises in her island story.

Piccadilly seems very peaceful now save for the noise of motor-bus traffic. It has not always been so. There were riots during the Reform Bill period, and the windows of Apsley House were broken by an enraged mob, and I remember some forty years ago a disorderly crowd of enfrenzied folk rioting down Piccadilly, tearing down the railings¹ of Green Park and doing much damage. A German bomb fell nigh Devonshire House and wrought much evil. Joyous, sad and strange sights have we seen when the good Queen Victoria passed along in her triumphal processions on her two Jubilees, and when her dead body was borne along amidst the silent crowds of sorrowing subjects, and when King Edward's funeral procession passed and there were few dry eyes when the mourning multitudes witnessed the solemn march of the soldiers bearing away from his beloved city the dead King. Piccadilly has many memories.

¹ In former days there was a high brick wall which hid the Green Park from the pedestrians in Piccadilly.

CHAPTER 9

MAYFAIR

THE district north of Piccadilly and of the houses that line that thoroughfare is known as Mayfair, now one of the most fashionable quarters in London. It is curious that it should take its name from a somewhat disreputable fair which existed there for a long period. The place where the fair was held is now covered principally by Curzon Street, Hertford Street and Chesterfield House and Gardens, and in earlier times while rusticity ruled and cows fed in green pastures it included the whole district north of the 'Way to Reading' between Park Lane and Devonshire House. It rejoiced in the name of Brookfield, so named from the brook Tyburn which flowed through it, and still flows though converted into a sewer. The actual fair dates back to the time of Edward I, who granted it to the Hospital of St. James, now St. James's Palace, to be held in St. James's Park. But Henry VIII dissolved the Hospital, acquired it for himself, enclosed the Park, and transferred the fair to Brook-field. Pepys, in 1660, called it still St. James's Fair, and James II, in 1688, changed its name to May Fair, authorizing it to begin each year for ever on May 1, and to last for fifteen days. There were to be 'a multitude of booths, not for trade or commerce, but for musick, shows, drinking, gaming, raffling, lotteries, stage plays and drolls.' The King also granted a cattle and horse market – twice a week. We find references to Brookfield Market-place. Attention was paid to the ways leading to it, so that 'persons of quality' might frequent the concourse.

During the first three days live cattle and leather were exposed for sale; the rest of the days were of the nature of a pleasure fair, and the entertainments provided were somewhat similar to those of Bartholomew Fair at Smithfield. Shops and stalls were set up for the accommodation of tradesmen. It should be remembered that a large amount of the business of the country was carried on in fairs, of

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which the famous Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge, is a noted example. We have a good description of Mayfair in Nichols' *Tatler*, in a letter written by Brian Fairfax, who wrote:

'I wish you had been at May Fair, where the rope-dancing would have recompensed your labour. All the nobility in town were there, and I am sure even you, at your years, must have had your youthful wishes to have beheld the beauty, shape and activity of Lady Mary when she danced. Pray ask my Lord Fairfax about her, who, though not the only lord by twenty, was every night an admirer of her while the Fair lasted. There was the city of Amsterdam, well worth your seeing; every street, every individual house, was carved in wood in exact proportion one to another; the Stadhouse was as big as your hand; the whole, though an irregular figure, yet that you may guess about ten yards' diameter. Here was a boy to be seen, that within one of his eyes had DEUS MEUS in capital letters as GULIELMUS is on half-a-crown; round the other he had a Hebrew inscription; but this you must take, as I did, upon trust. I am now drinking your health at Lockett's; therefore do me justice in Yorkshire.'

That vivacious account was of the fair in 1701. In the following year it opened merrily. Next to Mr. Barnes's booth, who did rope-dancing, there was Mr. Miller's booth where was 'presented an excellent droll called Crispin Crispianus, or a Shoemaker a Prince, with the best machines, swinging and dancing, ever yet in a Fair.' But a sad trouble arose. Rogues and pickpockets assembled in crowds, and the constables were called upon by the magistrates to interfere, and some soldiers took the part of the mob, and John Cooper, a police-officer, was slain. He was buried in St. James's Church, and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Wedgewood before the Justices, High Constable and other officers of Westminster. A man named Cork, a butcher, was hanged at Tyburn for the murder. Severe strictures were passed upon the fair, and

the *Observator* blamed the courtiers of Queen Anne for not reporting the affair to Her Majesty. 'Can any rational man imagine that the queen would permit so much lewdness as is committed at May Fair for so many days together, so near her royal palace, if she knew anything of the matter?' The writer inveighs against the Warden setting up the devil's shops and exposing his merchandise for sale.

But the fair was not stopped. It were vain to attempt to describe all its absurdities and amusements. Some of the bills of entertainment have been preserved, and are recorded in Mr. Timbs's account of the fair. Here is one:

'An excellent Droll, called King William's Happy Deliverance and glorious Triumph over his Enemies, on the Consultation of the Pope, Devil, French King and the Grand Turk, and the whole form of the Siege of Namur, and the Humours of a renegade French-man and Brandy-Joan, with the Conceits of Scaramouch and Harlequin; together with the best Singing and Dancing that was ever seen at a Fair; also a Dialogue Song, *Vivat Rex.*'

Strype describes the fair as a place 'where young people did use to resort and by the temptation they met with here, commit much sin and disorder. Here they spent their time and money in drunkenness, fornication, gaming and lewdness, whereby were occasioned oftentimes quarrels, tumults and shedding of blood.' The conscience of Londoners was at length aroused, and for some time it was suppressed. The *Tatler* has some amusing references to its downfall, announcing the sale of a tame elephant that was no longer required; a tiger could be sold as cheap as an ox, a calf with three legs for very nearly the price of one with four. Moreover, there was great desolation among the ladies and gentlemen who used to shine in plumes and feathers, the gentlemen having been 'pressed' (carried off to sea by the press-gang) and the ladies beating hemp (in prison). Mrs. Saraband was selling her puppets in the

City, calling them 'jointed babies.' I am sorry to add that there was issued a gross libel on our old friend Punch. He is described as 'rake-hell Punch,' who by his loose life and conversation did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. Mr. Punch has, however, reformed since those days.

However, a fair, like a cat, has many lives and is difficult to kill; the newspapers show that it lingered on into the last century. One of the cruel sports was duck-hunting. On the site of Hertford Street there was a public-house called the 'Dog and Duck' with a large pond in the grounds. Here dogs were matched to hunt ducks in the so-called May Fair Ducking Pond, where a dog would hunt six ducks for a guinea matched against another dog.

A relic of the fair still exists in the name of Shepherd's Market. Shepherd was the ground landlord of the fair-ground, who built a house for himself on the north side of Curzon Street, afterwards rented by Lady Fane and Lady Reade, purchased by Lord Carhampton, and subsequently sold to Mr. Stuart Wortley, afterwards Lord Wharncliffe, who gave his name to it. It was purchased in 1899 by the Marquis of Crewe, statesman, poet, lover of literature and at present the distinguished Ambassador to France, who christened it again Crewe House. On the other side of Curzon Street formerly stood Curzon Chapel, one of those proprietary chapels which exist in the West End. It disappeared at the end of the last century. The site is now covered by Sunderland House. Near this was the notorious Keith's Chapel, where a clever rascal, the Rev. Dr. Keith, a disgrace to his cloth, performed clandestine marriages, of which he used to celebrate as many as 6,000 a year and charged a guinea a piece. He was publicly excommunicated, and in return proceeded to excommunicate the Bishop of London, the Judge Andrews who tried him, and Dr. Trebeck, the rector of St. George's, Hanover Square. Some sad stories are told of his marriages, such as that of Handsome Tracy, who was compelled to marry a butter-woman's daughter. Horace Walpole recounts the

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proceedings. The butter-woman gave a supper and kept the eager lover drinking at her house till twelve o'clock at night, and then he was carried off to Keith's Chapel. Keith was in bed and refused to get up, but his assistant performed the ceremony. James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, was married to the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunningns at May Fair Chapel with a ring of the bed-curtain at 12.30 a.m. When Keith was told that the bishops would stop his marrying, he replied, 'Well, let 'em'; but he would be revenged, and buy two or three acres of ground and 'under-bury them all'! However, in 1753 the Marriage Act put an end to his practices and also to the disgraceful Fleet marriages, and the great marriage-broker retired into private life.

Curzon Street takes its name from Augustus Curzon, third Lord Howe, who owned the ground. It has several interesting associations, besides those that have been already named. The great sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, began his career in an attic in No. 24. He was then poor and unknown, and owed much to a kindly neighbour, a Mrs. D'Oyley, who contributed to his support. Here he modelled the bust of Earl St. Vincent, which first brought him into the notice of the public. At No. 16 lived Sir Henry Halford, the celebrated Court physician who plied his healing art through five reigns, beginning with George III and ending with Queen Victoria. It is a large house and was sold in 1862 for £15,000. As a contrast to this Thackeray locates Becky Sharp and her husband in a small comfortable house practising the noble art of living on nothing a year. At Curzon House lived Earl Howe, the descendant of the Earl who gave his name to the street, and at No. 8 the brilliant and successful barrister, solicitor and Attorney-General, Sir John Karslake, whose family I had the privilege of counting among my friends.

At the corner of Curzon Street and South Audley Street stands one of the finest mansions in London, Chesterfield House, which now rejoices to welcome as its mistress

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H.R.H. Princess Mary, the wife of Lord Lascelles. It was built by Philip, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, whose philosophy of life is recorded in his well-known *Letters to His Son*, well calculated effectually to ruin the character of any youth and to destroy every right ideal of decency and honour. He was himself a notorious voluptuary in spite of



his insignificant appearance, his ugly face and his huge head, big enough, as Lord Hervy states, 'for a Polyphemus.' But he built a very fine mansion, employing as his architect, Isaac Ware, author of *The Complete Body of Architecture*, published in 1756. The main facade, as viewed from his spacious courtyard, is an adaptation of a Palladian villa. It delighted its founder. The Earl considered his boudoir the gayest and most cheerful room in

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England, his library the best room in London, and his garden a scene of verdure and flowers not exactly common in London. The columns, the staircase, and other architectural features were purchased by the Earl from Canon's Park, Edgware, of the Duke of Chandos; hence his Lordship was pleased to call the latter the Canonical pillars of his house. The garden with its 'verdure and flowers' has been built over, but the library is much as his Lordship left it. The walls are covered half-way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed; over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round the Horatian lines:

'NUNC. VETERUM, LIBRIS. NUNC. SOMNO ET INERTIBUS HORIS
DUCERE. SOLICITÆ. JUCUNDA OBLIVIA VITÆ.'

On the mantelpieces and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy statuettes, in marble or alabaster, of nude or semi-nude opera nymphs. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* states: 'We shall never recall that princely room without fancying Chesterfield receiving in it a visit from his only child's mother; while probably some new favourite was sheltered in the dim, mysterious little boudoir, which still remains, also in its original blue damask and fretted gold-work, as described to Madame de Monconseil.'

In the old bad days of the career of authors when writers were doomed to seek a patron, it was to this house came the suppliant Dr. Johnson to induce Lord Chesterfield to accept the patronage of his *Dictionary*. There he was kept waiting a long time, 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm,' and was especially angry when Colley Cibber emerged from his patron's library and disclosed whose conversation had been preferred to his. At last he cast the dust of his feet from Chesterfield House, and resolved

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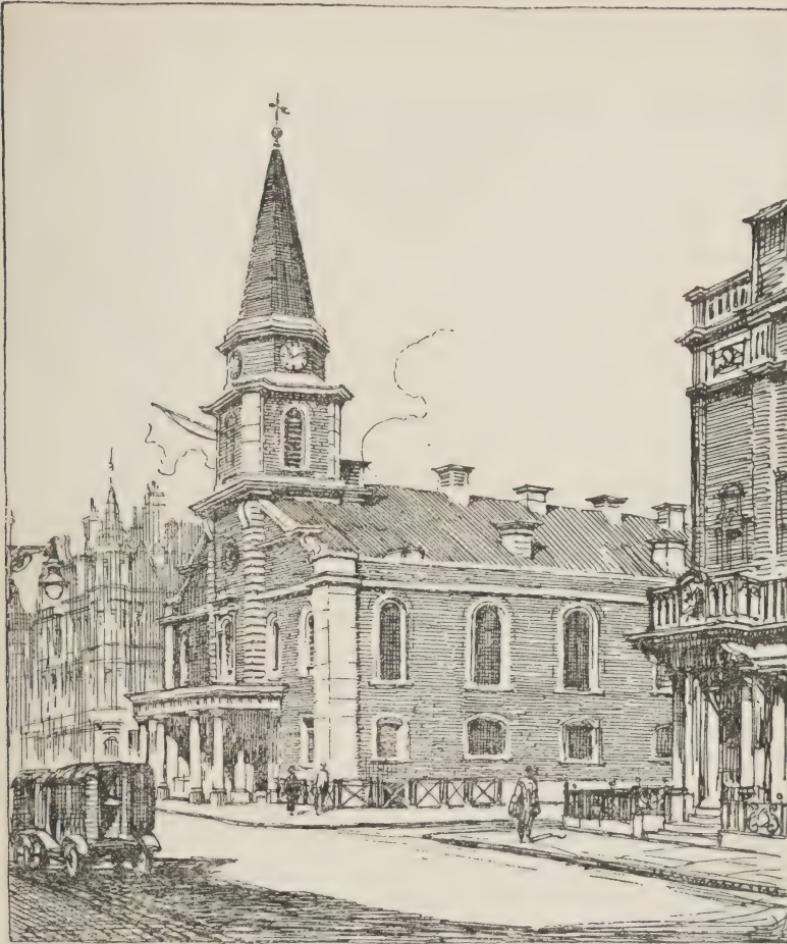
never again 'to trust in princes,' but to rely on his own endeavours and the support of the public. His dignified rebuke of the insulting and snubbing nobleman is one of the finest prose writings in the English language. He was a mean man, this rich Earl, but he gave great dinners and brought over to England the great *chef*, La Chapelle, to cook them for his friends. He died very miserable and dejected, in 1773, and was buried in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, though his remains were subsequently removed to Thetford, Nottinghamshire.

However, he left to posterity his noble mansion and also built Stanhope Street, which stretches from his house to Park Lane, wherein, doubtless, have lived many 'fair women and brave men,' but I know not their names, save that in modern times have lived cheek by jowl the bearers of ancient names and Jews and modern millionaires. Chesterfield Street retains some recollections of well-known folk. Here lived George Augustus Selwyn, the friend of 'Old Q.,' brilliant wit, devoted follower of the turf, who used to lose £1,000 at a race meeting with equanimity and win it back at the next at Newmarket. He was the befriendier of 'Mie-Mie,' and some gossips said, the father of that beautiful child of the Marchesa Fagniani, and afterwards Lady Hertford. Selwyn took a leading part in all the fashionable orgies of the entourage of the Prince-Regent. Here, too, lived that extraordinary character, Beau Brummell, for some time a friend of the Prince of Wales, whom he often entertained to dinner at this house, but, when misfortune befel him, his fine friends fled. George IV turned his back upon him, and he fled to Calais and then to Caen, and died in misery and distress in the former town, a city of refuge for impecunious Englishmen.

It is impossible to examine all the streets in Mayfair for notable houses of distinguished men and women, but a few may be mentioned. Charles Street can boast of some interesting folk. At No. 27 lived Beckford, the author of

Vathek, who before the garden of Chesterfield House was built over, delighted to look over the north wall into the finest private garden in London. He has been described as a man of taste and knowledge 'run to seed in the gratification of extravagant freaks.' The handsome drawing-room has a ceiling of florid plaster-work. No. 16 used to be the town house of the Earl of Craven, descendant of the romantic lover of the Queen of Bohemia, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I; but the Craven family now reside at No. 4, Chesterfield Gardens. The shadow of Chesterfield House and its notable Earl seems to fall on all these neighbouring streets. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, lived and wrote in a small house in Charles Street near Berkeley Square. The author of *The Last Days of Pompeii* furnished his drawing-room so as to represent a room in that doomed city with vases, candelabra, chairs and tables, in imitation of a Roman chamber. His dining-room was made to resemble an old English hall. A sagacious guest once remarked that 'such furniture is all right in old baronial halls, but to encounter it in a small house in a London street is too startling a transition.'

We walk along South Audley Street, and notice some fine houses, notably one formerly owned by my friend Sir Francis Trees Barry, Bart., M.P. for Windsor, and a keen antiquary who excavated some 'brocks' in the grounds of his Scottish mansion, Keiss Castle. Grosvenor Chapel, in this street, is one of those mysterious proprietary chapels which have sprung up, one knoweth not how, built by some landed proprietor who had caused a street to arise, for the accommodation of his neighbours and friends, and of himself and his family. This one was built in 1730 and seats about twelve hundred persons. It has always had a very fashionable congregation and in its vaults repose the bodies of several notable people. Lord Chesterfield was first buried here before his remains were removed to Nottinghamshire. Here lies all that is



THE GROSVENOR CHAPEL 3rd AUDLEY STREET

JOSEPH PIKE 1925

mortal of that charming character Lady Wortley Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Kingston, the celebrated letter-writer and *bel esprit*. Her father was a pleasure-seeking and thoughtless nobleman of the Whig party, member of the Kit Cat Club, into which exclusive fraternity his charming daughter was admitted as a member

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when quite young. She married Mr. Wortley Montagu and accompanied him to Turkey, where he was sent as Ambassador to the Porte. On her return she brought back with her the practice of inoculation for small-pox. Her quarrel with Pope which produced an angry exchange of fiery letters and verse, her wonderful series of letters, and other experiences of her life, I must not record here. She was buried here in 1762. David Mallet (1765) and William Whitehead (1785), both poets, lie here, and Elizabeth Carter, who died in 1806. Here also lies in peace the body of the restless John Wilkes, M.P., Lord Mayor of London, founder of the *North Briton*. Every one knows the strange events of his adventurous life. He died at his daughter's house in Grosvenor Square and was buried here. He is styled on the tablet recording his memory 'the Friend of Liberty.' At that time Grosvenor Chapel seems to have had a congregation composed of Whigs and strong Protestants who admired Lord George Gordon, the originator and leader of the Gordon riots which did so much damage to the City; and they actually arranged a service of thanksgiving for his acquittal. Another Whig lies in the chapel vaults, poor Ambrose Philips, whom Pope satirized:

'The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown;
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown;
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.'

Leaving the poor poet to rest in peace, we pursue our way northwards and find ourselves in Grosvenor Square, but that name conjures up a long story which must have a chapter to itself.

GROSVENOR SQUARE

THE name of Grosvenor Square suggests all that is aristocratic and ultra-fashionable. Many illustrious bearers of ancient names have resided here, though in recent times several *nouveaux riches* have supplanted the old aristocracy and made the houses in the once exclusive square their habitat. There is a story of one of these residences owned by a modern millionaire who sprang from a lowly origin, to wit, a blacksmith's shop. His old mother came to stay with him, and wearied with modern luxury, with gilded halls and attendant flunkeys, she slipped away, sat down on the doorstep of the house, produced from her pocket a well-worn old clay-pipe and began to smoke it. A passing policeman ordered her to 'move on'; but the old woman refused, and said, 'I'm -- mother, and if I choose to sit on my own son's door-step, I shall do so; so you mind your own business, bobby.' Another newcomer had adopted a rather fine coat-of-arms furnished with all the ingenuity of the Heralds' Office, bearing the motto *Per aspera ad astra*, which created some amusement among the partners in a firm of solicitors who acted for the new resident in the Square. A clerk in the office questioned his employer as to the meaning of the motto which seemed to cause such merriment, and was furnished with the following free translation: 'From a butcher's shop to Grosvenor Square.'

The Square and the rest of the Grosvenor estate in London furnishes as pretty a romance as can be found anywhere, though rather a sad one. There was an older story which savours more of romance, but unfortunately it is not true. It tells of a fair maiden, named Mary Davies, who was the daughter of a farmer who owned the land now constituting the Grosvenor estate, kept cows and sold his dairy produce, Mary acting as milk-maid. Tradition states that Sir Thomas Grosvenor saw and loved the

beautiful girl, married her, and thus became the owner of the land which ultimately became such a valuable possession of the Grosvenor family of which the Duke of Westminster is the present representative. It seems a pity to destroy such a pleasant little story; but owing to the diligent researches of Mr. Charles T. Gatty it must be discarded. In his book *Mary Davies and the Manor of Ebury*, he has proved that the tale is a pleasant fiction.

It appears that Mary Davies was the only child of Alexander Davies, a scrivener, one of several in the employment of a thrifty old public official named Awdeley, who lived in the Temple. Mary's father was the grandson of Awdeley's sister. He was a very acute, parsimonious old man, and a staunch Royalist, to whose party he was lending money to fight the Covenanters, but he got into the hands of a scrivener, who at one time seems to have gained an advantage over him by fraud. Beset by old age and infirmity, Awdeley was taken by this scrivener for recuperation to Hammersmith. He left all his jewels, cash, and securities behind, and when he came back he found that they had vanished. He at once entered proceedings before the Lord Chancellor, as the result of which his documents at least were restored to him by the rascally scrivener.

The story of Mary is a pathetic and romantic one. As a little girl she was affianced by her mother and stepfather to a nobleman who agreed to settle a large sum of money upon her as a jointure. However, the nobleman got into difficulties and asked to be relieved of his bargain as he could not afford to complete the settlement and satisfy the demands of the child's parents. The beautiful girl had attracted the attention of Sir Thomas Grosvenor, who desired to marry her, although she was still very young; whether her wishes were consulted or not is uncertain. She was taken by her aunt to France. Her father died of the plague in 1665, and Sir Thomas entered into an agreement with her mother, who had married again, to settle

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money upon her and pay back to the former suitor the portion of the settlement that had been advanced. In the arrangement of marriages in those days there seems to have been a large amount of hard bargaining. However the property of her father, which came to him from old Awdeley, descended to her in the direct line.

Mr. Gatty has discovered the parchment roll recording the wealth of the old moneylender and its disposal. This wonderful roll is five yards long and seven inches wide, and contains the names of many persons to whom he left some of his wealth; but there must have been many disappointed persons, as the old man was very crotchety and made many erasures in his will, adding names and then removing them from his list of beneficiaries. Eventually he became very feeble and ill, and crept into the rectory of St. Clement Danes Church, where he was looked after by the rector until he died. When Mary Davies had attained to the advanced age of fourteen years she was married in 1677 to Sir Thomas Grosvenor, the third baronet, at the same church, the bells of which are supposed to ring out:

‘Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clemens,’

though I believe the lines really belong to another church. This marriage was the source of great wealth to the Grosvenor family when the land upon which Grosvenor Square now stands was built over. It was part of the ancient manor of Ebury, which comprised the modern suburbs of Pimlico and Belgravia.

A sad story is told of Mary Davies, who became Lady Grosvenor. In 1684 she became a Roman Catholic and undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. On her way back to England she was seized with illness and lost her reason. A priest took advantage of her mental condition to marry her surreptitiously to his brother in order that he might secure her wealth. An action was brought in the Court of

King's Bench to prove the marriage and seize the property. Eventually the Court found that Lady Grosvenor was *non compos mentis* at the time of the alleged marriage. She died in 1729, three years before her real husband.¹

Grosvenor Square began to be built in 1695 and covers about six acres. Sir Richard Grosvenor was the builder, and it occupies the site of Oliver's Mount, which was thrown up for the defence of the city when Charles I was advancing on it after the battle of Edgehill. The name 'Mount Street' preserves the memory of this fortification. It ran across the space now occupied by the Square. Sir Richard was a mighty builder of his day and was cup-bearer at the coronation of George II. An old engraving shows the aspect of the Square and the formal treatment of the garden in the year 1750 as laid out by Kent. This central garden was circular in shape and had an equestrian statue of George I by Van Nort in the centre, the space being divided into about a dozen parterres divided by walks, the whole being surrounded by a palisade with gates on the north, south, east and west sides. The objectionable 'landscape' gardening became fashionable at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, and this has left its mark on many London squares, and especially on Grosvenor Square. Many of the houses are adorned by the link extinguishers, of which I have already written, and which still maintain their position on each side of the doorways. A typical and representative house of the early eighteenth century period is No. 46, built in 1719. It has an entrance doorway framed by three Ionic columns. The balcony at the level of the first floor is a later eighteenth century addition, and was probably designed by Sir John Soane, who made several alterations in the neighbouring houses in the Square in 1797-98.² The houses are diversified in their

¹ *The Times*, December, 22, 1919.

² *London Houses from 1660 to 1820*, by Messrs. Richardson & Gill (Batsford).

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architectural character; the fronts are some of brick and some of stone, some of rubbed bricks with their quoins, windows and doorways of stone, and most of them have the finest feature of a British nobleman's mansion – spaciousness. Amongst the great names which linger in the Square are the Duke of Portland, Earl FitzWilliam, the Earl of Howe, Lord Farquhar, the Earl of Londesborough, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Harrowby, and many others. Before he built Chesterfield House the Earl of Chesterfield lived here in 1738.

The Square finds a corner in history in connection with the Cato Street conspiracy. Lord Harrowby, the President of the Council, was living there in 1820, at No. 39, and he was entertaining to dinner Lord Sidmouth and Lord Castlereagh and other members of the Cabinet. The conspirators, headed by Arthur Thistlewood, were plotting to murder them and imagined that this dinner-party furnished them with a favourable opportunity for killing them all at one stroke. In a loft in Cato Street, in the Marylebone Road, they arranged their plans, which included the burning of the Bank of England and of the cavalry barracks and the capture of the Tower of London. There was much rioting and lawlessness at the time, and the conspirators hoped to rouse the mob. 'But the best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang agley.' The plot was discovered and the constables were on the alert. I believe that in one account of the plot it is recorded that a dinner-party was being given in the house next to Lord Harrowby's, and the plotters mistook this gathering for that upon which their designs were planned. At any rate they fled and were captured in their loft in Cato Street, and tried for high treason. The sacks were produced in which they hoped to carry away the heads of their intended victims. They were all hanged and one of them wrote the following verse before his execution:

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'Let S – h and his base colleagues
Cajole and plot their dark intrigues,
Still each Britton's last words shall be
Oh give me Death or Liberty.'

You will not find Cato Street on the map of London. Its inhabitants desiring not to be contaminated by such associations of crime, changed the name to Homer Street.

As I have already recorded, John Wilkes, when the days of his notoriety had passed, lived here with his sister and died there in 1797. The same house, forty years later, had a very different tenant in the person of the greatly learned and much respected theologian, Dr. Pusey, who added a new word to the English language, 'Puseyite.' Lord North, the unwise minister of George III, who helped his sovereign to lose the American Colonies, and after becoming blind died here in 1792, and Lord Rockingham, Prime Minister in 1765, and Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor of England in 1737, were residents in the Square. Lord Lytton lived at No. 12, which has been rebuilt. He was cruelly described by Tennyson as 'the padded man that wears the stays,' at one time more popular than either Thackeray or Dickens; and the good Earl of Shaftesbury, most benevolent of men, whose name is writ on the Avenue that was constructed as a memorial of the great philanthropist, resided here for many years.

Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, is in Upper Grosvenor Street. I knew not the noble building in the days of its grandeur when it was the scene of stately balls and royal receptions, and its walls were covered with paintings of Great Masters, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez, Titian, Gainsborough, Reynolds and the rest. Did not 'the Blue Boy' hang here, before, alas! it migrated across the Atlantic? Last year it was kindly lent to the Architectural Club, and in the great drawing-room the late Lord Curzon, whose death all lovers of art, architecture and archæology greatly deplore,

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lectured to us and said that if he had not been called to be a statesman, he would have loved to be an architect, and when a few days later I had to lecture in the same chamber, my mind recalled the brilliant assemblies which that room had witnessed. Only a few of the great paintings which had been let into the wall remained. The priceless furniture had been removed. During the war the Duke of Westminster had lent the house to the Ministry of Food, the house had been cleared, and it was sold recently to Lord Leverhulme, the successful soap merchant. Since his death it is again in the market.

Grosvenor House was once the abode of royalty and was known as Gloucester House, as H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III, resided there. You enter the mansion from the street beneath a screen of Doric columns, which was designed in 1842 by T. Cundy, who also built the ball-room. The spacious garden once gay with flowers and trees is on the south and looked sadly neglected, like many other gardens after the sad days of the Great War. In this same Upper Grosvenor Street lived William, Duke of Cumberland, called 'the butcher' on account of his savage cruelties and remorseless treatment of the Highland Clans after the Battle of Culloden, and there he died in 1765.

Time and space forbid us to wander through the labyrinth of streets which surround this Square. I may mention a few of these. Brook Street follows the course of the old Tyburn stream that has now disappeared from gaze and winds its way underground. In this street resided the great musician Handel, whom we have already met at Clarendon House. Davies Street records the memory of poor, unhappy and beautiful Mary Davies, who brought wealth to the Grosvenors.

And then there is Park Lane, which has the reputation of being the home of opulence recently acquired. A stranger inquired from a passer-by who lived at a remarkably fine house? He was informed of the owner's name,

which resembled closely that of the founder of a great benevolent institution. 'Dear me!' replied the stranger, 'I did not know that so much money could be made out of Waifs and Strays.' The same owner had a wonderful bath constructed with every kind of modern contrivance for luxurious ablutions. The late King Edward heard of its fame and requested that he might see it. His Majesty inspected the bath and remarked upon its wonderful qualities, when the owner replied, 'Yes, your Majesty, and you can imagine how much I look forward to Saturday night!' Evidently a morning tub was not the usual ritual of the Jew.

I knew the late Earl Brassey, who lived at No. 24, and there had the pleasure of seeing his collections gathered by Lady Brassey during the voyage of the *Sunbeam*, which voyage, together with some of his experiences as a yachtsman, he subsequently described at one of the dinners at the Authors' Club when I had the honour to preside. From the windows of these houses we look upon the fine prospect of Hyde Park which we shall visit presently. Hamilton Place occupies the triangle formed by Piccadilly on the south, Park Lane on the west, and Park Street on the east. At its northern point is a fine fountain erected by Thornycroft in 1875. Fame looks down upon its votaries Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton, and Tragedy, Comedy and Poetry look up at their creators crowned by Fame. Lord Eldon, whom we have met before in Bedford Square, died at No. 1, and the great Duke of Wellington rented No. 4 when Waterloo was fought and prior to his removal to 'Number One, London.' The two principal houses in Park Lane are Dorchester House, a grand palace, one of the finest houses in London, built in the Italian style by Lewis Vulliamy in the middle of the last century for the Earl of Dorchester. The exterior is very striking, the interior magnificent with its beautiful marble staircase, a Carrara marble mantelpiece, and wide galleries containing one of the best private collections of paintings in London.

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The mansion now belongs to Sir George Holford. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador, lived here until the war, and during those terrible five years of warfare wounded soldiers were nursed here and were able to cheer themselves by gazing at the wonderful pictures, which are chiefly of the Italian School, though the works of the Dutch and Flemish artists are well represented by the masterpieces of Rubens, Teniers, Van Dyck, Hobbema, Rembrandt. There is also a fine Velasquez and a Murillo. It is hoped that these will long remain in England and in Dorchester House, and not wander away across the seas to America whither so many art-treasures of the nation have gone to swell the collections of U.S.A. millionaires.

About the same time that Vulliamy was building Dorchester House, Wyatt was busy erecting Londonderry House for the Marquis of Londonderry, which has become a great centre for political entertainments, the present Marquis and Marchioness having played a great part in the championship of the claims of Ulster against the machinations of the Irish Free State. It was built on the site of an older house called Holdernes House after the name of its owner, the Earl of Holdernes.

As we wander along Park Lane and in the streets opening into it we pay our homage to the shrines of many illustrious personages, and are reminded of the saying of Sydney Smith, that the district between Oxford Street on the north and Piccadilly on the south, with Regent Street and Hyde Park at its eastern and western borders, 'enclosed more intelligence and ability, to say nothing of wealth and beauty, than the world had ever collected into such a space before.' Some notable names have already been mentioned, but there are many others. We can see Benjamin Disraeli returning from his place in Parliament having reached the position for which he craved when he told the House which refused to listen to his speeches that 'the time will come when you shall hear me.' This house

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was No. 29, and belonged to his devoted wife. She was a brave lady. From this house she drove with her husband to the House, who was about to make an important speech. He left her seated in the carriage in Palace Yard and the footman, in closing the door, caught her fingers. She was in excruciating agony, but not a sound did she make until Disraeli was safely out of hearing, lest his anxiety on account of the accident should prevent him from a successful delivery of his speech. It was an act of heroism. When she died in 1872 he could no longer bear the solitude and retired to the country.

In Seamore Place the beautiful Lady Blessington held her court and devised her 'keepsakes' from 1832 to 1836, and wrote her *Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron*, her *Idler in Italy*; while all that was brilliant and witty and learned flocked to her salon where she reigned as a literary queen.

As we turn down some of the streets leading off Park Lane I see Sheridan coming out of No. 10, Hertford Street, waving his hand to his beautiful wife, who was Miss Linley, thinking of the success of his *School for Scandal*, and going on his way to Westminster to attend to his important affairs of State. And there is the simple, kindly-hearted and learned Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, having strayed far from his beloved Cheltenham and the dear 'blackbirds of Berkeley,' where he was greatly admired and had hosts of friends now taking up his abode at No. 14. But there is a sad and disappointed look on his genial face. London liked him not, and patients refused to come to his door, and, although later on a grateful Government granted him £30,000 for his discovery, and Society might have opened its door to the successful doctor, he preferred to stay amongst his friends at Cheltenham, or spend his days at Berkeley, where his brother was rector, listening to the blackbirds' song in peace. We look through the windows of No. 36 and there see Bulwer Lytton very busy writing. He is trying to

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finish his novel, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, which took the world by storm and is still enjoyed, and he has begun another story setting forth the glories, troubles and tragedy of the Roman tribune, *Rienzi*. In Great Stanhope Street statesmen and soldiers have rubbed shoulders together. There is the genial Lord Palmerston at No. 9, whose ready humour got him out of many difficulties, who greets with honour and respect the gallant soldier, Lord Raglan, who led the forces of England in that grim struggle the Crimean War, and who is not on very friendly terms with the rough lawyer Lord Brougham, and dislikes especially Sir Robert Peel at No. 12, who introduced the London Police, named after him 'Bobbies' and 'Peelers' (a vast improvement on the useless old watchmen, who fled to safe quarters when the Mohawks were rampaging). 'Bobby' Peel was hated by the aristocracy when he brought in his Bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the introduction of Free Trade, though there is a lofty and mighty monument raised in his honour on the Lancashire hills. But it is time to leave this choice and select portion of the West End and to wander elsewhere.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE housing of the Sovereign is always a matter of interest to the nation, and it is satisfactory that great improvements have been wrought in the appearance of Buckingham Palace, and have made it more worthy of its dignified position and national importance. It is somewhat discreditable to the people of England that there is no London Palace for the Sovereign which is worthy of comparison with the Royal Palace at Madrid or the Papal Palace in Rome. Two causes have contributed to this. One is the national predilection of the Ruler of the State for a commodious palace outside, but not far from, the Capital. Thus the great Castle of Windsor has always been *par excellence* the favourite residence of the King of England. It much pleased the eyes of the late German Emperor, who directed that no bombs should be cast on Windsor Castle, so that it might be ready for his occupation when he came as Conqueror of Britain. The other is the growth of parliamentary institutions. Thus the entire space occupied by the original Royal Palace at Westminster has become the official meeting-place of the Parliament; and the King himself has perforce been compelled to find accommodation elsewhere.

Besides Westminster, where Edward the Confessor lived and died, and of which the great hall was built by William Rufus, the present beautiful chestnut-wood roof having been erected by Henry Yeveley, master mason to Richard II, the Kings of England have had palaces at the Savoy, St. James's, Bridewell, Whitehall and Kensington, and Buckingham Palace has only been a Royal residence for about a century and a half. It is now the principal residence in London of His Majesty King George V. Though a fine pile of building it is hardly worthy of its position as the town residence of the Sovereign of the greatest Empire of the world, situated in the largest city on the face of the globe. Moreover, the new work of the Queen Victoria

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Memorial, the statue, the glorified Mall with its superb entrance-gate, threw the Palace into the shade and absolutely necessitated a reconstruction of the east front.

The story of the Palace carries us back to the reign of James I, who, being much interested in the silk trade, planted mulberry trees for the delectation of silkworms, and in 1609 planned the famous mulberry garden in the north part of the gardens of the present Palace. Shadwell, in *The Humourists*, mentions it as a popular place of entertainment, and also Wycherley, in his comedy *Love in a Wood*. Here Dryden came to eat tarts with his mistress, Mrs. Anne Reeve. Evelyn, writing in 1654, speaks of it as 'the only place of refreshment about town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at'; and the great diarist, Samuel Pepys, used to honour the garden by his presence, but described it as 'a very silly place, worse than Spring Garden. . . . The Wilderness here was somewhat pretty but rude,' and the company was not very desirable.

The first house erected on this site was Goring House, which changed its name to Arlington House after its purchase by Bennet, Earl of Arlington, in 1666. Thirty-three years later it was bought by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who rebuilt it, his architect being a Dutchman. A contemporary writer describes it as 'dull, dowdy, and decent, nothing more than a large, substantial, and respectable-looking red brick house,' but Defoe calls it one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation and its building. The Duke gave his name to the residence, but his conduct could not be described, like his house, as 'decent.' He constantly visited a notorious gaming-house at Marylebone, the resort of all the infamous sharpers of his time. He used to entertain them to dinner at the close of the season, and his parting toast was, 'May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again.' His third wife, daughter of James II, by Catherine Sedley, Horace Walpole informs us, used to receive her company on the anniversary of the martyrdom of her

grandfather, King Charles I, 'seated in a Chair of State in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the Royal martyr.'

George II purchased the house from Sir Charles Sheffield in 1762 for £21,000, and it was rebuilt by Nash, the architect, for George IV, the work being completed by Blore, who assumed the direction of affairs after the death of Nash. The east front is usually attributed to Blore, but he only completed the design of his predecessor, and its demerits must not be entirely credited to him. The renovation of this east front was the work of Sir Aston Webb, and he has produced a fine design. The central portico and the two wings have been slightly brought forward. Pilasters have been inserted between the windows of the front, running up to a new frieze of massive design, above which a cornice, wholly masking the chimneys and ventilators of the Palace, runs the whole length of the building. The bringing forward of the wings and portico, and the crowning of the entablature of the group of columns with a pediment, add greatly to the dignity of the appearance of the front. The pediment over the entrance bears a strongly modelled representation of the Royal Arms. The old front appears to be entirely of stucco covered over with paint which had not been renewed for fifteen years, and wore a sad, dull tint, the result of London smoke and fog; but beneath the stucco is Blore's Caen stonework, which began to decay rapidly; hence the Prince Consort ordered it to be covered with stucco. Buckingham Palace has been transformed by these alterations, but the interior remains untouched; nor would we wish it to be changed. It is associated with many important State functions, with the memories that cluster around the name of good Queen Victoria. King Edward VII was born there in 1841, and there he died. The grand hall is surrounded by double columns, each one formed of a single piece of veined white Carrara marble, with gilded bases and capitals; its floor is of variegated marble, and the grand staircase of the same

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material with rails of mosaic gold. The library, the sculpture gallery with its busts of eminent statesmen and members of the Royal House, the State apartments, the Throne Room, with its ceiling richly carved and gilt, and its frieze with bas-reliefs by Baily and Stothard, illustrative of the Wars of the Roses; the picture gallery with its priceless collection of Flemish and Dutch paintings, and works by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Watteau, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Rubens, Albert Dürer, and other masters of their art, all demand attention. There are glorious portraits by Vandyck of Charles I and Queen Henrietta Maria, of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort by Winterhalter, and of George IV by Lawrence. Then there are the dining and numerous drawing rooms and the private apartments, all replete with works of art and superbly decorated, the full record of which would require many pages. We glance at the gardens with its lake of five acres and its curious pavilion adorned with cleverly painted scenes from 'Comus' by famous English artists. Some one has described this garden as 'a mimic Arcady embosomed in deep foliage.'

The Royal Palace of the Sovereign is no isolated dwelling shut out from the gaze of his people. It is in their midst, and they may wander to its gates, a sign of the nearness of the King of England to the hearts of his people. St. James's Park is always open to the public, and has been so since the time of Charles II. Before that period it was the private park of St. James's Palace, and previous to the time of Henry VIII a swampy field pertaining to a hospital 'for fourteen maidens that were leprous,' who sojourned where the Palace now stands. Charles II used to play Palle Malle, which gave the name to the Mall and Pall Mall, and laid out the grounds with the assistance of Le Nôtre, the great French gardener, and loved to stroll about with his dogs and feed the ducks, which are said to have been the ancestors of some that still sport themselves there. The Park has many associations. Here came Mr.

Pepys on August 18, 1661, to gaze at 'the great variety of fowle,' which he had never seen before, and we gather from Evelyn's Diary that St. James's Park became a kind of Zoological Gardens, where there were 'deere of severall countries - white, spotted like leopards; antelopes; an elk; red deere; roebucks, staggs; Guinea goates; Arabian sheepe, &c. There were withy-potts or nests for the wild fowle to lay their eggs in, a little above ye surface of ye water.'

Bird Cage Walk reminds us of the aviary which used to exist there. It was started by James I, but Charles II, who had a great partiality for feathered songsters, greatly increased its size, and the whole Walk was lined with cages. Moreover, he appointed a special 'Keeper of the King's Birds' to look after their welfare. Lest they should be disturbed by the continual passage of coaches and carriages no one was allowed to drive down this part of the Park, except, of course, the Royal Family and the Duke of St. Albans, the Hereditary Grand Royal Falconer.

The courtiers of Charles II brought back with them from exile in Holland their skates, and Pepys went to see them skating 'after the manner of the Hollanders.' The persons responsible for the erection of that hideous iron bridge that spans the water in the Park deserve the severest censure, but perhaps it is in no worse taste than the silly Chinese Bridge and Pagoda erected here in 1814 in celebration of the peace, when Napoleon had been banished to Elba and all Europe foolishly imagined that his career had ended. Canova might well scoff at 'the trumpery Chinese Bridge in St. James's Park, the production of the Government.' In the Park Charles II was walking alone when Kirby, a chemist, warned him of a supposed plot against his life; and when James, Duke of York, told him that he ought to be careful, the 'Merry Monarch,' knowing well the unpopularity of his brother, replied: 'They will never kill me to make you King of England.'

The Mall is very fine now with its beautiful architectural



QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL &
BUCKINGHAM PALACE

— Joseph G. —

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

embellishments, but a little more than a century ago it was a far grander place. Motors glide down at a decorous pace of ten miles an hour; a nondescript procession of people pass and repass across the central paths; but until the beginning of the eighteenth century the Mall was the most fashionable promenade in London. On Sunday evenings the whole British world of fashion and splendour used to meet here, and Sir Richard Phillips tells us that as many as 5,000 ladies in full dress with their husbands and beaux used to promenade the famous Mall. Rotten Row, the *Route du Roi*, has eclipsed its ancient glories.

It is pleasant to see the improvements which have been carried out for the adornment of the Palace of our Sovereign, which form an admirable completion of the important works that have been carried out as a memorial of the great Empress. But Lord Esher's introduction to *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria* opens out a new vista. In that intensely interesting work certain passages, which are doubtless inspired, or at any rate published with Royal sanction and cognisance, cause us to wonder whether, in altering and improving Buckingham Palace, the nation is acting in accordance with the King's wishes, or whether his Majesty would not prefer another Palace. These are the passages to which we allude:

'King George's dream – and no one knows better than he its visionary character – is to pull down Buckingham Palace, to round off St. James's Park and the Green Park at Constitution Hill and Buckingham Gate, and then, with the money obtained by the sale of the gardens of Buckingham Palace, to reconstruct Kensington Palace as the town residence of the Sovereign.

'For Queen Mary the place (Kensington Palace) is full of memories, and, because of her keen historic sense, full of interest.

'Compared with most of the great European capitals, London is poor in Palaces. The homes of the Tudor

Sovereigns in or near the Metropolis – Nonsuch, Greenwich, and Whitehall – have disappeared. London contains no single Palace residentially associated with our long line of Sovereigns. The Court of St. James was housed in the eighteenth century in the Palace of that name. It seems to have been adequate for the needs of the Hanoverian Princes, who had none of the amplitude of the Tudors or the fine taste of the Stuarts.'

Now, if that is really the wish of the Sovereign, it is the duty of his loyal subjects to see if the plan could be not merely a vision but a reality. True, Kensington Palace is a little further from the centre of London, but in these days of motor-cars that is a negligible quantity. As we have said, Buckingham Palace has few historical associations that link Royalty with the residence. It is true that it has been endeared to the heart of the nation by its connection with Queen Victoria the Good and our late beloved monarch, King Edward VII. But there is no word, either said or written by the Empress-Queen, showing any great affection for it, whereas Kensington Palace was the home of her childhood and was very dear to her heart. We will glance at its history. Its original name was Nottingham House, and it was, during the time of the last of the Stuarts, the residence of Lord Chancellor Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham. It was sold by his son to King William III in 1690, who conceived a great affection for 'the patched-up building' (as Evelyn calls it), and resolved to improve it. He employed Sir Christopher Wren to add a storey to the old house, which forms the north front of the existing Palace, and to build the present south front. Under the King's fostering hand the Palace grew. There his Queen died in 1694, and there also he passed away eight years after, owing to a fall from his horse. Queen Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, lived there, and built the Banqueting Room. They both died at Kensington. The Hanoverian Sovereigns liked it not, but George II added the rooms on the north-west, and died there

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

suddenly after taking his morning chocolate. George III assigned apartments in the Palace to his children, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent were living in the south-eastern part when on May 24, 1819, Princess Victoria was born.

It was here that she was told that she was Queen, and, roused from her sleep, received in her dressing-gown the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, who came to bear the news. It was not a very luxurious residence then. She wrote in her Diary, July 13, 1837:

‘It was the last time that I slept in the poor old Palace, as I go into Buckingham Palace to-day. . . . It is not without feelings of regret that I shall bid adieu for ever to this my birthplace, where I have been born and bred, and to which I am really attached. I have seen my dear sister married here. I have seen many of my dear relations here . . . and *enfin* I like this poor old Palace. I have held my first Council here, too! . . .’

Time dealt hardly with the old Palace. Some portions were uninhabited and fell into decay. It was actually proposed to pull down part of it; but Queen Victoria strongly opposed this course, and an arrangement was made for its restoration. It is worthy of greater distinction. It has been suggested that London should purchase the grounds of Buckingham Palace and add them to the Green and St. James’s Parks, and that Kensington Palace should be reconverted into the Royal London residence of the Sovereign. If this be a dream dear to the hearts of King George V and Queen Mary, may it have a speedy and satisfactory fulfilment.

LEAVING with some reluctance the Palace of our King, we walk along Constitution Hill and there reflect on the dangers that await crowned heads. No less than three attacks by lunatics were made upon Queen Victoria along this drive. There is the fine triumphal arch raised by Decimus Burton in 1828 crowned by a bronze group representing Peace in her chariot, who is quite able to dispense with reins, fashioned by Adrian Jones in 1912. The arch formerly faced the entrance to Hyde Park and bore on its summit a heavy statue of the Iron Duke, but this happily has gone to Aldershot and is no longer an eyesore here, and the arch in 1884 was moved to its present position and marks the entrance to the Green Park. The body of the horse was so large that while it was in the artist's studio it was fitted up as a dining-room, and twelve gentlemen sat down to dinner and drank the health of its maker, Matthew Cotes Wyatt. Thackeray alludes to the statue in *Vanity Fair* and calls it 'the hideous equestrian monster.' The arch is based upon the model of the Arch of Titus at Rome. Happily the memory of the Great Duke is still preserved by a smaller statue, in the centre of the roadway. He is riding his favourite horse 'Copenhagen' (who lies buried in Stratfieldsaye Park), and is attended by a Highlander, an Irish Dragoon, a Welsh Fusilier, and a British Grenadier.

We are now at Hyde Park Corner, where there is a continuous flow of traffic, of motor-omnibuses galore, motor-cars, carriages, and every sort of vehicle, so that in terror for our lives we cross the triangular space and Piccadilly that separate us from the Park. Let us look back through the ages and try to picture to ourselves the appearance of this spot in former days. We can see the citizens of London very busy raising a strong earthen rampart during the Civil War period to keep back the King's army which had advanced as far as Brentwood. All sorts of people

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were pressed into the service. The ministers of all the churches were asked to stir up the members of their congregations to help the work, to send their servants and children to labour with spades and shovels. Some brought food for the men who worked, and even ladies of high rank took up spades and baskets and worked in the trenches. Butler in *Hudibras* records that they

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'Rais'd ramparts with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster-wenches
Laboured like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.'

So the rampart was finished, but it was never called upon to resist an attack, and after an existence of four years spades and shovels were at work again to demolish it.

Old prints show the old turn-pike at Hyde Park Corner which was removed here from near Berkeley Street, as we have already mentioned, in 1721. What a revolution it would make in the traffic if it were there now! It was cleared away in 1825 after a century of use. The toll-houses, gates, rails, posts, lamp-posts and weighing-machine were sold by auction, to the great relief of the public.

On our left is St. George's Hospital. How long it will occupy its present position is not known, as it is proposed to remove it to a less crowded district where it may have room to expand and where patients may not be disturbed by the continual noise of heavy traffic. The present site was quiet enough when Lord Lanesborough built for himself a great house here and placed on its front the inscription:

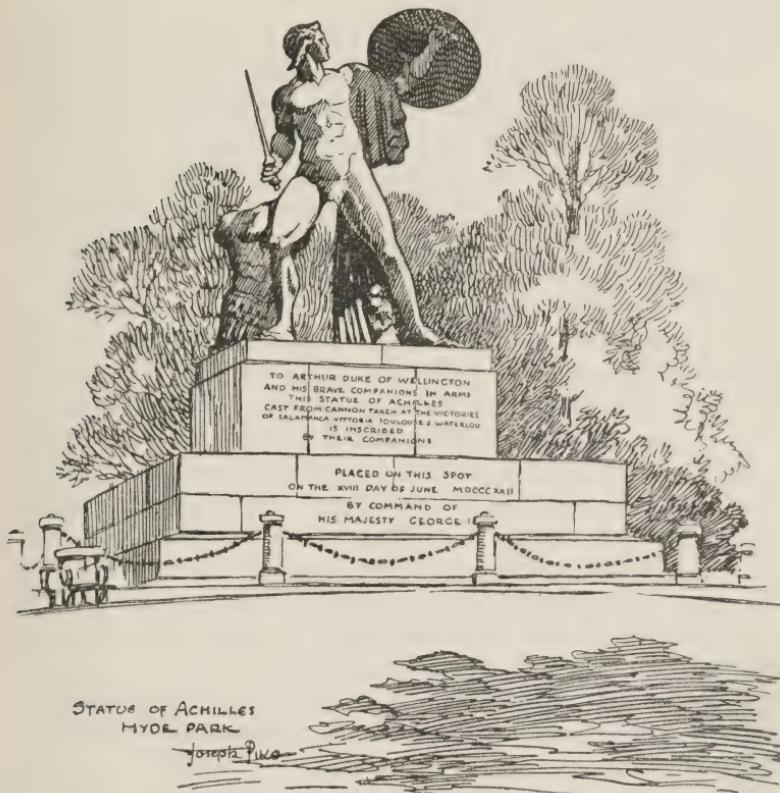
'It is my delight to be
Both in the town and country.'

He seems to have been smitten by the modern mania of dancing, and Pope laughingly speaks of him as 'Sober Lanesborough dancing with the gout.' He died there in 1724. About that time it was evident to many charitable folk that London needed hospitals for the sick poor people, and they determined to lease Lanesborough House and adapt it for the purpose. In 1773 the hospital opened its doors and has continued its beneficent career ever since,

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enlarging itself again and again and conferring the greatest benefit on the people of London.

But Hyde Park is calling to us from across the way. Decimus Burton, who seems to have been very much



employed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, designed the graceful triple archway. The fine friezes are copies of the Elgin marbles and were the work of Archibald Henning, and are worthy of the entrance to this important feature of London's West End. Another memorial of the Great Duke greets us on entering the Park, the gift

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of the women of England. It is called the Achilles statue, and was cast from cannon captured by the British Army under the leadership of the Duke at Waterloo and in his other campaigns. The statue is not Achilles, but every one calls it so. It is really a copy of the 'Horse Tamers' on Monte Cavallo, in Rome.

Hyde Park has an interesting history which I must record as briefly as possible. Its northern and eastern boundaries are two Roman roads, as I have already stated. Its history begins with the time of the Conquest, when the Conqueror gave the manor of Hyde to Geoffrey de Mandeville who bestowed it upon the monks of Westminster Abbey. So the land now occupied by the Park passed a peaceable life and was used by the monks as pasture for their cows or tilled for corn and possibly for a little hunting by my Lord Abbot. When the dissolution of the monastery came in the time of Henry VIII that rapacious monarch seized the manor and used it as a hunting ground, which extended as far north as Hampstead Heath, threatening divers punishment to anyone who would presume to hunt or hawk on land that was reserved for his own 'disport and pastime.' He appointed a Ranger or keeper of his park, which he enclosed with a wall or railing, and stocked it with deer. The first Ranger was George Roper, who had 6d. per day for his labour and certain valuable perquisites. He was succeeded by Francis Nevell, one of the family of Nevells or Nevills of Billingbear Park in Berkshire, who were hereditary keepers of a portion of Windsor Forest. The Ranger's lodge stood on the site of Apsley House, and a deputy-keeper had another lodge in the centre of the Park somewhere near where the Serpentine now rolls its placid waters. The post of Ranger was an honourable one, and Lord Hunsdon was appointed by Queen Elizabeth to assist Nevell, and received 4d. a day with perquisites. So Hyde Park became a famous hunting-ground, where besides Henry VIII, his Tudor successors enjoyed the sport. In the time of James I, one of the chief persons

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in the State, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, was appointed Ranger, and, later on, Sir Walter Cope, whom we shall meet with when we examine the history of Kensington, and who resigned in favour of his son-in-law, Sir Henry Rich, afterwards Earl of Holland. We hear of poaching and the killing of the deer in the Park, and of a sad affray, when a keeper was killed and several men were hanged for the offence.

It must be recorded that the greatest credit and the gratitude of the nation are due to Charles I, who opened the gates of Hyde Park to the public and made it a pleasure ground, not for his own princely pleasure, but for the amusement of his subjects. Races were held there which were attended by the King. Shirley describes these horse-races in his comedy entitled *Hide Parke* (1635), and Ben Jonson mentions in the prologue to his comedy, *The Staple of News* (1625), the number of coaches which congregated there. When the Commonwealth ruled, the Park, being Crown property, was sold by order of Parliament in 1652 for about £17,000 in three lots, the purchasers being Richard Willcox, John Tracey, and Anthony Deane. Cromwell was a frequent visitor, and on one occasion when he was driving in the Park his horses ran away, and he was thrown off his coach. There were not a few who wished that he had broken his neck. During his rule Sabbatharianism was strictly enforced, and the gates were closed and no one allowed to enter the Park on Sundays, fast or thanksgiving days, much to the annoyance of Londoners. At the Restoration of the monarchy, when Charles II came to his own again, no vexatious rules hindered the people from frequenting the Park. It was the daily resort of all the gallantry of the court, and Pepys found driving there very pleasant, although he complained of the dust; but it was a sad time when the Plague raged through London and crowds bivouacked in the Park and the soldiers encamped there and had a sorry time improvising for themselves tents, and the dread sickness followed them

there and claimed many victims. But the sickness passed, and then the Great Fire drove many to seek again the secure asylum, and ere long the spirits of the citizens rose high once more, and popular songs were sung on the delights of Hyde Park, whither flocked great ladies in their coaches drawn by six horses, and the wives of merchants, and country lasses and Aldermen's daughters, and the scene was gay in this pleasant spot on a summer's afternoon.

In the centre of the Park was a place called the Ring, which was much frequented. It is described in Grammont's *Memoirs* as 'the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty.' It was a small enclosure of trees round which the carriages circulated. Pepys wrote in 1663 (April 4):

'After dinner in Hide Park. . . . At the Park was the King and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine; they greeting one another at every tour.'

John Macky, in his *Journey through England* (1724), affirms that in fine weather he had seen above three hundred coaches at a time making 'the Grand Tour.'

Cosmo tells of the etiquette which was observed among the company:

'The king and queen are often there, and the duke and duchess, towards whom at the first meeting and no more all persons show the usual marks of respect, which are afterwards omitted, although they should chance to meet again ever so often. Every one is at full liberty, and under no constraint whatever, and to prevent confusion and disorder which might arise from the great number of lackies and footmen, these are not permitted to enter the Hyde Park, but stop at the gate waiting for their masters.'

Oldys refers to a poem printed in sixteen pages, entitled 'The Circus, or British Olympicks: a Satyr on the Ring in Hyde Park.' He says that the poem satirizes many well-known fops under fictitious names, and he raises the number of coaches seen on a fine evening from Macky's 300 to 1,000.

H Y D E P A R K

Unhappily it came to have a sinister reputation, as it became a favourite ground for duels, the most famous one being that fought between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, in which both the principals were killed. But I need not recall these sanguinary encounters. The story of the Serpentine is full of interest. Water was abundant in the Park. The Westbourne stream ran through it where the Serpentine is now, and there were springs and pools which were utilized for the supply of some parts of London and Westminster with water. The Serpentine owes its origin to Queen Caroline, wife of George II, who liked to improve the royal parks, and she resolved to make this lake. It was a costly affair. At first the Westbourne stream supplied the water, but this became contaminated by sewage; hence the stream was turned into one of the great sewers, and the Serpentine was fed from a purer source. There are some stalwart bathers who swim in its waters every morning during winter, and when hard frosts come it is the favourite place for skating, and amusing scenes are set forth in old prints and caricatures.

As we wander through the Park we come across many beautiful surprises. Not far from the Serpentine there is a beauty-spot called 'The Dell,' where sub-tropical plants grow and graceful fountains are placed here and there, and there is always something interesting to see and friends to meet in Rotten Row, the *route du Rois* of our English sovereigns as they rode from their Palace at Whitehall to hunt in the Park. And so we wander on into Kensington Gardens and notice the statues and gardens, admire Sir G. Frampton's statue of Peter Pan and criticize Rima, the new carving of Mr. Epstein, which (except to the eyes of the 'highbrows') seems scarcely in accordance with the spirit of the great nature and animal lover, Mr. W. H. Hudson, whose charming works we all admire. It is well that a bird sanctuary should mark his memory, but we might have dispensed with Rima. I like to see that statue of Physical Energy, as it reminds me of my old college friend, Cecil

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Rhodes, upon whose grave in a lonely African mountain a similar statue stands. We wander along the Broad Walk under the fine avenue of trees and notice the Round Pond that is not really round, and see Kensington Palace which has already been described, and notice the statue of 'Dutch William,' which, strange to say, was given to our late King by the ex-Kaiser.

And then there is the Albert Memorial, which my loyalty prevents me from characterizing in appropriate language. But it is well that so good and well-intentioned a Prince should have this memorial of his many excellent virtues which won the affections of Queen Victoria. The Albert Hall opposite is part of the memorial, not a very striking architectural triumph, but it has its uses for grand concerts and important meetings, and it never looks better than when it is crowded with 10,000 freemasons in their gorgeous clothing. The Albert Memorial stands on part of the site of that huge glass palace which housed the wonderful Great Exhibition of 1851. The Prince Consort was the moving spirit in organizing the gigantic undertaking. After much disputing the plans of Sir Joseph Paxton were accepted. It was to be a house of glass. There is no need to describe it, as it still stands at Sydenham, whither it was removed after the Exhibition closed its doors, and is known to every one as the Crystal Palace. Contemporary writers record the stupendous success of the undertaking. It is the fashion among certain sets of English folk to scoff at the Victorian Age, its great men, its art and literature; but the Victorians achieved an amazing triumph in raising this wonderful structure and in carrying through this great undertaking which conferred great advantages on the country and nation.

BELGRAVIA AND PIMLICO

IT was recently stated that the inhabitants of the district south-west of Hyde Park Corner, in the fashionable district of Belgravia, would be offended if their letters were addressed to Pimlico; but that is a modern delusion. If they were to examine the accounts and documents preserved by the old firm of Messrs. Gunter, in Berkeley Square, they would discover letters ordering a supply of cakes and other delicacies for the use of the court, signed by the Master of the Royal Household in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign, giving the address, 'The Palace, Pimlico.' Apparently there was then no discredit attached to the use of the word. I have had some trouble in discovering its origin and meaning. Even very knowledgeable antiquaries have failed to supply an answer to my query. At last I have found it. Canon Isaac Taylor informs us that it takes its name from a celebrated character, one Ben Pimlico, who kept a suburban tavern, first at Hoxton, but afterwards in the neighbourhood of Chelsea. Mr. Augustus Hare, in his *Walks in London*, describes Belgravia as 'wholly devoid of interest and which none would think of visiting unless drawn thither by the claims of Society.' This is, perhaps, too harsh a verdict, and I venture to think that its claims are not entirely unworthy of consideration. At the dawn of its history it was occupied by Ebury farm or manor, and brought wealth to the Grosvenor family, now represented by the Dukes of Westminster, through the marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor with the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Davies, in 1678, to which I have already referred. The whole district was open country. Ebury farm was let by Queen Elizabeth to a man named Whashe, and tradition states that she used to pay visits to the farm early in the morning to partake of syllabubs. Ebury farm or manor house stood on the site of the present Ebury Square. The land was used later on as market gardens; this square was a simple nursery garden.

In South Belgravia there were fields of vegetables grown for the London market, and wild flowers flourished, and the banks were gay with blooming blossoms, and butterflies disported themselves. The road leading past the outskirts of Ebury farm to Ranelagh House and Gardens was shaded with handsome rows of limes planted in the reign of William III. There was nothing to intercept the view of St. James's and Westminster and the tree-shaded Cheyne-walk and Chelsea Old Church.

Presently the market gardens gave place to pleasure gardens, whither London citizens resorted to take the air and refresh themselves with tea and other drinks and cakes. Pepys records that he went with some friends to such a pleasure garden and complains that there was 'nothing but a bottle of wine' to be obtained, but he was pleased at seeing the garden. Chelsea was still 'a village' and Knightsbridge 'a hamlet.' Belgravia did not begin its existence as a residential centre until just a century ago, in 1825. The district known as the Five Fields beyond Grosvenor Place did not enjoy a very enviable reputation. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* inform us that it was somewhat dangerous as thieves and vagabonds lurked beneath the bushes ready to dart down upon innocent victims. Much of the ground was low and marshy. About that time St. Katherine's Docks were excavated, and a dumping ground was needed for the dug-out soil. Here was an opportunity. So the soil was brought down the river in barges and placed upon the low 'Five Fields' and rendered the ground fit for building. Lord Grosvenor bought the ground for £30,000 and thereby obtained a good bargain. George IV, by making Buckingham Palace a royal residence, attracted courtiers to the neighbourhood, and a speculative builder, Thomas Cubitt, began to build the fine houses and squares which form the region of Belgravia and Pimlico.

Belgravia has had its poet, Mrs. Gascoigne, who thus describes the amenities of this part of the West End:

BELGRAVIA AND PIMLICO

'I sing Belgravia! that fair spot of ground
Where all that worldlings covet most is found!
Of this stupendous town – this "mighty heart"
Of England's frame – the fashionable part!
Belgravia! Sure that name has power to bring
Warmth to my strains, and aid me while I sing!
Belgravia! favoured spot that dost combine
Beauties so far above all praise of mine!
Thou of the gleaming walls and lordly crest,
Oasis of the "Fashionable West!"'

*

'Time was when here, where palaces now stand,
Where dwell at ease the magnates of the land,
A barren waste existed – fetid – damp,
Cheered by the ray of no enlivening lamp!
A marshy spot, where not one patch of green,
Nor stunted shrub – nor sickly flower was seen,
But all things base – the refuse of the town,
Loathsome and rank in one foul mass were thrown.

*

'Such was Belgravia – a waste unknown!
Behold that desert now – a gorgeous town!
On every side before admiring eyes,
New squares appear – fresh palaces arise.'

Amongst these then 'new squares' is that known as Belgrave Square, which gives its name to the district. It takes its name from the village of Belgrave in Leicestershire, the property of the Duke of Westminster; and so it has come to pass that this obscure hamlet has given a title to one of the most fashionable regions of London. The architect of the Square was George Basevi, whom Thomas Cubitt employed to carry out his plans. It contains several important mansions. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist, whose memory is preserved not only by his many schemes for the benefit of the poor, but also by the Avenue that bears his name and the renovation of

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Piccadilly Circus, which were devised as a memorial of the good Earl, lived and died at No. 5. Sir Roger Murchison was also a denizen of the Square.

Eaton Square is another fashionable place of residence. It is named after the mansion of the Duke of Westminster nigh Chester, and the capital of Cheshire gave its name to Chester Square. The Duke is also commemorated by Grosvenor Gardens, near Victoria Station, which contains the house of the much-respected Spanish Ambassador, His Excellency Count Merry du Val, where I had the honour of visiting him. There is also an Eaton Place, and Eccleston Square – all derived from Grosvenor properties. In Eaton Square is the fine church of St. Peter, wherein doubtless you have witnessed the weddings of many of your friends and perhaps there have been celebrated your own nuptials. It is a very handsome, lofty church, with a portico supported by columns, and fine iron railings surround the churchyard.

It has been no light problem for the church authorities to keep pace with the vast population of Belgravia, as in other parts of modern London. But they were not dismayed or idle. In Chester Square there is the church of St. Michael, erected in 1844 and designed by Mr. Thomas Cundy, who was a favourite architect of this period. It is in the style of Decorated Gothic. The same architect designed the handsome church of St. Barnabas, near Ebury Square. Its model is Early English and was consecrated in 1850. Its lofty spire, 170 feet in height, breathes a *sursum corda* to all the neighbouring district and its ten bells ring out a merry peal summoning the inhabitants to worship in the beautiful church. Before the days of the Anglo-Catholic revival it played an important part in the ritualistic controversy of the 'fifties of the last century, and had to endure some disturbances and persecution. There are some other churches in this crowded district: St. Gabriel's in Warwick Square, designed by Mr. Thomas Cundy in 1853; St. James-the-Less in Upper Garden Street, by

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Mr. G. E. Street, founded by the daughter of Dr. Moule, formerly Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. It is remarkable for the extensive use of brick. Mr. Cundy also built St. Saviour's Church in St. George's Square. Such were some of the efforts made in Pimlico and Belgravia to provide for the spiritual wants of the district.



CHAPTER 14

LEICESTER SQUARE

THE soldiers used to sing as they marched so bravely to fight the foe,
'Goodbye Piccadilly, goodbye Leicester Square,
For my heart's right there.'

I am afraid that I have delayed too long these important regions of western London, and we must now retrace our steps and journey eastward, planting ourselves in the midst of Leicester Square which Baron Grant made beautiful. Here and in the Circus the life of London burns at its highest pressure, and a restless activity reigns through the long hours of the day and night. This, 'the heart of London,' never seems to sleep. The frequenters of night clubs and other foolish folk have scarcely retired to their homes ere the wagons from the country are rolling in bringing supplies to Covent Garden Market. There is a strong foreign element in this neighbourhood. Driven

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from their native land by stern persecution and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, French refugees have found here and in the neighbouring streets a shelter and a home. In St. Martin's Street on the south of the square is the Orange Street Chapel, which was built for them to worship in in 1684 by the subscriptions of kind English sympathizers in their sufferings, and they found a good friend in the learned Sir Isaac Newton, President of the Royal Society, who lived in the house next door to the chapel. This house was also rendered illustrious by the occupation of Dr. Burney, the father of Miss Frances Burney, who wrote here her famous novel *Evelina*,¹ and nigh at hand is the great publishing house of Macmillan, whose name is known all over the world. It was founded by Daniel and Alexander Macmillan as long ago as 1843.

But the Square! We must not allow ourselves to be diverted from our quest by extraneous wanderings. Sitting on one of the benches in the garden on this bright sunny day one might almost imagine oneself in Paris. We will try to recall some of its former associations. Where the Empire Theatre invites its crowds formerly stood Leicester House, whence the Square takes its name, erected about the year 1630 by Robert Sidney Earl of Leicester, nephew of the notorious Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, once a prisoner in the Tower, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, husband of Amy Robsart, the aspirer to the hand of two queens, Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, a strange and adventurous career. Robert Sidney served with his uncle in the Netherlands in 1586-87, was Chamberlain to the Queen at the time of her death, and a favourite at Court when 'the Solomon of the North' reigned, who made him an earl. He knew well the beautiful and attractive Princess Elizabeth who became Queen of Bohemia, the 'Queen of Hearts,' beloved by Lord

¹ The house has been taken down and the bricks and timber removed for re-erection at Hitchin. This is a notable achievement, as we far too often neglect and destroy the shrines of our illustrious dead.

Craven with a romantic and earnest affection, who came to live in this Leicester House and there her troubled life ceased in 1662. It would be interesting to tell the story of this unhappy Queen and of Lord Craven's devotion to her, but that would require too long a space. Many portraits of her adorn the walls of Lord Craven's house, Ashdown House, in Berkshire, and for her he built a palace at Hampstead Marshall in imitation of her former home, Heidelberg Castle, but it was not completed before she died, and was subsequently burned down, only the entrance gates remaining.

Leicester House seems to have been used as the French Embassy, though it continued to belong to the Sidney family of Penshurst. Pepys tells us in his Diary that he went to see Colbert, the French Ambassador, in 1668, and Prince Eugène, the great Austrian General, conqueror of the Turks and the ally of the English during the Marlborough campaigns, who resided here in 1711, when he was Envoy to this country. The honour of being a royal residence was bestowed upon the house when it became, as Pennant states, 'the pouting-place of princes,' chiefly through the quarrels of the Georgian family. As we have seen, there was a mighty dispute between George I and his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards the Second George, and so bitter was the dispute that the latter was ordered to leave St. James's Palace with his family. It had the disgrace of being the birthplace of the wretched Duke of Cumberland, who behaved in such a dastardly manner to the Highlanders after the victory of Culloden. George II's son, Frederick Prince of Wales, likewise quarrelled with his sire, had to leave the Palace, and came to dwell here, and here he died suddenly in the arms of his valet, while his family were playing cards in an adjoining chamber. Savile House, formerly the residence of the Marquis of Carmarthen, where he entertained the rude and ill-mannered Peter the Great, and was astonished at the extraordinary powers of the Russian in imbibing spiritu-

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ous liquors, was also added to Leicester House in order to accommodate the Prince's numerous family. After Prince Frederick's death his widow continued to live there till she removed to Carlton House in 1766. George III in his youthful days lived here, and it would astonish the crowds who press into the Empire Theatre to know that on this spot 'Farmer George' was proclaimed King of England.

Lord Savil's house felt the full brunt of the attacks of the Gordon rioters. Along this road they came, shouting and howling and brandishing their old swords and pistols, their sledge-hammers, knives, axes, saws and weapons pillaged from the butchers' shops, and iron bars and wooden clubs. They carried ladders, and soon the sledge-hammers were at work on the railings that surrounded the forecourt of the house, breaking them to pieces, and with an eager shout the unarmed rioters seized the broken rails and used them as weapons. They soon broke down the massive door, and scrambled into the house, breaking the furniture, and many rushed down into the cellars and drank deep of Lord Savil's choicest wines. He and Lord Mansfield, the destruction of whose house will be recorded later, were the chief sufferers by the riots; but they refused to receive any compensation whatever from Parliament. The total loss of property is estimated to have exceeded £125,000.

Leicester Fields seems to have been a favourite abode for artists in the eighteenth century. Sir James Thornhill lived here till his death in 1764, and Hogarth, who ran away with his handsome daughter Jane and got married at Old Paddington Church, resided in a plain brick house, No. 30, at the south-east corner of the Square. The house bore the sign of the Golden Head, a bust of Vandyck carved by himself. In the neighbouring Cranbourne Street he had been apprenticed to the silver-plate engraver, Ellis Gamble. His ghost haunts Leicester Fields as he strolls there in the evenings clad in his scarlet roquelaure with 'his hat cocked and stuck on one side,

much in the manner of the Great Frederick of Prussia.' We all know his portrait, painted by his own hand, showing 'his shrewd, sensible, blue-eyed head in its Montero cap,' with his favourite dog sitting at his side. He had a house at Chiswick, where he fell ill and was removed to his London home where he died on October 25, 1764. He was buried at Chiswick under a marble tomb that bears the lines, written by Garrick:

'Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the eye,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.'

Where Messrs. Puttick & Simpson sell by auction books and china and all kinds of treasures, another great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, lived (No. 47) from 1760 till the day of his death in 1792. The house is little altered, but I fear the studio which saw the birth of so many priceless portraits has vanished. The fine staircase with its balustrade remains, which was climbed by many of the painter's distinguished guests, poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual peers, members of Parliament, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts, who came to his hospitable table. He seems to have known every one and to have been admired by everyone except the good little man Hogarth, who lived, as I have said, on the other side of the Fields. These great artists were always opposed to each other, mentally and artistically, and the harmony of the Fields was a little disturbed by their antagonism.

From artists we pass to doctors, and here, next door to where the Alhambra raises its Saracenic façade, lived the famous surgeon, Dr. John Hunter, who here began to

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form his Hunterian collection which is now preserved in the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The ubiquitous Dean Swift sojourned here during some of his many visits to town, and we must not forget Archbishop Tenison's School which the good prelate founded for the training of a learned clergy. He was a really great man this Archbishop (1636-1715), very learned and able and wealthy. He was rector of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, preached the funeral sermon of Nell Gwynne, though Chaplain of King James II he strongly opposed his Romanizing efforts, attended the Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold, crowned George I, and founded this school which bears his name and still carries on its beneficent work. Whether Leicester Square in its present or recent condition is the best situation for a theological training college is a question that may be doubted.

A poor statue of George I was formerly placed in the centre of Leicester Fields, and here duellists sought to kill each other, and Thackeray makes this spot the scene of a duel in *Esmond*. Its glories had departed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The great houses had not been rebuilt, and fashion had moved further westward. The year 1851 called the attention of all Londoners to Exhibitions. The Great Exhibition had risen in Kensington, and a man named Wylde determined to construct a gigantic globe which he housed in an immense domed building occupying a large part of the centre of the Square. The globe itself was sixty feet in diameter, and on the inside was figured in relief the whole world, which the spectators viewed from galleries at various elevations. The enterprising Wylde was always up-to-date, and introduced models of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and learned lecturers to explain everything. But the public grew tired of Mr. Wylde and his globe, and after ten years the whole exhibition fell into decay, and Leicester Square was in a sorry state. Taverns sprang up and there were some dreary waxwork exhibitions, but the appearance of

the place was deplorable until it excited the attention of a curious person, known as Baron Grant, whose real name was Gottheimer, and whose barony was the creation of the King of Italy. This rascal was the prince of company-promoters, and as Mr. E. V. Lucas describes him, 'the discoverer of those most susceptible and gullible of investors, the parson and the widow. Others have since exploited them, but Grant was the illustrious pioneer.' Mr. Lucas has carefully compiled his *dossier*, and states that in a few years he extracted four millions from the public, and in 1871 started the Emma Silver Mine, which was a gigantic swindle, whereby he gained for himself £100,000, and obligingly handed over to each investor the sum of one shilling.

However, the rascally baron did one good service with his ill-gotten gains. He rescued Leicester Square from ruin and desolation. He laid out in the centre a fair garden with walks and benches for the weary ones to rest. He set up a statue of Shakespeare by Fontana, a copy of that in Westminster Abbey, and at the four corners busts of distinguished residents in the Square, Newton, Hogarth, Reynolds and Dr. John Hunter, whose acquaintance we have already made. In spite of the failure of his colossal schemes (like a similar adventurer in modern times) for a time he continued to prosper and to enjoy the confidence of his victims, being a Member of Parliament and a newspaper proprietor. But inevitably the crash at length came. Unlike his modern representative he escaped prison, but his wealth vanished, he was declared a bankrupt, his palace at Kensington was sold, and he retired into private life at Bognor, dying there with the dying last century. Perhaps sometimes he would come to London and visit Leicester Square and behold the one good deed he accomplished in his wretched life of robbing and swindling.

And so, 'Goodbye to Leicester Square,' and let us find some interesting associations in its neighbourhood; but we are rather lost in the labyrinth of streets and in the multi-

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tude of renowned men and women who have lived and died in these thoroughfares. There is Wardour Street leading northwards from the north-west corner of the square, redolent of furniture shops and spurious antiquities, where there are some excellent Italian restaurants for fare that is good and cheap, and wherein some novelists love to locate their curious characters. We are in the region of Soho – 'Soho,' the watchword of the deluded



followers of that cowardly prince of conspirators, the Duke of Monmouth, who fought at Sedgemoor. Soho Square began its career in 1681 and the Duke had a fine mansion here where he ought to have lived in content without foolishly striving after a throne, which he tried to gain by beating the Protestant drum and winning the hearts of English folk, who hated, for certain good reasons, Popery and loved a fine handsome face and figure, though his ancestry was rather mixed. He grovelled for mercy before his

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uncle James, who knew no pity and sent him to the block, where, as we have seen, good parson Tenison, the future Archbishop, tried to guide and comfort him. His house was used afterwards as an embassy.

In Soho Square were situate the Assembly Rooms of the adventurous woman Mrs. Terese Cornelys which attracted all the youth and fashion of the period of mid-eighteenth century, as well as the old beaus and dames who flocked to her shows, until they became a little scandalous, and Almacks cut her out. On the site of her revels now stands the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick erected about thirty years ago. Soho Square also attended to the instruction of youth. It boasted of a Soho Academy, where Theodore Hook, the humorist, and Turner, the favourite artist of Ruskin, received their early education. On its site a French Protestant Church stands built by Sir Aston Webb, last year's President of the Royal Academy. As a fashionable centre the *Spectator* fixes the lodgings of Sir Roger de Coverley here when he visited London, and here lived the great naturalist, President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, in 1777, and a tablet records his memory. All kinds of well-known men have made the Square their home, and I find such names as Earl Fauconberg, who married a daughter of Cromwell, whose house was afterwards inhabited by Speaker Onslow, Alderman Beckford and others have left their mark upon the Square, and handsome ceilings and other adornments, now rather decrepit, tell the story of past magnificence.

Greek Street tells of a colony of that nationality who settled here. St. Anne's, Soho, is a notable church consecrated in 1685. Strange ideas were prevalent in those days, and the dedication of the church to St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, is said to have been determined out of compliment to the Princess Anne, afterwards 'Good Queen Anne.' It was the burial-place of the unfortunate Theodore, King of Corsica. His was a strange story. It is

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partly told by Horace Walpole on a tablet erected by him:

‘Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King’s Bench Prison, by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors.

‘The grave, great teacher to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings,
But Theodore this moral learn’d ere dead:
Fate pour’d its lessons on his living head,
Bestow’d a kingdom and denied him bread.’

His full name was Stephen Theodore, Baron de Neuhoff, a Prussian officer who served in the army of Charles XII of Sweden. He protected the inhabitants of Corsica, who offered him the throne in 1736. He ruled well, but lacked money to pay his army. Believing England was a land of gold, he came here to seek for wealth, but the country on this occasion proved hard-hearted, and he was arrested for debt. Horace Walpole tried to raise a subscription for him, but could only collect £50, and then records how Theodore on his release went to the Portuguese Embassy, ‘but not finding him at home and not having a sixpence to pay, he desired the chairman to carry him to a tailor in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day and died in three more.’ An oilman in Compton Street paid the funeral expenses, saying that ‘he was willing *for once* to pay the funeral expenses of a king.’ It is a sad story well told in a recent novel which I remember reading in the *Cornhill Magazine*, but its author and title I have forgotten.

William Hazlitt, the famous and most prolific essayist, lies here, buried in 1830, whose son, William Carew Hazlitt, I used to meet at one of my early publishers. He certainly possessed the industry if not the genius of his

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learned sire. His handwriting was a terror to the printers. There is another church hard by, St. Mary's, which is only half a century old; but there was a Greek church here in 1677; then it passed to the Huguenots in 1682, who retained it for a century and a half, and then, after being a Dissenting chapel for a quarter of a century, it became Anglican. As a member of the Council of the Society of St. Willebrode I once attended a great service there when two Dutch prelates of the so-called Jansenist Church of Holland, in truth the old National Church of the Netherlands, were present, and one of them told me how dearly he loved to partake in a real Anglican service.

Long Acre invites, but it is not within the borders of our district, and its call must be resisted. Gerard Street also has memories of Edmund Burke, of the founding of the Literary Club at the 'Turk's Head' by him and Dr. Johnson and Reynolds, of Dryden, and other celebrities. Poland Street tells of Shelley and Flaxman, and one would like to lay a wreath on the doorstep of No. 28, Broad Street, in memory of the poet, artist and dreamer, William Blake, where he lived many years.

TYBURN seems to haunt all this district of Western London, and the ancient name of Marylebone was Tyburn. It was a royal manor, and Domesday mentions it as belonging to the ancient demesnes of the abbey and convent of Barking, who held it under the Crown, and Robert de Vere held it under the Abbey. He gave it in marriage with his daughter Joan to William de Insula, Earl Warren and of Surrey, and on the death of his son John it passed to Richard Earl of Arundel. I do not propose to trace the history of the manor, which passed through the hands of many distinguished families, and seems to have changed hands rather frequently. In 1710 it was purchased by John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, whose only daughter married Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. Again by marriage it passed to William, second Duke of Portland, and then by an exchange of properties it came into the possession of the Crown, and although the Duke secured lands in Sherwood Forest worth £40,000, without doubt the Crown had the best of the bargain.

There was a manor house of Marylebone, which takes its present name from the Church of 'St. Mary by the Bourne,' standing until 1791, when it was pulled down. It was originally built by Henry VIII, and was used as a royal palace or hunting box. It is difficult to imagine that this now crowded district was once the scene of 'the sport of kings.' John Stow tells us of hare-hunting and fox-hunting by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen in 1562, who paid an annual visitation to the conduits at Tyburn, and 'after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles's, with great hollowing and blowing of horns.' In 1600 we hear of 'the Russian Ambassadors and other Muscovites hunting after their pleasure.' The manor house stood on the site of Devonshire Mews in

Marylebone Road. It was a regular Tudor mansion with a large body, two wings and a projecting porch built of brick. Early in the eighteenth century it was a noted school kept by the Rev. John Fountayne for the sons of good families preparatory for the universities. The scholars must have presented a lively appearance on Sunday mornings as they marched to St. Mary's Church, some attired in pea-green, others in sky-blue, several in the brightest scarlet, with gold-laced hats and flowing locks. The park was laid out according to Nash's plans in 1812 and in honour of the Prince Regent was called Regent's Park.

There was another noted house, called Oxford House, which was built by Robert Harley (Speaker of the House of Commons, created Earl of Oxford, a title that has been recently revived for Mr. Asquith's glorification) for the housing of his wonderful library, now one of the most valuable possessions of the British Museum. He had a passion for collecting books, manuscripts, charters, rolls, etc., of which he amassed a very great store. His collection was increased by his son, the second Earl, descended to the daughter of the latter, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Portland, and was bought by the nation in 1753 when the British Museum was founded.

The Lord Mayor had a Banqueting House, now Stratford Place, which was the scene of many State junketings, when, as I have said, the City authorities came to inspect the conduits. The gentlemen rode on horseback and their ladies in wagons. The house was pulled down in 1737, as the establishment of the New River supply of water to London made their festive visits no longer necessary.

The ecclesiastical story of the district is interesting. Before St. Mary's was built there was an elder one dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which stood in Stratford Place. In 1400 this was demolished by licence of the Bishop of London, and a new church erected dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. This became ruinous at the begin-

ning of the eighteenth century. Its condition is truly represented for us in Hogarth's famous picture of the 'Rake's Progress,' showing the marriage of the Rake to his very elderly, ugly, but richly endowed bride. So the church had to be pulled down and a new one erected in 1741. It must have been a miserable affair, very small for a parish of 70,000 souls, which was then one of the largest and most opulent parishes in London, most indecently constructed, possessing no features that inspired reverence, nothing that indicated a desire to promote the honour of God. There was no font – a common basin set upon the altar served the purpose – and corpses awaiting burial lay in the pews. Happily this scandal was swept away by the erection of a new church in 1814. Among the noted persons whose names are recorded by inscriptions are Sir Edmund Douce of Broughton, Cup-bearer to Anne of Denmark, James I's queen; and Queen Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I; James Gibbs, the architect whose work we have already admired at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He built St. Mary-le-Strand, added the steeple and two upper stages of the tower of St. Clement Danes, and 'Marybone Chapel,' now known as St. Peter's, Vere Street, begun in 1721 by Harley, Earl of Oxford. Here also rest the bodies of Guiseppe Baretti, author of various books on art; Stephen Storage, a professor of musical science (d. 1796); John Allen, apothecary to the households of the three first Georges; Caroline Watson, engraver to George III's queen. Several members of the Portland family are buried in the crypt. The registers contain the names of James Figg, prize-fighter (d. 1734), John Vanderbank, painter (1739); Edmund Hoyle, whose book of Whist immortalizes his name (1769); Rysbrack, the sculptor (1770); Allan Ramsay, portrait painter (1788); Rev. Charles Wesley, the brother of John (1778); and many other men of mark. Byron was baptized in the old church, and also his daughter, Horatia, by Lady Hamilton.

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The architect of the church was Thomas Hardwick, a pupil of Sir William Chambers. It has a handsome portico of eight columns, raised on a flight of steps and surmounted by a tower crowned by a dome. West's painting of the Holy Family was presented by the artist and acts as a reredos. He lived at No. 14, Newman Street, and died there in 1820 very suddenly. Edward Irving, founder of the sect called after his name, held his services in the artist's studio after West's death.

The population of Marylebone is so great that many more churches were required. These included St. Mary's Church, Wyndham Place, erected by Sir Robert Smirke in 1824; All Souls', Langham Place, which we shall meet with again in our wanderings; Holy Trinity Church, designed by Sir John Soane in 1828; Christ Church, Stafford Street, by Philip Hardwick, in 1825, and added to in 1867; St. Peter's, Vere Street, 1724, which I have already mentioned; St. Paul's, Great Portland Street, formerly known as Portland Chapel, in 1766; St. John's Wood Chapel, by Thomas Hardwick, in 1814, which contains many beautiful examples of modern sculpture by Chantrey, Behnes, Wyatt and others.

In former days, when Marylebone was a country village, citizens of London used to walk there for the enjoyment of the rural air and for the special attractions it offered as a pleasure resort. There were several inns, such as the 'Yorkshire Stingo,' which promised good ale and had much frequented tea-gardens and a bowling green, the 'Jew's Harp,' the 'Queen's Head and Artichoke,' the 'Rose of Normandy,' to which was attached a bowling-green. But the chief attractions were the Marylebone Gardens, which induced Pepys to walk there in 1668, who deemed it 'a pretty place.' These gardens occupied the site of Devonshire Street and Devonshire Place and Beaumont Street, and seem to have been first known as 'The French Gardens' from a colony of Huguenots who settled here after that tragic event in French history, the

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There was a French Chapel here, and similar buildings in other parts of London, notably in Spitalfields, where there was a settlement of silk-weavers. Here at the Marylebone Gardens there were bowling-greens, a band-stand and orchestra, and fireworks of an elaborate nature: sky-rockets, Catherine wheels, tour balloons, pyramids of Roman candles, pots d'Aigrets with large Chinese Jerbs, and above all music by Handel, Dr. Arne, Dibden and other popular singers and instrumental performers. It was quite a favourite place and popular resort and was patronized by the aristocracy as well as by the populace. There was one drawback. It attracted thieves and rough rascals. The way back to London was a country road, and dangers beset the way. Hence the proprietors thought it necessary to protect their visitors by providing a 'Horse Patrol' to guard them against the perils of the road. At one time breakfasts were served in the gardens, and the daughter of the proprietor was famous for making fruit-tarts and almond cheese-cakes. However, in spite of all these attractions, the gardens lost their popularity after a long spell, owing to the conduct of roughs and rogues, and the fear of the inhabitants of the district lest the fireworks would ignite their new dwellings, and the gardens were closed in 1778, and the builders set to work to cover the ground with houses.

Devonshire Place, portions of Upper Wimpole Street, Devonshire Street and Beaumont Street, then known as Bowling Green Lane, occupy the site of the gardens, where are the residences of many distinguished physicians and surgeons.

About the same time, in 1773, a 'wonderful' Spa was discovered at Marylebone, the waters of which would make the weak strong, steady the nerves, promote a good appetite and effect cures for scorbutic and other disorders. Hither jaded citizens of London betook themselves and doubtless benefited, though some faith was required for

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an effective cure. Dr. Sunderland¹ in his exhaustive work pronounces it to have been a *spurious* spa, though the waters were possibly chalybeate. The usual refreshments of the period, in addition to the waters, were available. It only endured four years, as the land was too valuable; building operations curtailed the extent of the gardens. Trees belonging to the old garden still remain in some of the houses in Upper Wimpole Street. The orchestra of the garden stood upon the site of No. 17, Devonshire Place, and a flagstone in a stable at the back of No. 28, Weymouth Street, is supposed to cover the old well. There were several spas round London which rivalled Tunbridge Wells, or even Bath, but all have vanished now. Another attraction was a bear-garden, where bears were baited and even tigers and bulls, situate in Marylebone Fields (a name that was sometimes corrupted into Marrowbone Fields), near Oxford Street; and there one James Figg, whose burial I have mentioned, a noted prizefighter, kept an inn and amphitheatre where pugilistic encounters took place. Women fights were very popular, and back-sword play. The bruiser Broughton succeeded Figg and many noblemen and gentlemen patronized these exhibitions of 'the noble art of self-defence.'

REGENT'S PARK

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the officers of the Crown were directed to lay out Marylebone Park and an Act was passed to enable them to construct a park and let land for building. Nash, whose name was writ large in the London of that period, though much of his work has been demolished, was the designer and architect. The Prince Regent took a keen interest in the project, meditated building a mansion for himself in the park, and I gather from Mr. Clinch's work a fact, of which most people are ignorant, that Regent Street was partly designed by Nash in order to form a royal road between

¹ *Old London Spas, Baths and Wells*, p. 100.



ST DUNSTAN'S REGENTS PARK
THE OLD CLOCK FROM
ST DUNSTAN'S FLEET STREET

Joseph J. Ike

this proposed princely residence and his other house, Carlton House, and St. James's Palace. But the Prince of Wales's house never materialized. Regent's Park is one of the most attractive and useful features of modern London. There are the Zoological Gardens, containing the best collection of animals in the world, too well known to require any description here. They were founded in 1828. Terraces of large and sumptuous houses look down upon the park. In the centre of the principal terrace is St. Katherine's Hospital, a Royal Hospital, which has a long and interesting history that cannot be fully told here. This is connected with another part of London, and the Collegiate Hospital was originally founded by Queen Matilda, wife of King Stephen, in 1148, near the Tower of London. It has had many royal and other benefactors, survived many dangers, but in 1824 the site was required for the extension of the London Docks, and the Hospital was removed to Regent's Park, where it forms an interesting survival of this ancient Hospital, the patronage of which has always been a possession of the Queens of England. The chapel stands in the centre and on either side are residences for the brethren and sisters, and also a Master's Lodge. The chapel contains many relics of the ancient buildings from which they were conveyed here. Amongst these are a wooden pulpit given by Sir Julius Cæsar, a city magnate, in 1621, a fine monument of the Duke of Exeter who died in 1447, and some sixteenth-century stalls. Queen Alexandra, now the royal patroness, has inaugurated some changes in the institution, desiring to attach it more closely to its ancient site; otherwise the present writer might have found his residence in Regent's Park, and this book might have been written in that sanctuary.

The Royal Botanical Gardens has a home in the Park, and the young ladies flit across it on their way to Bedford College, which the distinguished architect Basil Champneys designed for them. A noted house in the Park is St.

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Dunstan's Villa, which since the Great War has attained universal fame as a hostel for blinded soldiers through the generosity of Sir Arthur Pearson. It was the home of the Marquis of Hertford, for whom it was built by Decimus Burton in 1830. Here the 'giants' who used to perform their functions outside the old church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West in Fleet Street, strike the hours. As a child the Marquis took a fancy to them, and vowed when he grew up he would buy them. An opportunity occurred. The old church was pulled down in 1831 and the clock that hammered the hours itself came under the hammer of the auctioneer; so the Marquis was able to fulfil his vow, and here the 'giants' still tell the hours. Before they came to the old church they performed on the ancient city gate, Ludgate, and the figures represent the mythical King Lud and his sons. Burton followed the fashion of the architects of the period and copied classical models, as we see in the Bank of England and elsewhere. Here he followed the Greek style, and fashioned his portico with columns of the Athenian order after the model of the Temple of the Winds at Athens. The large size of the mansion is well adapted for its present purpose, a temple of healing and relief for the brave and gallant men who suffered the greatest of all misfortunes in the service of their country.

In our wanderings through Western London we could not find a more charming resting-place than this Regent's Park. We can watch the water-fowl on the lake and Regent's Canal (completed in 1820, designed by Nash), and other birds innumerable. The park is the great bird-sanctuary of London, and in recent years those pests of the countryside, the grey squirrels, have strayed from the Zoo and established themselves here among the fine trees that adorn the park. Young men and maidens disport themselves on the cricket and tennis grounds, and then there is, or was, the ground of the Royal Toxophilite Club. For some reason I believe the Club has received notice to quit, which seems unfortunate. Founded about the year

1780 by Sir Ashton Lever it has had many migrations. They practised archery behind Leicester House, then near Gower Street, then in Bayswater, and in 1834 they came to Regent's Park, their present ground, and there built their Archers Hall. For nigh 100 years they have been in possession, and it seems to be a pity that they should be turned out. The Prince Regent, William IV, the Prince Consort and the late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, were all patrons. The Club possesses in their Hall a fine collection of bows and arrows, and much silver plate, including a silver cup presented to the Archers Club by Queen Catherine of Braganza, the queen of Charles II. Archery is, I fear, a decaying sport, but there are still some noted clubs, especially in Berkshire, and it is to be hoped that the pastime may revive.

On the north-west of the Park rise Primrose Hill and Barrow Hill, in the midst of a fair park, one of the northern lungs of London, whence a grand view can be obtained of London's city. Here was found the murdered body of Sir Edmond Godfrey, whom we have already met at Charing Cross, whose supposed assassins were condemned to death on the false testimony of the wretched Titus Oates, who was then laboriously engaged in searching out or fabricating Popish plots. We do not care to meet the gentleman again. This was a favourite spot for duelling. Barrow Hill suggests to the antiquary a tumulus, but inasmuch as a reservoir occupies its summit, the hope of finding any burial place is vain.

St. John's Wood has a history, though many know it only as an artistic centre, and are quite ignorant of its origin and its name. When it was literally a wood it was owned by the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, which had its headquarters at Clerkenwell. At the Reformation it passed into other hands and Charles II granted it to Lord Wotton, from whose family it went to the Earl of Chesterfield, and in 1732 to Samuel Eyre, a descendant of whom has recently written a history of the estate. Big railway

stations and other huge monuments of bricks and mortar are continually obliterating former landmarks. The London County Council is doing splendid work in placing tablets on the houses of famous men and women; but the building of the Great Central Railway Station has entirely prevented them from affixing a memorial tablet to the house where George Eliot lived, and Landseer's home is entirely obliterated.

Quite the most important feature of Marylebone in this region is Lord's, the famous headquarters of the Marylebone Cricket Club, known throughout the Empire as the M.C.C. It is the guiding hand of the best game in the world, lays down its laws and regulations, and wherever cricket is played, in Australia, India, and in every colony and dependency of the British Crown, its ruling is always accepted and respected everywhere. Who has not frequented the great matches which rank among the brilliant events of each season, the 'Varsity match, the Eton and Harrow, the Middlesex county matches, Gentlemen *v.* Players? Veterans who have long ago with sorrow and regret and many a sigh put away their cricket bags and stowed away their favourite bats, never fail to visit Lord's and there for a time renew their youth, talk over their old victories, and tell how Oxford beat Cambridge by one run in 18—, and ask, 'Do you remember how So-and-so made that century in 189—, or how W— caught the last man just on the boundary three minutes before the drawing of the stumps, etc., etc., etc.?' Lord's at its best in youth or age is a constant joy. May it long continue! But why is it called Lord's? It takes its name from Thomas Lord who was a far-seeing man who, with the support of several good players, first made a cricket ground where Dorset Square now stands, and subsequently acquired the land which now is called after his name. Lord was not a disinterested man and did not carry on his business entirely 'for the love of the game,' as he obtained a goodly sum when he sold the lease of the ground in 1825. The first

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game, M.C.C. *v.* Hertfordshire, was played the year before Waterloo was fought, 111 years ago. The writer of the history of cricket is much hampered by the burning down of the pavilion in 1825 after a Winchester and Harrow match, when many records were lost. After Public School matches there was often a 'rag,' if not a free fight. We



suspect the two famous schools must have lost their tempers on this occasion, and that the fire was the result.

SOME MARYLEBONE SQUARES

Manchester Square, on the east of the long, rather uninteresting Baker Street, which Thackeray described as 'a synonym for dull respectability,' was completed in 1788, and its chief attraction is Hertford House, the splendid home of the Wallace Collection. This mansion

was formerly known as Manchester House, and arose in this wise. It was the original intention to build a square and name it Queen Anne's Square, with a church in the centre, but this scheme fell through, and the ground being vacant was purchased by the Duke of Manchester, who erected here a noble mansion styled after his name, from which the square that arose in front of it was also called. This was the fourth Duke, Lord Chamberlain in the Rockingham Administration, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Dashwood, a man of great ability, but somewhat dissipated. He died suddenly in 1788, and his new mansion was let to the King of Spain for an embassy, and during its occupation by the ambassador a Roman Catholic chapel was erected in Spanish Place. Its successor is in George Street, close by, a large and handsome church. Manchester House then changed its owner and came into the possession of the third Marquis of Hertford, whom we have met before, the original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne. He was immensely rich and began to collect objects of art and laid the foundations of the great Wallace Collection, now housed in this notable house. The son of the above, the fourth Marquis, was the principal author of the immense collection, though largely increased by Sir Richard Wallace, who inherited the wealth of the Hertford family. Many conjectures have been made with regard to Sir Richard Wallace's parentage and connexion with the Hertford, and Mr. Arthur Dasent has solved the problem by discovering that the fourth Marquis, when young, had an intrigue with a Scotch girl of humble origin named Wallace, and this Richard was the result. He became immensely wealthy, sat in Parliament, developed his wonderful collection of paintings, furniture, sculptures, china, arms and armour, ivories, and every other form of artistic treasures, which are the delight of the connoisseur and the envy of the collector. It is now the property of the nation, having been bequeathed by his widow. It

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were vain in this work to give any description of this priceless collection.

It has been recorded already that the third Marquis married the beautiful Mademoiselle Fagniani, of whom 'Tom Browne the Younger,' or rather Moore, the poet, sang:

'Or who would repair
Unto Manchester Square
And see if the lovely Marchesa be there?
Oh bid her come with her hair darkly flowing;
All gentle and juvenile, crispy and gay,
In the manner of Ackermann's dresses for May.'

Manchester Square is much favoured by the distinguished members of the medical profession, and I visited there the eminent architect and his wife, Sir Arthur Blomfield and Lady Blomfield. In Cavendish Square doctors also abound, amongst whom, a quarter of a century ago, were Victor Horsley and my friend, Sir Arbutnott Lane. Mr. Asquith (now the Earl of Oxford) was living there at No. 20; the late Marquis of Breadalbane at Harcourt House; the late Earl of Crawford at No. 2; the Earl of Durham, and other important people. It was laid out in 1715 and the building began two years later. In the centre was arranged a circular garden planted with trees. James Bryden, Duke of Chandos and Earl of Carnarvon, intended to build a vast house on its north side. He was enormously rich, having held the lucrative office of Paymaster to the Army when Good Queen Anne reigned. Probably some of the money intended for the forces remained in his fingers, and jobbery was not unknown in those days. At any rate, he had a princely income, and if he was guilty of peculation his crime did not go unpunished, as we shall see presently. He lived in great state and was known as the 'Grand Duke.' He began to build his noble mansion, but it was never completed. A son was born to him when he was living at Chandos House, Chandos Street. Preparations for its christening were made and

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all English Society was interested in the great occasion. The King and Queen stood sponsors in person and all the great families were represented. During the ceremony the infant was seized with convulsions in the nurse's arms and died, owing, it is said, to the excessive glare of light. The shock was too great for the vain-glorious Duke, who died soon after, and the Duchess shut herself up in the house which had witnessed the blasting of her hopes, where she moped till death released her.

So the grand house was never completed. There are two mansions with columned façades, which were intended as wings of the house, and ultimately two houses were erected in place of the intended central body. In the house at the corner of Harley Street lived the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II. Harcourt House used to occupy the west side of the Square, but it has been pulled down in recent years. It was built by Lord Bingley in 1722, and was sold to the Earl of Harcourt, who sold it to the Duke of Portland. This great family has left its mark on this neighbourhood, having given names to Welbeck and Bolsover Streets, so called after country estates owned by them. There are many curious features in the street nomenclature of this neighbourhood. The Square itself is named after Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, wife of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, her two other names being represented in the adjoining thoroughfares of Henrietta Street and Holles Street. Oxford Street is usually supposed to be derived from the University, towards which its line is directed; but it owes its designation to this same Earl of Oxford. He had country seats at Wigmore and Wimpole – hence the names of these streets. The Dukes of Portland now have their town-house in Grosvenor Square. Other great names are associated with the Square. George Romney, the great artist, lived at No. 32, but the house has been rebuilt since his time, when he was at the height of his prosperity; and Nelson lived at No. 5 in 1787. Considerable confusion is

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caused to all students of street topography by the wanton habit of authorities of re-numbering the houses. No. 5 used to be No. 3. Lord Byron was born at No. 24, Holles Street in 1788.

Cavendish Square was not finished all at one time. Grievous trouble shattered the nerves and the fortunes of many persons in 1720 when the 'glorious' South Sea Bubble burst, and so many speculators in that horrid swindle were ruined. Hence the builders found it necessary to economize, and for several years the operations were suspended. In the centre of the Square once stood a disgraceful statue, erected by a friend to the 'Butcher of Culloden.' Happily it has been removed and I know not whither it has wandered. It bore the following inscription:

'William Duke of Cumberland, born April 15, 1721 – died October 31, 1765. This equestrian statue was erected by Lieutenant-General William Strode, in gratitude for his private friendship, in honour to his public virtue. Nov. the 4th, Anno Domini, 1770.'

Friendship often blinds us to our friends' faults; the worthy General must have been exceedingly blind when he wrote that testimony of such a character as the Duke, and one would imagine that 'his private virtue' must have been 'writ sarcastic.' Contrary to the custom of sculptors of that period, who loved to depict their models in classical costume, the Duke was represented in modern dress, which called forth some sarcastic comments. There is another statue which happily remains to the memory of Lord George Bentinck on the south side of the garden, bearing the simple inscription:

WILLIAM
GEORGE FREDERICK
CAVENDISH BENTINCK
BORN MDCCCI
DIED MDCCXLVIII.

Portman Square is one of the most important of these Marylebone squares. It may be naturally supposed that it takes its name from the Portman family upon whose property it was built. It was begun about 1764, but not completed for nearly twenty years. It is a very handsome square and one of the earliest houses erected there is No. 24, which is the work of the brothers Adam. It has four storeys, a bold projecting porch, a balcony at the first floor, and between the second and third storeys panels of carved festoons of flowers. The drawing-room is very beautiful and characteristic of architect's work, with its arched recesses, elaborate decorations and curious ceiling. At the north-west angle of the Square is the entrance to Montagu House, famous as the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the founder of the Bas Bleu Society, or 'Blue Stockings' as they were called. She was a wonderful lady, widow of the Hon. Edward Montagu, who left her a large income, which she spent in bountiful hospitality. She built her house in 1775 and entertained all the élite of the society of her age, poets and distinguished writers, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and all the rest; her receptions were frequented by all the wit, rank and talent of her period. Dr. Johnson used to criticize and laugh at her and quarrel with her. She posed as an authoress and wrote *An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, which met with the approval of her friends and was praised by some, and four volumes of her letters were published after her death – a somewhat unnecessary publication. Mrs. Montagu claimed all learning as her sphere of knowledge, and laid down the law in a loud, masculine voice to the circle of wits and writers who attended her receptions. Her favourite form of decorating her rooms was feather hangings which are immortalized by Cowper in his lines:

'The birds put on their every hue
To dress a room for Montagu.'

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In spite of her peculiarities she was really a very kind-hearted lady, and used to feel much compassion for the poor young chimney-sweeps, the wretched boys who were made to climb chimneys and sweep them. I have known probably the last of their race, who often described to me the tortures he endured at the hands of his cruel master. However, he rose to be an alderman of his borough and lived a happy and useful life. He thought he was the boy described by Charles Kingsley in the *Water Babies*. These poor boys in London Mrs. Montagu used to invite to her garden every May Day and give them a treat, so that they might enjoy one happy day in the year of their miserable lives. A strange story is told of one of these treats. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom we have already met, had a son who attended Westminster School. He played truant and ran away, was caught by one of the cruel slave-drivers and made to sweep chimneys. Amongst the crowd of poor lads who came to Montagu House, the kind lady discovered him and rescued him from his hard lot. She died in 1800.

In accordance with the usual custom of landed proprietors who built houses and squares in London, the Portman family called the neighbouring streets and squares, Dorset Square, Orchard Street, Blandford Square and Bryanston Square, after their country seats, which were situate in Somerset. Amongst distinguished residents in Portman Square is the Earl of Northbrook, whose princely mansion in Kent I have visited. He is a great lover of paintings, and in both houses he has many notable works of art. At No. 15 resides the Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife, who, as I am writing, to the great distress of the whole nation, is suffering from grievous illness.

Mr. William Weir, writing in 1844, has some harsh words to say of the two Squares, Montagu and Bryanston. He calls them 'twin deformities, long narrow strips of ground fenced in by two monotonous rows of flat houses. In the centre of the green turf which runs up the middle of the

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latter is a dwarf weeping ash, which resembles strikingly a gigantic umbrella or a toad-stool, and in the corresponding site in Montagu Square is a pump with a flower-pot shaped like an urn on the top of it. A range of balconies runs along the front of the houses, but the inmates appear to entertain dismal apprehensions of the thievish propensities of their neighbours, for between every two balconies is introduced a terrible *chevaux de frise*. The "square" consists of two oblongs, though dignified by the names of squares, and the mansions are constructed after the most approved Brighton fashion, each with its little protuberance to admit of a peep into the neighbours' parlours.'

The builder of these two squares was a Mr. David Porter, who was originally a chimney-sweep, but somehow he managed to obtain wealth and became a prosperous builder, and lived in Little Welbeck Street. His entertainment to all his work-people in Montagu Square, celebrating the Jubilee of George III, was a notable event in the story of the district. Anthony Trollope lived for a time at No. 39 in this square.

Hanover Square has a history. When it was being built it was intended to call it Oxford Square after Earl Harley, who seems to have dominated this part of London and to have given his name to Oxford Street and other streets which we have already mentioned; but when George I came to the English throne, though he was not very popular and the Jacobites hated him, it was deemed advisable to call it after the House of Hanover. Its houses began to rise in the opening years of the new King's reign and was finished about 1720. It has many attractions. I used to stroll across it very often when the Royal Society of Literature had sumptuous quarters at No. 20, the offices of Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley, the great land agents, under whose hammer half the great estates in England seem to have changed their owners. Their 'Going, going, gone!' has in recent years sounded the dirge of the passing

away of many old squires from their ancestral acres, and caused the direst changes in our countryside.

Often have I stopped to admire the dark-red brick Georgian houses, their quiet excellence of design and solidity of construction, the treatment of the porches and entrance doorways, the ironwork of the railings. Some writers call the Square 'ugly, pleasantly ugly, with a homely ugliness,' the sort of John Bull ugliness that suggests the thought of British prosperity and masterfulness; but it seems to speak to me of the grace and quiet dignity of the work of the immediate successors of Wren who carried on his ideas and conceptions. Comparing the present Square with that represented in an old print, many of the houses seem to have been rebuilt or altered. Strype records the early days of Hanover Square: 'Among these suburban territories on this side, in the way towards Tyburn, there are certain new and splendid buildings called in honour of his present Majesty Hanover Square — some finished and some erecting — consisting of many compleat and noble houses.'

Many illustrious people have dwelt in this Square, amongst them may be named two great sailors who upheld the honour of the British Navy, Lord Anson and Lord Rodney, and who died here. Talleyrand, the turncoat of French politics, who trimmed his sails to every gale, came to England as French Ambassador in 1835, and lived at No. 21; next door, in the house already mentioned, No. 20, resided Thomas Campbell, the poet, author of *Ye Mariners of England*, with Lord Minto; and in a neighbourhood where so many ghosts of departed great folks haunt the place is appropriately placed the office of the Psychical Research Society. Chantrey's bronze statue of William Pitt adorns the south end of the central garden. It was erected in 1831, and cost the nation £7,000. I must not forget to mention the Oriental Club (No. 17), much frequented by retired Indian officials.

Journeying southwards we soon arrive at the well-known

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Church of St. George, Hanover Square. It has recently celebrated its two hundredth birthday, being one of the fifty churches planned in the ecclesiastical development of London in the reign of Queen Anne to redress the 'inconvenience and growing mischiefs which resulted from the increase of Dissenters and Popery.' Pennant satirically observes that these churches were voted by Parliament 'to give this part of the town the air of the capital of a Christian country.' The truth is that the Queen was devoted to the Church of England, which was very popular, and in the midst of all the growing squares and streets of the West End it was deemed necessary to find spiritual accommodation for the new population. The architect selected for the building of the new church was John James, a pupil of Gibbs, the builder of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which we have already admired. In the church of Eversley, North Hants, Kingsley's church, there is a mural tablet in memory of this architect, who is described as 'Architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and fifty-two churches in the City of London, and of Warbrook in this Parish.' It seems to be a prodigious claim, and at first sight we begin to wonder where Sir Christopher Wren comes in! 'An impostor! An impostor! Off with his head!' No, he was not an impostor, though by no means a brilliant architect. He lacked the imagination of Wren, and his work was dull and commonplace, like that of several others who succeeded the builder of St. Paul's. With regard to his claims for distinction it may be said that he once held the office of Surveyor-General of the Office of Works, and this, perhaps, moved his relatives at Eversley after his death to erect such a misleading memorial. My friend, Mr. Sidney Dark, deems it the 'ugliest church in the world,'¹ but I have seen worse, and the Greek portico is not amiss, though it is crowned by a steeple. It was begun in 1713 and took eleven years to build.

From the time of the second of the Georges until the

¹ *London, with Illustrations by Joseph Pennell* (Macmillan), 1924.

middle of the last century, St. George's enjoyed a monopoly of fashionable weddings. It was a veritable Temple of Hymen, and many aristocratic names appear in the Registers. I should like to publish a list of these, but want of space forbids such an attempt. It has been my privilege to perform some marriages there, and I was duly impressed by a perusal of the marriage registers. A company of ringers who called themselves 'His Majesty's Royal Peal,' otherwise known as the 'St. George's Marrow Bone and Cleaver Club,' derived a handsome income from these marriages and earned as much as £400 a year. Over a thousand weddings a year used to be celebrated there in the early part of the eighteenth century. One of the strangest marriages was that of the aged Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, with the beautiful Emma Harte, or Lyon, or half-a-dozen other names of husbands or lovers. Her extraordinary life is well known and need not be recorded here. She was Romney's favourite model, and everyone knows of the romantic fascination she exercised on our great national hero, Nelson, her career in Italy, and then her miserable end at Calais. I have seen the poor wretched room in which the great adventuress breathed her last. Amongst other remarkable events we notice the marriage of 'George Eliot,' the great novelist, with Mr. J. W. Cross, after some years spent in St. John's Wood with George Henry Lewes. Theodore Roosevelt, afterwards the stalwart President of the United States, was married here in 1886, and the present Earl of Oxford and Asquith was united to the present Countess Margot in 1894.

The great Handel, when he resided in Brooke Street, was a constant worshipper in this church. There is not much to detain us in examining the interior save an altar-piece by Sir James Thornhill, representing the Last Supper, and the eastern window containing some valuable mediæval glass which came from a convent at Mechlin and was brought here in 1849. It is a Jesse window, and is thus

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described: 'The Genealogy of Our Lord, according to His Human Nature as derived from Jesse through the Twelve Kings of Judah previous to the Babylonian Captivity.'

We have met Laurence Sterne, 'Poor Yorick,' in Bond Street, where he died. I do not know whether he attended St. George's, but he was buried in St. George's cemetery situate in the Bayswater Road. His grave was marked by a headstone, the inscription on which states that it was erected by two brother masons (Freemasons are always charitable folk), because, although Sterne was not a member of their Order, 'yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by "Rule and Square."'

CHAPTER 16

REGENT STREET

IT may be convenient here to wander along Madox Street, a street of ladies' shops, into Regent Street, and inspect that thoroughfare. But, alas! Regent Street as we once knew it is no more. Nash's masterpiece has quite vanished as regards its buildings, and architects, builders, masons and carpenters are busy with their huge cranes and scaffolding, erecting new buildings of a miscellaneous character with no unity of design as that which distinguished the former charming crescent and quadrant. But it is still Nash's street, the greatest achievement in street improvement ever carried out in London, and conceived, planned, executed and completed by one man in the space of ten years. It was begun about the year 1813, and as we have already seen, it was intended originally to form a direct road from the Prince Regent's proposed house in Regent's Park to his other palace, Carlton House, that stood in Waterloo Place. The former was never begun, and the latter has disappeared, but the connecting link, Nash's road, remains, although shorn of its houses.

Of Lower Regent Street little need be said here. New palaces of trade have sprung up, including a new Carlton House, which furnishes endless sets of offices for busy traders, and there my feet wander sometimes to seek that useful institution, the Country Gentlemen's Association, which will manage your estate for you and supply everything you need for your home and farm. There is a striking contrast between the old Carlton House and the new, the one the palace of royal princes, and the other of merchant princes who carry on the business of life and who try to make the country prosperous, a somewhat difficult task in these degenerate days.

Who did not admire the graceful curves of the Regent Street that has passed away, the symmetry of its buildings? The walls were covered with stucco, which is not the most artistic of architectural material, but few would deny to

Nash the charm of his achievement. And now the buildings have nearly all vanished, and in their stead are arising a variety of construction, each firm guided only by its own sweet will, and adopting the style that is pleasing to it. Messrs. Liberty have acted upon the principle suggested by its name, and blossomed out in 'the fine old English gentleman's' type, and raised a charming Tudor house of the 'Magpie' order, with its black beams and white panels between the horizontal and perpendicular woodwork. It is a very charming building, but it seems to long to be set in a beautiful deer park surrounded by trees and woods and pleasantries, and hardly agrees with the streets and lanes and smoke of dear overcrowded London.

One of the first buildings demolished was the old County Fire Office at the north-west corner of Piccadilly Circus. It was built by Robert Abraham, who copied the elevation from an addition made to the water-front of the old Somerset House designed by Inigo Jones. From the same source Sir Robert Chambers took his plans for the Strand front of the present Somerset House. Abraham followed Inigo Jones's building very closely, and, save for slight differentiations in the details, it was an exact copy. In the London Museum there is a painting of the water-front of old Somerset House, and near it another of the extremity of Regent Street, showing the County Fire Office. From these the variations in the details of the two buildings – with respect merely to pediments, pilasters, etc. – may be observed. The arcade is characteristic of Inigo Jones's work – miscalled piazzas – on the north side of Covent Garden. The County Fire Office is, or rather was, Palladian in stucco. Surmounting the parapet was a model of Mrs. Barber Beaumont, the wife of the founder of the establishment, in the guise of Britannia, who looked complacently down on the turmoil of Piccadilly Circus. Happily she turned her back on the vulgar illuminated signs which now disgrace this corner of London. The six Corinthian columns were a feature of the building and also

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a covered arcade through which the foot pavement runs, and which at one time extended for a considerable distance along the Quadrant. It is a pity that Nash's work should have been pulled down. We have in London few examples of his art left to us. There is the east wing of Carlton House Terrace, the main building of the United Service Club, the Haymarket Theatre, All Souls', Langham Place and the Marble Arch. The last named, though it is not a very perfect architectural achievement, and Burton's arch on Constitution Hill, and his Apsley Gate, the screen at Hyde Park Corner, will remain architectural adornments of London long after Regent Street will have again been rebuilt.

Our lady friends in London and their country cousins must sorely miss the gorgeous emporiums which used to make Regent Street the most attractive place in the world. How they loved to gaze at the shop windows replete with every sort of merchandise that can delight a woman's heart. It is true they still have Oxford Street and the High Street, Kensington, and although 'business as usual' is carried on in the wooden shanties reared on the sites of former establishments, Regent Street shops are under a cloud at present, waiting for the Phœnix buildings to arise and renew their pristine glories. The sun will again shine upon beautiful treasures pillaged from Eastern bazaars, on furs of every beast that roams in far distant forests, and lace and lingerie, and every kind of dress that the fairies have brought from every clime, and wax models that rival the graces of the prettiest purchaser, and display upon their persons the most ravishing garbs Eve devised by seamstress's art. Never mind, fair dames, Regent Street will rise again, and in the meantime feast your eyes on the treasures of the grove of Westbourne or Oxford Street, or the far-famed and far-distant Kensington.

Travelling northwards we soon find ourselves in Upper Regent Street and note the Polytechnic which we visited in our childhood and heard readings from Dickens, and

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saw Pepper's ghostly player and the marvellous head of a woman fair who apparently had no body, and the diving bell, and where my friend, Sir Kynaston Studd, once the great cricketer and now Sheriff of London, philanthropist and city magnate, reigns and carries on his good work for the youths and maidens of London.

Nearly opposite is the Queen's Hall, which sends forth its sweet strains of music, and on the same side is Margaret Street, wherein stands the well-known church of All Saints'. It is built of brick and imitates the Decorated style of English Gothic and has a high-soaring spire. Mr. Butterfield was the architect in the 'fifties of the last century. The church was built to take the front rank in the Catholic movement. Previous to its erection there was an old Margaret Chapel for eighteenth century Deists, which was purchased by some Churchmen, and as early as 1837 Frederick Oakeley officiated there, who went over to Rome after Newman's secession. The church is gorgeous with paintings which have been renewed by J. N. Comper, with tile work and coloured marbles. The High Altar and its surroundings are very beautiful. The church has played a great part in the Catholic revival, and although George W. E. Russell once styled it 'an extinct volcano,' its influence has revived, and it is more strongly established than ever in the affections of Churchmen who are 'High.'

Looking down Regent Street is All Souls' Church, Langham Place, which ten years ago celebrated its centenary. It is said to have been one of London's 'Waterloo' churches, which were built in 1815 under a separate Act of Parliament, as a thankoffering for the final defeat of Napoleon. It was erected by Nash, and has a tower and slender spire, and is in the form of a circular temple of the Ionic order, and above this is placed another circular storey with fourteen Corinthian pillars, rather a strange mixture. All Souls' is one of the popular churches for fashionable weddings, sharing this distinction with St. George's, Hanover Square, St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and

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St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Many celebrities have been associated with the church. Sir Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Selborne, taught in the Sunday School, and Lord Roberts was a regular worshipper.

Turning to the left by the Langham Hotel we find ourselves in Langham Place looking down Portland Place, the broadest street in London, with handsome Georgian houses on each side. Langham Place takes its name from Sir James Langham, who employed Nash to build it, and Portland Place from William, second Duke of Portland, who gave also the names to Bentinck, Duke and Duchess Streets. This Place was designed and built by the brothers Adam in 1778. Nos. 46 and 48 are typical examples of their work. The ground floor base is built of rough stonework, and the walls of the upper stories are covered with stucco. Four pilasters support the pediment. A balcony runs along the front of the houses below the second floor, and between the second and third stories are alternate carved panels and circles so characteristic of Adam's work. The appearance of the houses is somewhat marred by the addition to the roof and dormer windows.

A somewhat exciting scene I remember taking place at No. 49, then and now the Chinese Legation. About thirty years ago the Chinese revolutionary, Sun Yat Sin, was enjoying the hospitality which England seems always to extend to exiles who have found their own countries too hot and unpleasant for them. The Chinese Government earnestly desired his presence at Pekin, where a very unhappy fate was reserved for him. So the Legation was urged to collar him and ship him off to China. This the officers accomplished with ease, and Sun Yat Sin was seized and kept as a prisoner in the Legation while arrangements were being made for his transportation. But the prisoner was not idle. He managed to write a short account of his incarceration and of his predicament, and dropped copies out of his window into the street below. At length a copy was picked up by a passer-by, who

realized the situation and at once communicated with the Government. The late Lord Salisbury was then at the head of affairs at the Foreign Office, and he was not a man to stand any nonsense with any 'heathen Chinese, whose smile was so childlike and bland.' He soon informed the Legation that if they did not release their prisoner immediately he would order the artillery to blow down the walls of their habitation. Sun Yat Sin was at once set at liberty, and the absurd theory that a Legation or an Embassy belonged to the country it represented and was not amenable to English Law was effectually overthrown. I met Sun Yat Sin at dinner soon after his release at the assembly of Ye Sette of Odd Volumes, and he made an able speech; but considering the trouble which he caused long after to his native land, perhaps it would have been better for China if he had been delivered up to the tender mercies of its former rulers.

Regent's Park, which we have already visited, is at the end of Portland Place, where there is a statue of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

Where shall we wander next? On the east side of Regent Street there are many thoroughfares which attract attention, not for the architectural beauties of their buildings, but for their associations. If we turn down Mortimer Street we shall pass the abode of the great sculptor, Joseph Nollekens, who died there in 1823. The re-numbering of houses in various streets is very puzzling. His house was numbered 9, but it is now converted into two shops, Nos. 44 and 45. Mrs. Anna Jameson (1797-1860), whose books on Sacred Art are still read and studied with their admirable illustrations, lived in this street, but owing to the re-numbering I cannot discover her abode, and also Samuel Lover (1797-1868), an Irish poet and novelist.

Mortimer Street leads us to the Middlesex Hospital, which is now pleading for rebuilding as the old hostel, wearied by age, is falling to pieces. It has had an interesting history. It was inaugurated as long ago as 1745 for sick

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and lame patients in Windmill Street. This first building proving inadequate, a new site was obtained in Marylebone Fields from Charles Berners, whose name survives in Berners Street, and the first stone laid by the Duke of Northumberland on May 15, 1755. A cancer ward was added by Samuel Whitbread, the gift being supplemented by Mrs. Stafford and Sir Joseph de Courcy Laffan. Grievous trouble befel the hospital at the close of the eighteenth century. For some unknown reason governors ceased to subscribe, debts accumulated, and the hospital was nearly closed. It became the home for French emigrants, driven from their homes by the French Revolution. The hospital was revived by Lord Robert Seymour, who obtained the patronage of the Prince Regent, who has been succeeded by all the sovereigns of England. By its good work for relieving the sufferings of mankind it has earned the loyal support of the public. It has enlarged its buildings several times; it administers healing to over 2,000 indoor patients every year, and cares for over 20,000 outpatients. Such is its record, and it will not appeal in vain for a new home.

THE district of St. Pancras is somewhat too far east to be legitimately included in that part of London of which this volume is intended to treat, but some notice of its principal buildings and streets and memorials must be given. If this book had been written a century and a quarter ago its story would have been very brief, as it was all open country, and not a very 'healthy' district, as thieves and robbers were plentiful and levied toll on defenceless passengers. The whole district was included in the parish of St. Pancras. Few of the thousands of its inhabitants stop to inquire who this saint was who gave his name to this crowded part of London. He was a martyr, a noble Phrygian boy of fourteen years of age, who manfully suffered under Diocletian. The Golden Legend notes: 'Unto this daye of Moche Papl it is used that for grete and notable causes men make their othes upon ye relykes of St. Pancrace.' It is curious that the memory of this brave Phrygian youth of the fourth century of the Christian era should be perpetuated in modern London. He was the patron saint of children and just behind the Vatican there is a church dedicated to him.

Although St. Pancras as a populated part of London is fairly modern, its manorial history is ancient and is recorded in the Domesday Survey. There was a Manor of Pancras, consisting of land round the old Church and Somers Town, which at one time belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and subsequently to the Charterhouse. Another Manor was Totenhall, whence the familiar Tottenham Court Road is derived, also recorded in Domesday. It has passed through various hands, including Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Sir Harry Wood, Isabella, Countess of Arlington, her son Charles, Duke of Grafton, afterwards Lord Southampton. There is yet another Manor called Cantelows, which is now Kentish Town, anciently Kentesseton. Tottenham Court is said to have

been a palace of King John, and tradition states that Oliver Cromwell resided there. The present busy, bustling Tottenham Court, with its numerous furniture shops, suggests no antiquarian lore. I have alluded to the credulity of our ancient archæologists. Stukeley, who suggested that a prehistoric camp in the West Country was devised by the Saxons so that their ladies, who were modest and shy, might be able to take their walks without being observed by men, imagined a Roman camp at St. Pancras, and pointed out the situation of each general's tent, Cæsar's prætorium, the quarters of M. Cassius the Quæstor, etc.—all devised by his lively imagination with not a shred of proof or confirmation. It was an idle dream. There was a fort at St. Pancras, but it was fashioned by the citizens of London to defend the City against a threatened attack by the Royalist forces during the Civil War. There is a tradition that the great fight which took place between the British under brave Boadicea and the Romans took place at King's Cross, formerly known as Battle Bridge. This spot took its name, King's Cross, from a hideous erection put up in 1830 in honour of King William IV, George IV, and 'the preceding Kings of the Royal House of Brunswick.' It excited more ridicule than loyalty, and was removed in 1895.

Everyone is familiar with the Church of St. Pancras in Euston Square, but few persons seem to know the old church in St. Pancras Road, near the Midland Railway line and the St. Pancras Workhouse. The present fabric is said to date back to the twelfth century, but it has been so much altered, patched and covered with stucco, that it is difficult to determine its original date. I have mentioned the influx of French refugees into this part of London, including many clergy who were buried in the churchyard here. It was a very small building with a small tower, but Norden, in 1593, claimed for it an antiquity equal to that of St. Paul's Cathedral and earlier than the coming of the Saxons. The little church was reconstructed

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in 1848 and galleries added. The tower was taken down, the church lengthened, and most careful restoration effected.

The architect of the new church of St. Pancras was William Inwood, who set the fashion of copying Greek models in architecture. It was begun in 1819 and finished in three years. The steeple is copied from the Temple of the Winds, erected by Pericles in Athens. An attempt to Christianize the building was made by placing a cross at the summit of the steeple instead of Pericles's Triton. Not content with one copy of the Temple of the Winds the ingenious architect made two and stuck the one on the top of the other! The Erechtheum at Athens was Inwood's model for the church. Six columns support the entablature at the west end. A copy of the Porch of the Maidens is stuck on each side of the east end with colossal terra-cotta statues of the maidens, who bear ewers in their hands and inverted torches, the emblem of death. Altogether it is a very peculiar church. The present Bishop of Chester, formerly Bishop of Stepney, the Right Reverend Stephen Paget, was rector here when I was bidden to perform a wedding here and first made its acquaintance, and was not impressed.

Near the old church were some famous wells which began their career in 1697 and flourished for a century. St. Pancras Station occupies the site of the springs, which furnished an amazing antidote to all kinds of diseases, such as the rising of the vapours, stone, gravel, scurvy, king's evil, leprosy, and all other breakings out and defilements of the skin. These are only some of the complaints for which the waters provided a certain cure. What a loss to Londoners were the closing of all these wonderful spas! There were divers amusements too, a long room and two pump rooms and a well-laid-out garden. You could drink the waters at a cost of 3d. per glass, or if you preferred other beverages you could join the fashionable company in drinking 'neat wines, curious

punch, and Dorchester, Marlborough and Ringwood beers'; and milk and cream and syllabubs fresh from the cow. The wells, however, had a rival in the Adam and Eve Gardens close by, where the viands and liquors and company were most select. Yet another spa attracted notice. It was close to Battle Bridge and named St. Chad's Well, which was probably originally a holy well with which some sanctity was associated. It attracted many visitors in the eighteenth century, including Dr. Abernethy, the uncouth and irascible surgeon, whose rudeness to patients induced them to believe in him. The establishment was always most respectable, which could not be said of the neighbouring Bagnigge Wells, which lay beyond our limits.

There are many things in this neighbourhood worthy of notice, far too many to be recorded here. There are the great railway stations, Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross, of which I think I prefer the quiet dignity of the great station of the London and North-Western, now the London, Midland and Scottish. St. Pancras is a fine station, the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, the design, I believe, having been originally intended for the building of the new Law Courts, and King's Cross, the starting-place of the London and North Eastern line, is an imposing structure. Close by is Gordon Square, where the weird religion known as the Catholic Apostolic Church holds sway. The building seems to claim connection with the old Catholic Faith, with its soaring Gothic Early English style, its 'Lady Chapel,' its triforium and internal decorations. It was erected seventy years ago, and is the chief abode of the sect called Irvingites. Edward Irving was a Presbyterian minister of great preaching power; but he was expelled from the National Church of Scotland, and proceeded to found this new religion with its curious organization which need not here be particularized.

I used to be familiar with this neighbourhood, as my father's cousin, Dr. Ditchfield, a great bibliophile, resided

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in Tavistock Street, Gordon Square. He was a great collector of books, title-pages, bookplates. He was a doctor of the University of Paris and spent much of his time in that city. His large library was sold at Sotheby's after his death and occupied three days for its disposal. His daughter married the late Mr. Philip Roget, who inherited from his father, Dr. Roget, that wonderful book, the *Thesaurus*, which has passed through endless editions, and is still being edited by his son, Mr. Samuel Romilly Roget. Dr. Ditchfield's only son was the late Mr. Arthur Ditchfield, an artist of distinction, who often exhibited in the Royal Academy, and whose paintings were presented to the nation after his death, and are exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. At Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, now pulled down, lived Charles Dickens from 1850 to 1860, and was the birthplace of *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*. On its site has been reared the palatial home of the Theosophical Society. We must look for an early home of the great novelist in No. 4, North Gower Street, whither we shall soon be wending, where he resided with his parents.

We cannot leave St. Pancras district without visiting the Foundling Hospital, especially so as the days of its present home are numbered, and the decree has gone forth that it is to be vacated. What is to happen to the institution and to its ancient home, is on the knees of the gods or in the minds of the governors. Its history is well known. Its founder was a kind-hearted sea-captain, Thomas Coram, who subsequently lived at Rotherhithe, and whose heart was grieved at the sight of so many unwanted infants deserted by their mothers and left to the tender mercies of the streets. So he determined to try to found a hospital for their reception and spent years in trying to enlist the sympathy of rich folk, who willingly responded to his appeal, including the wealthy Duke of Bedford. The founders began to work in a small way in Hatton Garden, but their house was far too limited for their purposes.

Hundreds of mothers brought their infants. Admission was given by ballot. A lucky mother who drew a white ball was allowed to leave her child. At length in 1742 the Governors purchased a large site from the Earl of Salisbury in Lamb's Conduit Fields and began to build the present hospital, which was opened two years later. A basket was hung outside the hospital gates in which mothers deposited their infants together with some token so that they might afterwards be identified if necessary. Foundlings were brought from all parts of the country and numbered thousands. Public sympathy was aroused. Artists led by Hogarth presented their pictures to the institution to adorn the walls, and a valuable collection was formed, including Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' 'Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter,' and a portrait of the kind founder, Captain Coram. Other artists who contributed were Kneller, Gainsborough, R. Wilson, Highmore, S. Wale, and there are many portraits. West's 'Christ presenting a little Child' is an altar-piece in the chapel. Handel was much interested in the institution, and his oratorio, 'The Messiah,' was performed there in 1750, when 'gentlemen were requested to attend without swords and ladies without hoops.' Good music had always been an attraction at the Foundling, and the public love to attend the services, hear the beautiful singing of the choir of children and also the sermons of many notable preachers who have acted as chaplains to the institution. It is pleasant to dwell on the story of this admirable Hospital which has saved the lives of thousands of children and started them on useful careers in life. All honour to the memory of good Captain Coram.

IT is stated on good authority that Bloomsbury as a residential district is beginning to recover its ancient splendour. Its ponderous houses and its stately squares, abandoned, when fashion moved westwards, to anxious landladies and impecunious students, are again looked on with favour by the class that lived in them a couple of generations ago. And indeed they might do worse. The houses are well built and designed by the best architects of a preceding age. They are conveniently situated, rather large perhaps for incomes that have been cut down so mercilessly by remorseless taxation, and moreover difficult to fill with an adequate troop of domestics in these days of dearth of servants. However that is a detail. Society cannot retreat further westward as in the good old days. Its march is stayed and its retreat cut off by uncongenial suburbs, by West Kensington, by Uxbridge Road and Ealing, and you can only go north to Hampstead, itself overcrowded, or go back to Bloomsbury, and its boarding-houses are being transformed again into homes.

Whence does it derive its name? The Lord of the Manor in the time of Henry III was one William Blemund. His name appears in many old deeds relating to the Hospital of St. Giles, and his property is described as 'Blemund's Land' or 'Blemund's Fee.' There was a Blemund's Ditch running nearly parallel with the north side of Holborn. Hence the property took the name Blemundsbury, which was corrupted by continuous use into Bloomsbury. So, although the land was open and the gorse bushes grew in abundance and bloomed in their golden glory, we cannot derive the name from their gorgeous blooms, but from this good Lord of the Manor in ancient days. As early as 1623 houses began to spring up where now the stately squares stand, but it was still very countrified, and Lord Macaulay states that this region was renowned in the

seventeenth century for 'peaches and for snipe.' The Dukes of Bedford acquired the estate at the end of the seventeenth century and they have left their mark well defined both on the history of England and on the map of London. We find earlier traces of the powerful family in the district of Covent Garden, which owes its buildings to their originality and wise forethought. That district, north of the Strand, belonged to the ducal family and is known as Bedfordsbury. After the Duke of Somerset, called the Protector, ended his shameless and adventurous career on the headman's block, it was granted to John, Duke of Bedford, where he built his town house, the first Bedford House. These Dukes have a habit of 'calling their lands (or rather their streets) after their own names.' Thus we have Tavistock Street, the title of the fifth Earl, created Marquis of Tavistock at the Restoration; Brydges Street and Chandos Street commemorating the marriage of the fourth Earl with Catherine, daughter of Charles Brydges, 3rd Lord Chandos. When London conceived the desire to expand, the Duke formed an aristocratic colony here and got Inigo Jones to build his piazza here and other notable buildings. It was a successful experiment and brought high rentals into the ducal treasury, as well as beautifying London by some architectural achievements.

Fortune favours the adventurous; but not by royal grant or state influence, not by wise forethought or sagacious action, did the region of Bedford Square come into possession of the Ducal House, but by a fortunate marriage. The Manor of Bloomsbury, of which Bedford Square forms a part, belonged to Henry, Earl of Southampton, and descended to his son and heir, Thomas Wriothesley, 4th Earl and Lord Treasurer to Charles II (not a very desirable post!), who held it to his death in 1668, when it became the property of Lady Rachel Russell, wife of the celebrated and unfortunate William, Lord Russell, who by his marriage brought it into the

Bedford family. Of the fate of that unhappy nobleman who met his death on the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields on the false charge of being concerned in the Rye House Plot, I need not write. The great house of the Earl of Southampton was called Southampton House (from which Southampton Street and Row take their names) and is described by Evelyn as 'standing rather low, has some good rooms, pretty cedar chapel and market garden in the north, and good air.' It has had several titles besides Southampton House, Russell House, Southampton Square and subsequently Bedford House. It was built from the designs of Inigo Jones, and was the town residence of the Dukes of Bedford for more than a century.

This house was demolished in 1800 by Francis, the 5th Duke of Bedford (1765-1802), in order that Bedford Square and Russell Square might come into being. His statue is in the centre of the latter and exhibits his fondness for agricultural pursuits, one hand on a plough, the other holding ears of corn, and attendant children.

It was the work of Westmacott, who also carved another statue of the Duke for Bedford Square, and as he was a great Whig politician the Duke ordered him to place a statue of Fox in Bloomsbury Square which was also his property.

This Duke sold the materials for £5,000, and his furniture and pictures were disposed of by Mr. Christie. Among these were Sir James Thornhill's copies of some of his own cartoons, Raphael's 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' Tenier's 'The Archduke Leopold's Gallery,' an Italian villa by Gainsborough, battle paintings by Cassanovi, a landscape by Cuyp, a bronze Venus de Medici and Antoninus, Venus Couchant and the painting of a duel between Lord Mahon and the Duke of Hamilton.

There were rows of lime trees leading to the house,

where Russell Square now stands. These also were sold. The chapel of Bedford House in 1790 was rented by Lockyer Davis, the celebrated printer and publisher of the eighteenth century, as a magazine for books. On the site of this ducal mansion Duke Francis caused to be erected Bedford Square and Russell Square, and the streets adjoining. As in the region of Bedfordsbury in the Strand, so here the Duke proceeded to call the streets by names connected with the family. Everything here commemorates the glory of the great ducal house. There is Tavistock Square, Chenies Street, Francis Street, Great Russell Street, besides the two squares already mentioned. Howland Street and Streatham Street record the marriage of the second duke with the daughter of John Howland of Streatham, in 1696. Gower Street and also Keppel Street commemorate his son who was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1756, and Torrington Square and Gordon Square perpetuate the memories of other Russell marriages. Woburn Square recalls the princely country home of the Dukes.

The Duke employed as his architect Thomas Leverton, who worked in somewhat the same style as the Brothers Adam, and was a most successful architect. No. 1, Bedford Square, is one of the most beautifully proportioned of the minor town houses in London. The doorway is much enriched and is a remarkable piece of work, and the interior is as charming as the outside, with its arched recesses and carved and decorated ceilings similar to Adam's work. The architect lived at No. 13. Over the door of nearly all the houses in the Square is a carved head of a man, bearded, with his face surrounded by curled hair. I know not who he is intended to represent, and no one seems able to inform me. The doorways of many houses are decorated by rows of jutting panels or imitation key-stones formed of what I believe architects term Coade's patent stone. The interior chambers of these houses are highly decorated. Ceilings

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and doors are painted delicately and we can imagine the stately companies assembled therein, the receptions and balls which used to be held in these luxurious rooms.

Lord Eldon, the celebrated Lord Chancellor, lived at No. 6 in Bedford Square, and caused exciting scenes there. He had rendered himself unpopular by his support of the Corn Bill. A mob pursued him to his house, broke the windows, tore down the railings: fortunately he, with his wife and children, escaped over a wall into the British Museum. The mob was dispersed by soldiers, but for three weeks his house was a garrison.

This house was famous for a secret visit of the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) who came to persuade the Chancellor to grant to his friend, the wit and boon convivial companion of the Prince, Mr. Jekyll, the post of Master in Chancery, a request which Lord Eldon had hitherto steadfastly refused. He was suffering from the gout and all visitors had been denied. But the Prince would take no refusal, forced the servants to show him the staircase and the room, and sat himself down by the Chancellor's bedside. He repeated the request. Lord Eldon refused again and again. At last the Prince exclaimed, 'How I do pity Lady Eldon!' 'Good God, what is the matter?' the Chancellor said. 'Oh, nothing,' answered the Prince, 'except that she will never see you again; for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery.' So the Chancellor gave in, and this story tells of the persistency of the Prince and his anxiety for the welfare of his friends, which is not a bad trait in the character of either prince or peasant.

The house was the official residence of the Lord Chancellor, and was inhabited by Lord Loughborough until 1790.

At the north-east corner of the Square, at No. 11, lived Henry Cavendish, a cadet of the illustrious family of

Cavendish, Dukes of Devonshire. He was a learned scientist, who lived here a secluded life, seldom visiting his family, but immensely rich. He was extremely shy, and was said to hate all women; but the beautiful Duchess Georgiana used to visit him, much to the annoyance of her husband, who regarded his relative as less than a gentleman because he worked. He died in his retreat in 1810. Perhaps his reputation as a misogynist was not quite correct, as Mr. Dasent discloses in his book on *Piccadilly* that after his death a large amount of jewels were found in his house, including a diamond stomacher, possibly relics of some secret romance of which the world had no cognizance. Adelaide Procter was born at No. 25, the daughter of B. W. Procter, better known as 'Barry Cornwall.' She was the grand-daughter of Basil Montagu, at whose house were held some curious gatherings described by Carlyle as 'a most singular social and spiritual menagerie.'

Russell Square was built about 1804 after the demolition of Bedford House, as I have said. Bolton House, No. 67, however, was earlier, having been built in 1763. It formerly stood by itself in the fields before the Square was formed and was known as Baltimore House. It has recently been pulled down.¹ The Square was a favourite haunt of the city merchants of the period. The east side of the Square is now occupied by the Russell and Imperial Hotels. It can boast of some names of note. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great artist, lived at No. 66, and a great lawyer, Sir Samuel Romilly, at No. 21, where he lost his wife in October, 1818, and overcome with sorrow committed suicide in November. A tablet marks his memory. Next door, No. 22, is the home of several learned societies, which I frequently attend, the Royal Historical Society, the British Archæological Society, and

¹ A view of this house is shown in Richardson and Gill's *London House* (Plate XLVIII).

others. Thackeray makes the Square live again by his heroes and heroines. It was to a house here in Bloomsbury (so writes the learned 'Penguin' in the *Observer*) that Miss Rebecca Sharp and Miss Amelia Sedley drove when they left Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, for the last time. Mr. Sedley lived in No. 96, Russell Square, and Thackeray shows us the prompt effect on the ambitious Rebecca of the solidity and comfort of her new surroundings. She lived for a fortnight in Russell Square, employing during that time a number of wiles that proved she would have liked to remain in or near Bloomsbury. Poor Amelia, too, was quite contented with her Bloomsbury home, but she and her family had to migrate to Putney after Mr. Sedley became a bankrupt, and the famous auction was held at the old house in Russell Square. Mr. Osborne also lived in Russell Square, across the way from the Sedleys, and his butler came to buy some of the famous Sedley port while Captain Dobbin was bidding for the piano. When Osborne removed little Georgy from his mother, Amelia used to trudge from her lodgings in Brompton and sit on a bench opposite the house in Russell Square in the hope of gaining a glimpse of her boy. It was to a Bloomsbury school that Georgy went. His grandfather, resolved upon making a gentleman of the little chap, sent him to the private seminary of the Rev. Lawrence Veal, of Hart Street, Bloomsbury, Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Bareacres, 'whose system did not embrace the degrading corporal severities still practised at the ancient places of education, and in whose family all pupils would find the elegancies of refined society and the confidence and affection of a home.'

Bloomsbury Square has an earlier date for its foundation than those I have already mentioned. It was commenced about 1666 and attained to the height of its prosperity at the close of the eighteenth century. An old print shows a view of the famous Square with Bedford House looking down upon it. The central portion is railed in, and there

are some beaux and belles in the foreground and a milk-maid driving cows. During the time when the manor of Bloomsbury was held by the Earls of Southampton it was called Southampton Square. Pope alludes to this once fashionable quarter of the town in his *Second Epistle of Second Book of Horace*:

‘In Palace Yard, at nine, you’ll find me there,
At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury Square.’

The Square is not so homogeneous as the others just mentioned, as the houses were not the work of one architect. There is an interesting house at No. 5, showing Palladian tendency, erected by Isaac Ware in 1750. Many illustrious folk have lived in this Square, which has many literary associations. Memorial tablets have happily been erected by the London County Council to mark their residences. The statue of Charles James Fox is in the central garden, erected by the Duke of Bedford, who pulled down Bedford House, a pronounced Whig, and great admirer of the statesman.

Isaac Disraeli, the great literary writer, author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, and many other learned works, resided at No. 6, Bloomsbury Square, and also his illustrious son Benjamin, the future Earl of Beaconsfield. We can imagine the bright boy playing with the other children in the central garden, or walking sedately with his brilliant father to the Church of St. George, Bloomsbury, which he usually attended, having severed his connection with Judaism.

Other residents in the Square were Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist divine, whose wife died here in 1681. The Earls of Chesterfield had a house here at No. 40. Mark Akenside, the tender poet and physician, author of the *Pleasures of Imagination* (1744), practised as a doctor here. Sir Charles Sedley, poet and M.P. for Romney, was here in 1691. Sir Richard Steele, member of the

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Kitcat Club, originator with Addison of the *Spectator*, lived here with his first wife for three years, 1712-15, and wrote here his charming articles in the *Advertiser* and *Guardian*, as well as in the *Spectator*. Sir Hans Sloane, physician, President of the Royal Society, was here from 1696 to 1742. Amidst such varying talent it is fitting that the Royal Society of Literature, founded by George IV in 1825, which celebrates its centenary in this year of grace, should hold its court at No. 2 in this Square.

At No. 5 lived the eccentric physician, Dr. Radcliffe, who had a large practice amongst the aristocracy of his time and at Court. He amassed great wealth, which he left to the University of Oxford for the foundation of a library and infirmary, which bear his name. A curious scene occurred outside his own door in the Square. Although he was so rich he was a 'thrifty soul,' and like Falstaff disliked paying his debts. He had employed a man to mend the pavement before his own door. The poor man could not get his payment. So one day he caught the doctor as he was about to descend from his chariot and demanded his wages. The doctor said: 'You rascal! do you expect to be paid for such bad work? You have spoiled my pavement and covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.'

'Well, doctor,' replied the man, 'mine is not the only bad work the earth covers!'

'You dog!' said the doctor, 'are you a wit? You must be poor. Come in,' and the bill was paid.

He got into some trouble at Court for not curing Queen Mary of smallpox, for refusing to attend Queen Anne, and for a certain freedom of expression to King William III.

Bloomsbury witnessed the tragedy of the Gordon Riots. Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England, had a house at the north-east corner of the Square where now stand Nos. 28 and 29. He was especially obnoxious to

the rioters, and Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge* gives a graphic account of the proceedings. The tale was this: – That the mob, gathering round Lord Mansfield's house, had called on those within to open the door, and receiving no reply (for Lord and Lady Mansfield were at that moment escaping by the back way) forced an entrance according to their usual custom. That they then began to demolish it with great fury, and setting fire to it in several parts, involved in a common ruin the whole of the costly furniture, the plate and jewels, a beautiful gallery of pictures, the rarest collection of manuscripts ever possessed by any one private person in the world, and worse than all, because nothing could replace this loss, the great Law Library, on almost every page of which were notes in the Judge's own hand, of inestimable value – being the results of the study and experience of his whole life. That while they were howling and exulting round the fire, a troop of soldiers, with a magistrate among them, came up, and being too late (for the mischief was by that time done), began to disperse the crowd. That the Riot Act being read and the crowd still resisting, the soldiers received orders to fire, and levelling their muskets shot dead at the first discharge six men and a woman, and wounded many persons; and loading again directly, fired another volley, but over the people's heads it was supposed, as none were seen to fall. That thereupon, and daunted by the shrieks and tumult, the crowd began to disperse, and the soldiers went away: leaving the killed and wounded on the ground: which they had no sooner done than the rioters came back again, and taking up the dead bodies, and the wounded people, formed into a rude procession, having the bodies in the front. That in this order, they paraded off with a horrible merriment; fixing weapons in the dead men's hands to make them look as if alive; and preceded by a fellow ringing Lord Mansfield's dinner-bell with all his might.

The whole house was wrecked, and the destruction of

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that great library, with all the manuscripts which Lord Mansfield had collected, was a loss, not only personal, but to the nation and for all time.

There was another great house in this region, the successor of which has obtained a world-wide reputation and is known wherever learning is prized and civilization reigns. I refer to Montagu House, upon the site of which the British Museum now stands. Again we must turn to the pages of Evelyn's Diary for a description of this wonderful house, one of the noblest in London. Evelyn records that he had visited the house on October 10, 1683, 'a palace lately built by Lord Montague, who had married the most beautiful Countess of Northumberland. It is a stately and ample palace. Signior Verrio's fresca paintings, especially the funeral pile of Dido on the stayrecase, the labours of Hercules, fight with the Centaurs, Effeminacy with Dejanira, and Apotheosis or reception among the gods, on the walls and roofe of the great roome above, I think exceed anything he has yet done, both for designe, colouring, and exuberance of invention, comparable to the greatest of the old masters, or what they so celebrate at Rome. In the rest of the chamber are some excellent paintings of Holbein and other masters. The garden is large and in good aire, but the fronts of the house not answerable to the inside. The Court at entrie and wings for offices seem too neare the streete, and that so very narrow and meanly built that the corridor is not in proportion to the rest, to hide the court from being overlooked by neighbours, all which might have been prevented had they placed the house further into the ground, of which there was enough to spare. But on the whole it is a fine place, built after the French pavilion way by Mr. Hooke, the Curator of the Royal Society.'

This Robert Hooke was a contemporary of Wren, three years his junior. He was almost as versatile as Wren, and a great mathematician. He designed three important buildings, all of which have vanished, the old Bethlem

Hospital, Aske's Hospital at Hoxton, and this Montagu House. It did not last long, as it was burned down in 1686. 'This happened,' says Evelyn, 'by the negligence of a servant airing, as they call it, some of the goods by the fire in a moist season; indeed so wet and mild a winter had scarce been seen in man's memory.' A graphic description of the fire is given by Lady Rachel Russell, whom we have met before at Southampton House, and who tells us how the smoke reached her dwelling, and concludes her narrative: 'Thus we see what a day brings forth and how momentary the things are we set our hearts upon.'

Lord Montagu rebuilt the house, employing the French architect Puget, and French artists to paint the ceilings and laying out the gardens in the French style. It was like a French château transported to England. It has all vanished now and need not be described here. Subsequently it passed to Lord Halifax, and from him it was acquired by the State as the nucleus of the British Museum. This great institution owes its initiation to the amazing energy of Sir Hans Sloane, whose name has often appeared in this book. He attained to great distinction, amassed a large natural-history collection which he bequeathed to the nation, and to house this the State purchased Montagu House. It is interesting to trace the history of the institution from these beginnings, the primitive rules for the admission of visitors (only ten persons were allowed to enter at one time!), the disappearance of Montagu House, the new building designed by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., pronounced 'not unworthy of the noble collections within its walls.' Then there was the great work of Sir Anthony Pinazzi, Keeper of Printed Books, and designer of the grand circular Reading Room which many of us know so well, the influx of great collections of books, such as that of George III, stored in the 'King's Library,' the growth of the various Departments, manuscripts, prints and drawings, antiquities, Egyptian and Oriental, British and

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mediæval, coins and medals. All these are of amazing interest, and we bow our heads to those who have made



the British Museum what it is, to the generous donors, and to its skilled and learned officials, some of whom I have had the honour and pleasure of knowing, and who have

maintained the reputation of English learning throughout the civilized world.

This Bloomsbury which we have been visiting is in the parish of St. George's, Bloomsbury, which was separated from the ancient parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The new church was built in 1724 on land in Hart Street presented by Lady Rachel Russell, whose acquaintance we have already made, and whose husband was so foully done to death by a judicial murder in the reign of Charles II. Hawksmoor, a pupil of Wren, was selected as the architect of the new church. He was a very competent architect, a friend of Gibbs who built St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the design of which seems to have greatly influenced him in the planning of this church. There is the same handsome portico, the pediment being supported by six Corinthian pillars, forming a very fine feature of the structure. But – the steeple! Much satire has been expended upon it by many critics. Walpole describes it as a masterpiece of absurdity. The tower is crowned by a sort of miniature temple composed of Corinthian columns and pediments, and then arises a series of steps guarded at the base by lions and unicorns protecting the royal crown, and then above all, where one might expect a cross, is the statue of George I, robed in classic garb. Never were Church and State so curiously combined, or such a strange symbol of Erastianism devised. The statue was evidently placed there as a compliment to the first sovereign of the House of Hanover, perhaps to curry court-favour, but it remains a disgraceful instance of appalling bad taste. No wonder the following epigram was devised by the critics:

'When Henry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
The Protestants made him the head of the Church;
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
Instead of the Church made him head of the steeple.'

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In the church there is a memorial of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, whose mansion the wretched Gordon rioters burned in Bloomsbury Square, which shameless deed has already been described.

OXFORD STREET, BAYSWATER AND
NOTTING HILL

WE must now be prepared for a long journey. Oxford Street is a lengthy and not a very interesting thoroughfare. True it is a street of shops, large and crowded emporiums, to delight the eyes of the fair dames who stay to gaze at the triumphs of the art of window-dressing; but we know naught of these follies – for this daring statement may I be forgiven! In the streets that open from the main road there are some houses and objects that invite interest. There is the Pantheon (now Messrs. Gilbey's wine stores), to which reference has been made, the rival of such places as Almacks and Mrs. Cornelys's Carlisle House in Soho Square, though the present building is the third that has stood upon this site, fire having played havoc with its predecessors.

It has been pointed out that Oxford Street takes its name from Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, and has no relation with the University. It represents part of the course of the old Roman road that led to Staines and Silchester, and formerly bore the unpleasant name of the Road to Tyburn. Along its course many unhappy victims have been dragged on hurdles to the fatal 'Tyburn Tree' from Newgate Prison. It was a veritable *Via Dolorosa*, this three miles of rough and miry way. Some few are privileged to ride on horseback, but most of these criminals are borne along in carts which sometimes carry their coffins, though these were not needed in many cases, as after the due sentence had been carried out the bodies were gibbeted.

Terrible is the sight of this awful, dismal procession which winds its weary way along this gallows-road. Many are hardened criminals who jest as they halt at the Hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where 'they are presented with a great bowl of ale, thereof to drink at their pleasure, as to be their last refreshment in this life.' There they go in batches of ten, or fifteen, or twenty, highwaymen decked

out in their gay clothes, apparently cheerful and laughing, prepared to make a 'good end,' which shall be related on broadsheets and sold to the crowd. There are women too, many shameless and degraded, chaffing the bystanders with rude, coarse jests, and others weeping and wailing and praying – all borne along to the last dread scene of their mortal life. And the spectators – are they moved by sympathy for the victims? There are crowds. The whole length of Tyburn road is thronged. Hundreds have been waiting all through the night to see the spectacle. The windows and roofs of the houses along the line of the street are thronged. Shameless men and women are shouting and swearing and cursing and drinking. The ballad-sellers are calling their wares, 'Dying Confession of Dick Grove, the Highwayman, etc.,' 'The Last Words of William Sadler.' There is a chaplain in one of the carts who is trying to whisper words of comfort to a poor girl who is weeping and kneeling.

And so the sad procession moved on until it came to the fatal spot where the dread triple or triangular gallows stood. Where was that? Mr. Alfred Marks, the author of *Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals*, is, I suppose, the chief authority on this gruesome subject. He quotes a statement made in a recent book: 'It was customary to vary the position of the gallows of Tyburn from time to time, but we may roughly put its approximate position where the Marble Arch now stands.' This Mr. Marks states is an error, arising from the notion that, as in modern times, the gallows was set up for some special occasion and then taken down and laid up until next it was wanted. This was not the case at Tyburn. There the gallows was a permanent structure, and an examination of Norden's, Rocque's and other maps reveals that its position was not close to the Marble Arch but at the juncture of Oxford Street and the Edgware Road. This was taken down in 1759 and gave place to a movable gallows which was put up when required. The first gallows began its

career in 1170; hence the Tyburn tree had an existence of about 600 years. The last execution took place at Tyburn in 1783, when John Austin, convicted of robbing John Spicer and cutting and wounding him in a cruel manner, was hanged, after requesting the gathered crowd to pray for the salvation of his departing soul. The method of hanging was simple. The culprit stood in a cart, the halter was fastened round his neck, and then the cart was drawn away and strangulation took place. Sometimes death was by no means instantaneous, especially when the noose slipped to the back of the neck, and then the spectators or friends would hang on to the legs of the victim in order to produce the desired result. It all seems very barbarous and terrible, and the inventor of the drop must be deemed a benefactor to culprits. At least one of these escaped. It was the custom to hand over some of the bodies to the doctors for dissecting purposes. The body of one victim was given to the surgeons of Barber-Surgeons' Hall; to the astonishment of the company the man revived. They nursed him and cared for him and restored him to health, subscribed some money and sent him off to the East, where he prospered; and in return for their kindness he sent to the surgeons a leather screen, which you can see to this day in Barber-Surgeons' Hall.

Not all Tyburn's victims were thieves and coiners and knights of the road. Some were men of high degree, the victims of political persecution, or the supporters of lost causes. A few names may be mentioned. The gallant Scottish hero, or, as he is commonly called in the chronicles, 'the Man of Belial,' William Wallace, was hanged at Tyburn on a very high gallows specially made for the occasion. Edward I believed in the efficacy of a high gallows for killing 'traitors.' In the reign of Richard II, a Chief Justice who resembled the iniquitous Judge Jeffreys of a later date, one Tresilian, and Nicholas Brembre, the ambitious Lord Mayor, met their fate at Tyburn. Of humble men the death-roll is endless. Here in 1447 a

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batch of five, the son of a duke, a knight, two squires and a yeoman, were hanged, but the ropes were cut and none were killed, and the Duke of Suffolk brought to them the King's pardon – a somewhat narrow escape! Here came Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, a nun, two monks and two lay-brothers of Canterbury, and two clergymen, and suffered the supreme penalty. It is too ghastly and terrible to record here the full details of these horrible executions. For denying the King's supremacy countless monks died miserably at Tyburn. The slaughter of Protestants during the brief triumph of Roman Catholicism was equally terrible, though the fires at Smithfield relieved much the gallows at Tyburn; but the latter was fully occupied by the execution of Campion and the seminary priests who toured the country advocating the assassination of the Queen. Victims were sent here by the Parliament and Cromwell, and after the Restoration some of the regicides suffered here, and the dead bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were dragged from their tombs at Westminster, hanged on the gallows, and buried beneath Tyburn tree, save that their heads were set on the top of Westminster Hall. Cromwell's skull is preserved in the house of a clergyman. It would take too long to tell how it was blown down one stormy night, fell at the foot of a passenger, who took it up, concealed it, and after some wanderings came into the possession of the gentleman who now keeps it, and who resents any suggestion that the gruesome relic should be decently interred.

Titus Oates, the rascally inventor of the Popish Plot, brought many victims to the fatal tree by his lying stories and depositions after the murder of Sir Edmond Godfrey. I need not record their names. It is well to know that this wretch suffered for his perjury. Tyburn possessed a pillory as well as a gallows, and there and in other places Oates received some portion of the reward of his iniquity, having been whipped from Newgate to this dread spot. Sir Thomas Armstrong was hanged for participating in

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the Rye House Plot, and poor Mrs. Gaunt was burned for sheltering an outlaw in 1685, 'the last woman who suffered death for a political offence,' as Macaulay states. The execution of Lord Ferrers, in 1760, who shot his steward in a fit of homicidal madness, was quite a grand affair. The poor nobleman was a dangerous lunatic, and in these days would have been confined during His Majesty's pleasure in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. He was allowed to ride in his own coach, drawn by six horses. He was gaily attired in his wedding suit, and a grand procession conducted him to Tyburn from the Tower, the Sheriffs in their coaches, his lordship's friends in a coach-and-six, a hearse-and-six to convey the body of the Earl to Surgeons' Hall. Besides there were soldiers and constables. No wonder Londoners flocked in crowds to see the great sight, the apotheosis of criminal punishment. It was the privilege of noblemen to be hanged with a silken cord, but it is uncertain whether Lord Ferrers availed himself of his right. I need not prolong the list of Tyburn's victims. In spite of the opinion of Dr. Johnson, these public executions wrought with such awful barbarity must have tended to brutality. They exercised an extraordinary fascination for some people. That curious wit, George Augustus Selwyn, never missed an execution. Public opinion, I feel sure, would agree to the abolition of these public hangings, and it is well that they should take place behind the closed doors of prisons so long as they are necessary to restrain the vicious and diminish crime.

Nigh the spot where such amazing cruelties have been inflicted stands the Marble Arch, of which Londoners need not be especially proud. It is a caricature of the Arch of Constantine and was originally designed by Nash as an approach to Buckingham Palace. When the Palace was enlarged it was removed hither, and since the alterations were made at this corner of Hyde Park, in order to accommodate the ever-increasing traffic, it has been made to stand solitary and forlorn and discharging no useful

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function. The fine bronze gates should be admired, and the sculptured groups, on the north side by Westmacott, on the south side by Baily.

Passing westwards we are travelling on the Bayswater Road. I was a little troubled about the derivation of the name, but all writers conclude that it is connected with Baynard, a follower of William the Conqueror, from whom



the old Baynard's Castle on the south-west corner of the City wall also takes its name. Miss Gladstone informs us¹ that this warrior held lands at Paddington from the Abbot of Westminster. So the stream which we have known as Westbourne was called Baynard's Watering during part of its course, a name corrupted to Bayswater, which eventually gave its title to the whole district. It is very modern

¹ *Notting Hill in Bygone Times*, p. 165.

this Bayswater, in spite of its ancient lineage. A few houses clustered round the Bayswater Conduit at the beginning of the last century. It could boast of its Bayswater Tea Gardens, styled the 'New Bagnigge Wells,' which were opened towards the end of the eighteenth century in the grounds of Sir John Hill, a botanist and medical man. His brother doctors considered him a quack and charlatan, who cultivated medicinal plants from which he prepared tinctures, balsams, and 'water-dock essence.' The 'Wells' had several springs of water, which had no healing properties, and the Spa was spurious, as Dr. Sunderland tells us in his book, *Old London's Spas, Baths and Wells*, but no doubt it attracted visitors to the pleasure gardens. There are some curious old prints of 'The New Bagnigge Wells' of the date 1796, showing some funny-looking people greatly enjoying their tea-drinking, and a waiter pouring boiling water from a kettle on the shins of an irate old man who is raising his cane to thrash the careless scoundrel, who looks as if his act was not quite unintentional. These Wells stood on the site where the Victorian Age produced the striking but uninteresting houses of Lancaster Gate.

It was not a very safe road to traverse this way west of Tyburn tree in the eighteenth century. It was 'frequently infested at night-time by robbers and other wicked and evil-disposed persons, and robberies, outrages and violence are committed thereon.' So says the Act of Parliament (1714), authorizing the collection of tolls for repairing and amending the highways between Tyburn and Uxbridge.¹ The part of the road opposite Lancaster Gate seems to have been the most dangerous, as robbers hid themselves under the shade of trees which overhung the wall enclosing Kensington Gardens.² The records of outrages and robberies are voluminous. Highwaymen plied their trade with every success in the dark lane when

¹ Quoted by Miss Gladstone in *Notting Hill in Bygone Times*.

² *Ibid.*

watchmen were few and inefficient. These 'knights of the road' (as these blackguards were called), about whom a certain air of romance has since been breathed, were in collusion with the inn-keepers, and the 'Coach and Horses,' now 108, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, and the George Inn in Church Street, were frequented by them; and the landlords shared with the highwaymen the spoil. Not only at Tyburn but at several places along this road were gibbets set up from which the bodies of these criminals hung, and as these were left to rot for a long time and were hanged in chains which creaked in the wind, it may be imagined that the road was not a very cheerful way on a winter's evening. Presently, in 1769, a toll-gate was set up near the place where the Notting Hill Gate Station now is, and oil lamps were lighted here and there, which seemed only to make 'the darkness more visible.' The old toll-bar is still recalled in the name Notting Hill Gate, a fact of which few of the crowds of daily passengers are aware. We have already tried to explode the theory commonly expounded in early topographical works that the first word is derived from the nut trees that used to abound here, conjuring up pretty pictures of London citizens picnicking beneath the aboreal shades and gathering nuts. The name of the manor was in ancient times Knottynghull,¹ and in order to understand the early conditions of the district it is necessary to refer to the whole undivided Domesday manor of Chenesitun or Kensington. This was granted by the Conqueror to Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, and was held under him by 'Albericus de Ver,' or in plain English, Aubrey de Vere, as tenant. After the death of the bishop, this Aubrey obtained the manor in his own right. So Kensington became the only manor outside London City which was held by a layman. Fulham, Westminster, Chelsea, Paddington, Tyburn (now St. Marylebone), Bloomsbury, St. Giles, and all the parishes north of the City, with Stepney

¹ *Patent Rolls*, A.D. 1361.

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on the east, belonged to canons, deans, bishops, priors, abbots, prioresses or abbesses.¹ Kensington alone belonged to a layman. These De Veres were a very powerful family and became Earls of Oxford. They were no relations of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, who owned Tyburn Manor and gave the name to Oxford Street, nor of the modern Earl of Oxford and Asquith, nor of Tennyson's 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' who

‘tried to break a yeoman’s heart
Before you went to Town.’

But Kensington did not remain entirely lay. Aubrey had a son named Geoffrey, who was a sickly lad and had been kindly treated by Fabricius, Abbot of Abingdon, in our delectable county of Berks. So Geoffrey, on his deathbed, begged his father to give a part of the large manor of Kensington with the advowson of the church to this Abingdon abbot in return for the kindness shown to him. This was done, and the monastery became possessed of this separate manor, and the church of St. Mary became, as it is this day, ‘St. Mary Abbots,’ and there is an Abingdon Road and Abingdon Villas and other traces of our old Berkshire Abbey. Abingdon House has somewhat recently disappeared in order to make room for Cheniston Gardens. The rest of the original manor remained to the De Veres, and we have Earl’s Court, marking the property of the Earls of Oxford, West Town on the west of the Abbot’s Manor, and Notting or Knotting Hill on the north. It would be interesting to trace the descent of these manors and record the names of their owners, but that would require many volumes, and is entirely outside the purpose of this book.

How Holland House came into the scheme of things will be told when we record the story of that remarkable mansion. Suffice it to say here that Abbot’s Manor was acquired by Sir Walter Cope, whose heiress married Sir

¹ Loftie’s *Kensington*.

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Henry Rich, son of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, and he was created Earl of Holland by James I, and through his wife became owner of the mansion which still bears his name.

At first sight Notting Hill seems to possess few features of interest, but it is not devoid of memories. Where St. John's Church now stands there was a racecourse called the Hippodrome. On the site of the church was the grand-stand, and the course is now covered by Clarendon Road, Cornwall Road, Portobello Road, Horbury Terrace and Ladbroke Square. Ladbroke was named after Richard Ladbroke, who held much land here, and the family has left its mark upon the district. Those who wish to follow all the changes in this district should read Miss Gladstone's *Notting Hill in Bygone Days*, which records very closely each shop and house with their owners' names. There seems to have been plenty of inns and pleasure gardens in the district. The old Plough Inn still remains, though in new guise.

There are some notable houses on the left of the road after passing the rows of shops. There is a steep hill known as Campden Hill, and on its summit is Campden House. It was originally built by Lord Campden, better known as Sir Baptist Hicks, but unfortunately burned down in 1862 and rebuilt. He gained the land on which it was built from Sir Walter Cope in a game at cards. Hicks was a city merchant and built a hall in Clerkenwell, whence all the distances on the great roads were measured. James I gave him a peerage, the title of which he took from his Gloucestershire property at Chipping Campden. He died enormously rich and left his house to his only child, who married a Noel. We need not follow the history of the family further. During the Commonwealth period Lord Campden lived at the house, and had to pay an enormous fine to the Parliament for so doing. His father-in-law was a very gallant soldier, Lord Lindsay, who lived here during the Commonwealth period, and was ever a loyal

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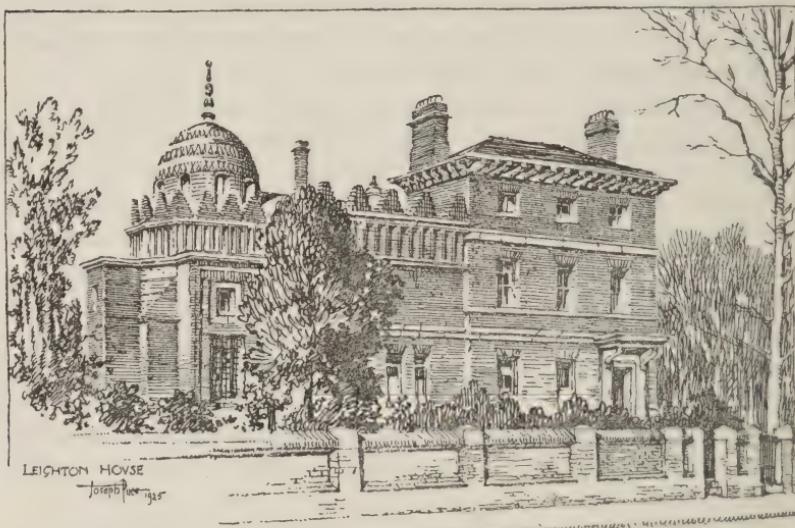
adherent to the royal cause. Lord Campden left an only daughter, who married Lord Clifford, and he was created Earl of Burlington.

Campden House, in the meantime, became a royal palace, as it was let to the Princess Anne, who married Prince George of Denmark. The Princess had many children, but only one remained to her, the charming and precocious child, William Henry, styled Duke of Gloucester. It is a pathetic story, as told by his servant Jenkin Lewis, how the boy loved playing at soldiers and beating drums, and was extraordinarily clever for his age, and to his mother's passionate grief died in her arms on July 30, 1700. Lady Burlington came to live at Campden House with her only son, Richard Earl of Burlington (with half a dozen other titles), a youth who became famous for his love of architecture, which doubtless he imbibed from his living in such a fine specimen of Jacobean work as Campden House. Environment has much to answer for. The house has had many changes of ownership since then, and as I have said it was destroyed by fire, but rebuilt. There is a separate house said to have been built by Wren, called Little Campden House, for the accommodation of the suite of the Princess Anne, and it has been occupied by some eminent people whose names need not be recorded here.

Adjoining Campden House is Bullingham House, now a ladies' school, wherein Sir Isaac Newton is said to have lived and died, but there seems to have been some confusion as to his actual residence. Aubrey House seems to recall the memory of the De Veres, but the name is modern. It is believed to be the old manor house of Notting Hill. Berkeley and Sheffield Gardens mark the site of houses that have disappeared. Scarsdale House has had some history. It was probably built in the reign of James II by John Curzon and called after the home of his ancestors in Derbyshire. There are other houses which should be mentioned, Argyll Lodge, the house of the

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Dukes of Argyll, and Airlie Lodge, that of the Earl of Airlie. It was called, also, Holly Lodge, where Lord Macaulay (1856-59) lived and wrote his great history. There are some fine fireplaces, including a carved alabaster piece brought from Loseley. The gardens of Holland Park used to descend to the Bayswater or Uxbridge Road, separated from it by palings. About 1857 the north-west corner of the park was sold to Messrs.



Radford Brothers, who built the large houses known as Holland Park, in one of which it has been my privilege to visit since very youthful days.

A little further down the road on the right hand is the Royal Crescent, composed of well-built modern dwellings. Addison Road is named after the distinguished Joseph Addison, who married the widow of the sixth Lord Holland, without much increase in his happiness, and lived at Holland House. It is a tradition that this was his favourite walk. In Holland Park Road there is a colony of

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artists. This road was formerly known as St. Mary Abbot's Mews. Here is the wonderful house of the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton, with its Arab Hall and fountain, adorned with oriental carving and stained glass, and with many paintings of the great artists. It has had some anxious moments since the painter's death, and has looked for several persons and bodies to preserve it and make it useful; and at last I believe it has been purchased by the Kensington Council and trust that its safety has been secured. This district rivals the artistic colony of St. John's Wood or Chelsea, and here are living or have lived and worked Mr. Luke Fildes, William Burges, R.A., Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the sculptor, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and other famous men in the artistic world.

Addison Road has the Church of St. Barnabas, erected in 1830, when the revival of Gothic architecture produced many London churches, somewhat indifferent imitations of the various mediæval styles. In Addison Road North is the Church of St. James, Norland. St. John's, Notting Hill, is the most favoured church with regard to situation, standing as it does on the summit of the hill, whence there is a fine view. It has a good spire and was consecrated in 1845. Near it is another church, St. Peter's, Bayswater, built in the Renaissance style with a handsome portico, columns and an entablature, and a sort of Wren spire. The interior is ornate, and there many years ago I used to listen to the oratorical sermons of Dr. Robbins, whose son is the vicar of St. George's Church, Campden Hill. There are many other churches in this neighbourhood, some of which I may notice later on, if there should be any remarkable features. In the north of Notting Hill there used to be several rookeries and miserable dwellings, an old-time pottery works, colonies of gipsies, and bad and insanitary housing. Anglicans and Roman Catholics and Ministers of all denominations have striven to civilize and Christianize these people and much good has been

done. In the potteries district there is the Church of St. Francis d'Assisi, and on their site is a good open space, Avondale Park, which is a great boon to the inhabitants of the mean streets. I do not propose to proceed further down the Uxbridge Road. It possesses no features of interest unless you are minded to visit the White City, which report says is again opening its doors, though it cannot rival Wembley.

A quaint, curious, and fanciful novel has been written by my friend, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, entitled *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*. He makes his hero, Adam Wayne, say in answer to a query as to whether he thought the Cause of Notting Hill very absurd: 'Why should I? Notting Hill is a rise or high ground of the common earth, on which men have built houses to live in, in which they are born, fall in love, pray, marry and die. These little gardens where we told our loves, these little streets where we brought out our dead - why should they be commonplace? Why should they be absurd? There has never been anything in the world absolutely like Notting Hill. There will never be anything like it till the crack of doom. And God loved it as He must surely love anything which is itself and unreplaceable.'

HOLLAND HOUSE

THE early history of Kensington has already been told from the time of the Doomsday Survey. It has many modes of spelling in the course of its history. Kemble gives it as Cenesingas, and other forms are Kenesitune, Chensnetun, Kensitune. It was held in Saxon times by a thane named Edwin, who held ten hides, and as I have said it was given by the Conqueror to the Bishop of Coutances, and then to the De Veres who, according to Leland, could trace their descent as far back as the Patriarch Noah! We have seen how Aubrey de Vere gave a portion of the whole undivided manor to the Abbey of Abingdon, and this at the dissolution of the monasteries came to King Henry VIII. It is this portion which concerns Holland House. A remarkable man came into the history of Kensington in the time of the Tudors. This was Sir Walter Cope, a man of good family, which had been long seated at Hanwell Castle in Oxfordshire, the remains of which I have seen. According to Leland it was 'a very pleasant and gallant house.' In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were two brothers: the elder, Sir Anthony Cope, lived at Bramshill, which soon became one of the most beautiful residences in North Hants, having been built by Lord Zouch in the early years of the reign of James I, Thorpe being the architect, and in all probability it was intended for the residence of the Prince of Wales, elder son of that monarch, who died young.¹ The other brother, Sir Walter Cope, lived in London, held various offices under the Crown, was a favourite of James I, who made him Chamberlain of the Exchequer. He bought portions of the parish of Kensington: the Earl's Court manor he bought from the Argyll family, and all West

¹ Sir Anthony Cope, a descendant, now owns the old house, whose half-brother, John Hautenville Cope, is a friend and colleague of mine in many undertakings.

Town manor, and he received a grant of the Abbot's manor from Queen Elizabeth.

The manor-house was too small for the ambitious owner; so Sir Walter set himself to build a new mansion, called 'Cope's Castle', which forms part of Holland House. It was finished in 1607, but was certainly inhabited in 1606, as Dudley Carleton wrote on May 11, 1606, to John Chamberlayn, saying: 'Lady Norris is at Cope Castle separated from her husband.' And again Chamberlayn wrote to Carleton, July 7, 1608: 'Went with Lady Fanshawe and the company to visit Cope Castle. Sir Walter Cope grows more and more into the great lord.' In 1612, when Henry, Prince of Wales, was on his deathbed, the King came to Sir Walter's to be nearer him than he was at Theobald's, but he did not like the house. 'The wind,' he said, 'blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed.'¹ Thorpe, the great architect of country houses, is supposed to have been the builder, and the plan of Holland House is amongst his drawings in the Soane Museum; but Lord Ilchester, the present noble owner of the house, points out the writing on the plan: 'Sir Walter Coap at Kensington prfected by me. J.T.' Horace Walpole read this 'erected by me,' which must have been a wrong conclusion. Lord Ilchester concludes, therefore, that whoever built the earlier portion, Thorpe at least erected the additions, namely, the wings, terraces and arcades.

The house was built of red brick, and Bath stone was used for the mullions of the windows, for various ornaments, and the coping. On the south side there is a staircase, a hall and the 'Great Chamber' above it, and on the north two parlours, a withdrawing room and a buttery. There are two stories above, with attics and basement. The two wings have several narrow rooms, that on the west consisting of larders and kitchens, with the long and

¹ *London Past and Present.*

attractive library above. They are flanked on the south with arcades and terraces. The arcades consist of open arches, supporting terraces on the level of the rooms on the first floor, and have stone balconies of fleurs-de-lis, part of the arms of the Copes. There was a chapel at the north-east corner of the house, to which access was gained through the 'White Parlour.' The Princess Liechenstein wrote a history of Holland House, which I had the privilege of studying in a friend's house in Holland Park. She states that several members of the family were married here, and that it was destroyed by fire. You can see the traces of an arch revealing its former position, and some relics are preserved in the hall. Outside the curved gables show the signs of Dutch influence, and it is known that Thorpe based much of his work on Dutch models.

Sir Walter Cope was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to James I and had married the daughter of Richard Grenville of Wootton. He had an only child, a daughter, Isabel, who married Sir Henry Rich, created Baron Kensington and then Earl of Holland. Sir Henry was a friend of Prince Henry, whom he accompanied to Spain in search of a wife. He was the second son of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, and Penelope, daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, and great-grandson of Lord Chancellor Rich, who under Henry VIII had purchased his preferment at the price of Sir Thomas More's death. He was a favourite of the Duke of Buckingham, who introduced him to the Cope family. A very handsome man, he was much admired at Court, and was sent to France to arrange a marriage between Prince Charles and the Princess Henrietta Maria. It is said that after coming to England as Queen she greatly admired the Earl's handsome presence and courtly manners, and that her attention to him raised jealous feelings in the King's heart. At any rate, Charles treated him somewhat discourteously and his loyalty wavered. He wanted to be Lord High

Admiral, but my Lord of Northumberland was appointed. He retired in disgust to his home, and when the contest between King and Parliament broke out his loyalty wavered and he threw in his lot with the Roundheads. To Holland House came the leaders of the disaffected and discussed their plans for the war. However, his heart was really on the side of Church and King, and in 1647 he boldly declared his faith in the Royal cause. This was too much for the rebels and proved fatal to him. He was placed in 'confinement at his house in Kensynton,' brought to trial before the High Court by his former companions in arms, who showed no mercy, and he was condemned to death. His execution soon followed. He was escorted by the troops of the Parliament to Palace Yard, Westminster, on March 9, 1648-9, and there died bravely. Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion* states that he met his death with great fortitude. He went to the scaffold wearing a white satin waistcoat and wore a satin cap decked with silver lace. He addressed the executioner: 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone. Here's ten pounds for thee, and that is better than my clothes, and when you take up my head, do not take off the cap.' So perished the first Earl of Holland. His headless body is said to revisit the scenes of his former triumphs, and to walk at night through the rooms he so magnificently decorated; but Lord Ilchester adds: 'with the lapse of years his spirit seems laid to rest.'

Holland House then passed into the occupation of the Roundhead leaders. General Fairfax made it his headquarters, and Cromwell and Ireton came to visit him; and in order to discuss important matters out of reach of prying ears they used to meet in a field outside the house, and they discussed matters in secret, a difficult matter owing to the deafness of the latter. However, soon the widowed Countess was allowed to return to her home and lived there with her family till her death. It is interesting

to note that as during the Commonwealth all theatres were closed as haunts of vice and sin, plays were sometimes acted in large private houses. Here in Holland House many plays were performed, the Countess, in spite of the tragedy of her husband's death, being a lady given to hospitality, who tried to cheer the hearts of her friends 'until this tyranny was overpassed.' She died in 1655 and the second Earl was a cousin who lived here and died in 1675. The third heir was Edward, Lord Holland and Warwick, who married Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk, and died in 1701. His widow married the famous literary man, Joseph Addison. The marriage was not a happy one. There were continual quarrels, and I think it was Dr. Johnson who wrote: 'Holland House, altho' a large house, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace.' Though successful beyond his dreams as a writer and as a politician, domestic bliss was not for him. He wrote much at Holland House, and is said to have walked the long gallery with a bottle of wine at each end, which he finished during the throes of composition. It is said that the bad treatment of his wife hastened his end. He died in 1719 of asthma and dropsy in the room on the first floor, which now bears his name. Calling for his stepson, of whom he was very fond, he invited him to see how a Christian should die, and bidding him to live like a Christian. The young lord did not live long enough to practise Addison's instructions and died in 1721.

The property descended to his first cousin, William Edwardes, who was created Baron Kensington in 1776, who was descended on his mother's side from the Rich family, but the titles became extinct in 1759.

The old house was let to various tenants, and nearly became a royal palace, as William III came to view it, but for some reason preferred Nottingham House, now Kensington Palace. Henry Fox at length acquired the mansion, and repaired it considerably. He was created

Baron Holland, and was a member of a Wiltshire family. His sire was Sir Stephen Fox, who left two sons; the elder, Stephen, became Earl of Ilchester, the younger was the purchaser of this house, became Baron Holland, and the father of the distinguished statesman (and gambler), Charles James Fox. This Henry Fox took great pity upon the old house and repaired its ruinous wall, embellished the gardens, enclosed the park, and was ever making improvements. Here is a contemporaneous account of his proceedings: 'Mr. Fox gave a great ball, last week, at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house, and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles I's Queen.'

This Fox made a splendid marriage with Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. Of course there was a row and violent opposition and estrangement; but all came right in the end and 'they lived happily ever afterwards.' At least it may be said that when her husband died she found the world an empty place and followed him in twenty-three days into the unseen land. Their eldest son, Stephen, succeeded to the title and estate, and the second we have met several times in the clubs of St. James's Street and the Haymarket, the brilliant statesman and the confirmed gambler. The following story is told of the father: During his last illness George Selwyn called and left his card; Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked, 'If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he would like to see me.'

Stephen, Baron Holland, left a very youthful son, who when he was only about twenty years of age and was travelling in Italy, fell violently in love with a lady who unfortunately for him had already been married. This was Lady Webster, the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, of

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Battle Abbey. She was a very beautiful and fascinating woman, and I expect young Lord Holland was more sinned against than sinning when an intrigue arose between them. Of course trouble followed; there was a divorce, and they were married in 1797. They lived together at Holland House, which became the famous meeting place of Whig politicians, and for poets, painters, critics, scholars, scientists, diplomats and foreigners, which gained for the old house its world-wide reputation. Crowds of distinguished folk were wont to partake of Lord and Lady Holland's lavish hospitality. On account of the scandal of the divorce most of the guests were of the male sex, as the ladies in those days were rather shy of a *divorcée*, but the Duchess of Devonshire and several of the lady's early friends remained true to her. Here is a list of a few of their guests: Charles James Fox and Canning, Sheridan and Tierney, Horner and Lauderdale, Grey and Melbourne, amongst the politicians; and Moore, Luttrell, Byron, Frere, Fitzpatrick, Talleyrand, Rogers and Lucien Bonaparte, are only a few out of the great crowd who flocked to Holland House.

Lord Holland died in 1840. During the reign of his successors several structural alterations were made in the house, especially by Henry Edward, the fourth Lord Holland, who married in 1833 Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, and was for some time Ambassador in Italy. Leaving no children after the death of Lord Holland in 1859 his widow handed over the property to the late Lord Ilchester, the representative of the elder branch of the Fox family, whose grandson now holds it and resides in his historic home. His name is Giles Stephen Holland Fox-Strangways, sixth Earl of Ilchester, a title created in 1756 by George II, Baron Ilchester and Strangways (1741), Baron Ilchester and Stavondale, Baron Redlynch (1747), and he has written much on the history of his family and the story of the most interesting scions of his house. In writing the above I have been greatly assisted

by a chapter he kindly wrote for the *Memorials of Old Middlesex*, one of the volumes of the Memorials of the counties of England issued some years ago under my general editorship. We should like to wander amidst the charming gardens of Holland House. There is a sad story about the 'Green Lane' where Lady Diana Rich, daughter of Henry, Earl of Holland, saw her own apparition 'as in a looking-glass,' and shortly afterwards died of smallpox. There is a stone here which marks the spot, near 'the Moats,' where in 1804 the fatal duel between Lord Camel-ford and Mr. Best was fought. On the west side of the house are the formal or Dutch gardens, laid out by the third Lord Holland, and a bed of dahlias still remains where Lady Holland first reared the seeds of that plant, then new to this country, which she had procured in Spain in 1803. It is wonderful to hear the countless birds singing in the charming woodland groves so near to the great city. It is a veritable *rus in urbe*, and pleasant it is to see the hay-makers at work in June, and to perceive the scent of the hay, a delightful contrast to the London smell of petrol which pervades the streets.

The demolition of Holland House has often been in prospect. Sir Walter Scott wrote that:

'It will be a pity when this ancient house must come down, and give way to rows and crescents.'

Macaulay put the same sentiment into more flowery periods:

'Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow . . . may soon displace those turrets and gardens. . . . The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling house which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen.'

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That time has not come. Threatened men live long, and so do threatened dwellings – sometimes – and thus we may hope that Holland House will be with us for many years yet.

FULHAM PALACE

FULHAM PALACE has had a remarkable history. With the exception of a few years during the Commonwealth period, when Church and State and Throne were for a time overthrown, Fulham has remained in the hands of the successive Bishops of London from the year A.D. 691 to the present time. A wonderful record truly. The property was given to good Bishop Erkenwald by Bishop Tyrthel of Hereford, at the end of the seventh century, and was then an island, like Battersea and Chelsea, surrounded by the waters of the Thames; and ingenious etymologists assure us that owing to the flocks of gulls and other birds that made their nests in this sweet retreat its name is derived from Fowls' Home. I should be more inclined to accept the name of the original Saxon owner as the explanation of the meaning of the first syllable. We cannot dwell on the saintly character and good deeds of Bishop Erkenwald. As a boy he is said to have listened to Bishop Mellitus, the first Bishop of London, when he was striving to win the hearts of the pagan Londoners; and Mellitus was a companion of St. Augustine, and thus we are linked on with the very beginnings of Saxon Christianity. Though Fulham is now styled a Palace, it was not always known by that designation. It was formerly called the Bishop's Manor House, his Palace being near his Cathedral of St. Paul, on the north-west. You can still discover, amid the network of streets nigh the haunt of the publishers, London House Yard; and Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row were the boundaries of his garden. An episcopal Palace, strictly speaking, is the home of the Bishop close to his cathedral — a home which was abandoned by the Bishops of London in the sixteenth century, when they migrated to London House, Aldersgate Street. At the end of the eighteenth century they migrated to London House, St. James's Square, the present town house of the Bishop, Fulham being too far removed from



THE COURTYARD
FULHAM PALACE

Joseph Pick 1925



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the centre of his episcopal work in the busiest seasons of the year.

Fulham Palace is a home of peace and sweet retirement, surrounded by beautiful gardens and meadows, and girt by a moat. Around it now cluster streets and innumerable houses of the usual modern, suburban, ugly character; but within the railings and the encircling moat all is beauty, symbol of the Church's message of sweetness and light to a bustling, gloomy world that fain would stifle it.

The tram-cars that run along the Fulham Palace Road convey you past the railings that guard the grounds to the entrance of the Bishop's avenue of stately elms, which are said to have been planted by Bishop Compton (1675-1714). A porter's lodge bearing the arms of the See of London is on the right. One side of the avenue has disappeared, and not many of the remaining elms can be two centuries old. After walking nearly a quarter of a mile we come to the entrance to the drive leading to the Palace, and cross a bridge over the moat, and see on the left the Lodge, a prettily-constructed cottage with gable and ornamental barge-boards, a diminutive tower with conical roof and a good chimney. The winding drive leads to the entrance gateway built by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII. The first view of the Palace shows that it is not a very grand and stately building. There is no attempt at ornate and magnificent effects, but it possesses the dignity and charm associated with Tudor houses which are so admirably suited for all the purposes of home life, whether in a cottage or in those stately buildings that Wolsey and Henry VIII reared at Hampton Court. The mellowed brickwork is delightful: there is a true sense of proportion, and the work as a whole is an expression of English character and taste. It was built happily before English architects deserted their ideals of Tudor homeliness and Elizabethan romance, discarded the principles of their native art sanctified by long use and by splendid

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memories and achievements, and sought for new fashions in foreign climes, producing vast, pompous, and uncomfortable dwellings that were not homes.

Bishop Fitzjames was the rebuilder of a portion of the Palace. A view of the previous building shows it to have been a square-planned structure with towers at each corner. This Fitzjames pulled down and constructed a large part of the present building, which, like many other houses, bears the marks of successive owners who repaired, altered, and reconstructed according to their taste and the prevailing fashion and style of the ages in which they lived. This entrance archway is the founder's own work, and has been little altered during its three centuries and a half of life. It is of good brickwork, with Tudor archway and famous old original doors, with ancient knocker and ironwork. Here, if we had entered in former days, we could have demanded the Bishop's dole — a horn of ale and bread — that awaited all visitors or passers-by. On the right and left are two guard-rooms, wherein the Bishop's men-at-arms kept watch and ward and prevented the approach of rioters or troublesome visitors. One room is styled the armoury, and has a finely-carved fireplace bearing the motto *Vigilate et orate*; and the other is called the larder. Passing through the archway we find ourselves in a beautiful quadrangle, in the centre of which a fountain plays, where formerly an old pump drew water from a well. This fountain was placed there in quite recent times by Bishop Temple. On the right are some rooms of special interest, as they were used by Archbishop Laud, but the linen panelling has been removed recently to the new vestry of the chapel. Three sides of the quadrangle are Fitzjames's work, the fourth was rebuilt by Bishop Blomfield.

Opposite the arched gateway is the actual entrance to the Palace through a porch under the tower. There is a fine Tudor archway, buttresses at the angles, a charming oriel window over the door, formerly that of the Muniment

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Room, and above an old-fashioned clock, bearing the arms of Bishop Juxon, and the date 1637. At the summit there is a charming bell-turret crowned by a vane.

On entering the Palace we find ourselves in the screened passage adjoining the hall, adorned with portraits of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Margaret of Anjou, queen of Henry VI, and others. Through a door in the screens we pass into the great hall of the Palace – the principal chamber in every mediæval house. Over the fireplace is an inscription which obligingly tells us the history of the hall. It runs as follows:

‘This Hall with the adjoining quadrangle was erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII, on the site of buildings of the old Palace as ancient as the Conquest. It was used as a Hall by Bishop Bonner and Bishop Ridley during the struggles of the Reformation, and retained its original proportions till it was altered by Bishop Sherlock in the reign of George II. Bishop Howley, in the reign of George IV, changed it into a private unconsecrated chapel; it is now restored to its original purpose on the erection, by Bishop Tait, of a new chapel of more suitable dimensions, A.D. 1866.’

We notice the fine old oak panelling, some of which we are told came from London House, Aldersgate, the finely corniced ceiling, and the pictures, which include portraits of Henry VII, Henry VIII, William III and his queen, and Queen Anne. The three windows that light the hall are filled with painted glass and many medallions showing the arms of the occupiers of the See of London, some of which are said also to have been brought from the Aldersgate Palace. A sheaf of corn frequently appears, and ‘R.F. fecit 1595’ (R. Fletcher, Bishop of London). The screen is a massive piece of workmanship crowned with rails. In the corner is an old watchman’s chair.

It is easy to lose one’s bearings in wandering about a great house, and Fulham was at one time far greater than it is at present. In 1715 many old buildings were pulled

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down by Bishop Robinson, on the ground that it was far too large a house to be maintained out of the income of the See. Most of the present lawn was at one time covered with buildings. Lest we lose our way we will remember that the rooms of the Palace are built about a small central court. On the north-west is the great hall and kitchen, with the quadrangle which we have already seen; on the south-west the Bishop's study, chaplain's room, and morning room; on the south-east, or garden front, the morning-room, drawing-room, dining-room, and the end of the Porteus library; on the north-east the side of the Porteus library and domestic offices.

We will first visit the chapel, which is reached by a corridor that opens from the entrance hall opposite the screen. On the right of this passage is the new vestry, lined with panelling taken from Laud's room. The chapel was erected by Dr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop. This is not the first chapel attached to the Palace. At one time, as we have seen, the hall was used as a chapel, and previous to that there was an old chapel that stood near to the Porteus library, wherein Bishop Seabury and many American clergy were ordained deacons and priests. Some authorities state that the Porteus library was at one time the chapel, and that Bishop says that the chapel was formed out of several small rooms by Bishop Terrick (1764-77), and gives its measurements at 53 feet by 16 feet, and 12 feet for its height. This present chapel is thus described by the latest historian of the Palace, the Rev. Sadler Phillips, Vicar of St. Etheldreda's Church, Fulham:

'It is plain and unpretending in appearance, but strong and well built. Its floor is the ancient marble which was originally laid in the Fitzjames Hall. The walls are panelled with oak, and the east window represents the Ascension of our Lord. Two stained-glass windows represent, respectively, St. John Baptist and St. Stephen, St. Peter and St. Paul. The other windows have figures

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representing the four Evangelists. There is a mosaic reredos of foreign work let in the wall, and in front of this there is a carved altar-piece, which was the gift of Bishop Creighton. All the furniture in the chapel is very rich, and yet is not ostentatious. The two lights are used on the altar and a small cross; the altar-piece is a Crucifixion. There is a beautiful specimen of old silversmith's work in the chalice and patten used at Holy Communion here; it is dated 1651. There is an organ at the west end, and a throne for the Bishop, and his chaplains have seats beside him. The chapel seats about seventy persons, and is seated choir-wise.'

Returning to the entrance hall, we pass along to the little hall and then to the new buildings along a corridor. On the right is the Bishop's secretary's room, whence we can pass into the Chaplain's room and then into the Bishop's study – a pleasant room with a south view – and across the lawn there is a prospect of All Saints' Church, Fulham. Then we go to the drawing-room, which has a southern aspect, and some interesting sketches and pictures: a view of the old Palace, a sketch of Bishop Laud's lodgings, and a portrait of Bishop Tunstall (1522–30), a copy from Holbein, by Taylor. The dining-room has some remarkable portraits of Bishops. Amongst them are Bishop Creighton; Juxon (who was driven from his See by the Parliament during the Commonwealth period – the portrait is a copy of one painted by Vandyke); Monteigne (1621–28); King (1611–21), painted by Cornelius Janssen; Gilbert Sheldon (1660–3); Laud (1628–33), copied from Vandyke; Terrick (1764–77); Vaughan (1604–7); Lowth (1777–87); Randolph (1809–13); Blomfield (1828–56), the last Bishop who wore a wig and who died in this room; Howley (1813–28); Jackson (1869–85); Porteus (1787–1809); Aylmer (1577–95); Abbot (1610–11), by Cornelius Janssen; Temple and Tait – a gallery of worthies whose active and useful lives tempt us to biography. But we have much to see, and must pass on to the Porteus library.

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This Bishop did not build the library, but bequeathed to his successors his collection of books. It is the most interesting room in the place, lined with several thousand volumes, which repose securely in their shelves in quiet sleep, and are not often, I expect, disturbed from their slumbers. Through a sham-book door we pass into an episcopal study also full of books. There are several of these doors covered with the backs of books so as to match the adjoining shelves, and it is interesting to book-lovers to notice the titles of these sham books which have been selected for this curious use.

This front, that faces the lawn, was added by Bishop Howley, who bestowed much care upon the gardens. The Palace owes much to Bishop Blomfield, who re-roofed the house, built additional rooms, rebuilt a wing of the quadrangle, and restored the whole building. This work, and the vast improvements which he made in the garden, the cleansing and renewing of the moat, the raising of an oft-flooded meadow, and much else, cost him no less than £10,000.

There are forty bedrooms in the Palace, so the Bishop is enabled to entertain a large number of guests; and as we pass into the large old-fashioned kitchen, somewhat resembling that of an Oxford College, we see that a small army could be catered for. This kitchen has an elaborately ornamented plaster ceiling, and tradition states that it once was a banqueting room, and that it was built by Bishop Sheldon. The coal cellar was at one time used as a prison.

Fulham is famous for its gardens, which constitute one of its chief charms. We see rare and beautiful trees, including an ancient cork tree (nearly four hundred years old), cedars, cypresses, Wellingtonias, limes, pines, and countless others. The bishops have always been lovers of arboriculture, and careful and assiduous planters. You will notice the fine expanse of lawn, the meadow wherein a Pageant once took place, the walled garden designed by Bishop Fitzjames, the warren, lovely with its trees though

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the rabbits have long since fled away, and the kitchen garden. Well did Bishop Blomfield, of Colchester, describe his father's home: 'The house so spacious yet so thoroughly comfortable and domestic, the garden half hidden on the margin of the Thames, with its spreading lawn of soft and level turf shadowed with choice shrubs and goodly trees, the avenue of ancient elms, the circling moat guarding the whole from intrusions – all these within a few miles of the Metropolis, give to the Palace of Fulham a charm peculiarly its own, so close upon the restless world yet itself

"A haunt of ancient peace."'

The gardens and palace are haunted with the memories of the learned and able men who have resided there during their episcopate. We think of Grindal, who loved his garden and planted there the first tamarisk tree that England ever knew. He was greatly troubled by his grapes, as the following story, told by Strype, plainly sets forth:

'The grapes that grew at Fulham were nowadays of that value, and a fruit that the Queen stood so well affected to, and so early ripe, that the Bishop every year used to send a present thereof to her. Eight days were past in September 1569, but these grapes were not yet in case (so backward it seems was this year) to be presented to her, but withal the next week he hoped to send some to the Queen. And accordingly he did so, and sent them by one of his servants. But the report was that at this very time the plague was in the house, and that one had newly died of that distemper there, and three more were sick; by which occasion both the Queen and Court were in danger.' The imperious Queen Elizabeth was very wrath, and the Bishop fell into disgrace. But he was fully able to vindicate himself, and in a letter to the Queen, which is still extant, he proves that his servant died of a flux and a cold, and not of the plague. Strype sagely moralizes: 'Tender

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and cautious ought those to be that have to do with the Court of Princes.' Poor Grindal had to feel the truth of this and the capriciousness of the Queen, and of him Spenser wrote:

‘One day he sat upon a hill,
As now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught by Algrind’s ill
To love the low degree.’

The troublous times of the Reformation call to mind the cruel Bonner, who here sat in judgment on ‘heretics,’ and the gentle Ridley, who spent much time at Fulham, and led a pious, studious life. Queen Elizabeth stayed at the Palace, and liked it much, save that the thick trees prevented her Majesty from gaining any distant prospect. Aylmer was Bishop then, and his enemies said his name should not be Aylmer or Elmar, but Marelm, because he cut down the elms: a libel that was easily disproved.

We see a brave pageant of Bishops whose names are familiar in history: the martyr Laud, the brave Juxon, who attended Charles I on the scaffold, Sheldon, Bancroft, Vaughan, Abbot, looking very sad after his unfortunate day’s hunting at Bramshill, where he killed a keeper; the warlike Compton, formerly a cornet of horse, who at the Revolution raised a force to guard the Princess Anne; the stately Robinson, who loved to ride in his coach drawn by eight horses. The last figure in the procession would tell the altered conditions of modern Church life. The modern Bishop of London cannot shut himself up in his Palace enjoying, as one of his predecessors loved to do:

‘Alternate study, exercise, and ease.’

He does not require a coach and eight horses, a large retinue of servants with men-at-arms to guard his gate. He does not restrict himself, as a former bishop did, to one charity sermon a year. He takes his active part in the busy life of modern London, is always preaching, speaking,

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working. Crowds flock to listen to his words, as when he strives to move their hearts in his Lenten mission and to answer the perplexing questions of life. His strenuous life is symbolical of the renewed activity of the Church, and when the wearied mind and body need rest it is well that Fulham Palace should receive him and afford him more opportunity for peace that London House can ever give.

CHAPTER 22

THE ROAD FROM HYDE PARK CORNER
TO KENSINGTON AND BROMPTON

IT would be pleasant to join Mr. Thomas Crofton Croker in his *Walk from London to Fulham*, but that book was written a long time ago, first in *Fraser's Magazine* and then in book form in 1860. Thirty-six years later a new edition was published, enlarged and re-written by Miss Beatrice E. Horne; but much water has flowed under the Knightsbridge since the book first saw the light, and much has vanished in recent years. In our previous wanderings we left Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner and we will follow the road westward.

I omitted to state that in former days Hyde Park was a great place for reviews – not of authors' reflections on the books of their contemporaries – but of soldiers who marched and drilled and fought imaginary contests within the park. There were inns at the Corner, such as the 'Pillars of Hercules,' where they refreshed themselves, and in the days when our soldiers wore pigtails a curious sight was seen. Here on the benches before the doors of these hostgeries some twenty or thirty used to sit, and each combed and soaped, powdered and tied the hair of his comrade, afterwards suffering the same operation.

Dr. Johnson tells a quaint story of Sir Richard Steele and the poet Savage. The former called for the poet one morning in his coach and drove him to one of these low taverns at Hyde Park Corner, and then told him that he intended to write a pamphlet and wanted him to act as scribe. He ordered dinner to be ready at midday and they spent the morning in composing the literary effort, had their dinner, wrote again, and when it was finished Savage was prepared to depart. But Steele told him that he had no money and that he must go and sell the screed to the booksellers. So Savage went on his strange errand, and at last obtained two guineas, with which Steele discharged the reckoning. He had left his home for the purpose of avoiding his

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creditors. To such straits were our literary ancestors reduced in the good old Grub Street days.

Knightsbridge is a curious name and suggests a valiant knight-errant setting forth on his journey to seek adventure and waiting at the bridge to find some other warrior who would be willing to try with him a feat at arms. But that is mere fancy. It is a very old name and occurs in a charter of the twelfth century. In a charter of the time of Edward the Confessor it is called Kingsbridge. People often invent stories to account for strange names. One story tells of two knights who were going to London to seek the blessing of the Bishop for some adventure, and how they quarrelled and fought on the bridge and were both killed. Another tells of the valiant Sir H. Knyvett, Knight, being assaulted by thieves, who gallantly defended himself and slew the master-thief with his own hands. I know not when the valiant knight lived, but the thieves, assassins and highwaymen have always been plentiful on this road. Timbs tells us that they were so numerous at the beginning of the eighteenth century that a nightly patrol of light horse was necessary from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington. Moreover, it is within the memory of some still alive that 'pedestrians walked to and from Kensington in bands sufficient to ensure mutual protection, starting at known intervals, when a bell was rung to announce the proper time. It was not safe to sojourn at the change-houses or inns which stood by the way, for these were the haunts of highwaymen.' The *Gentleman's Magazine* reports that the Bristol Mail was robbed a little beyond Knightsbridge in the spring of 1740 by a man on foot, who took the Bath and Bristol bags, and mounting the post-boy's horse rode off towards London. There are other stories of these so-called 'Knights of the Road,' most of them consummate rascals who possessed none of the good manners and 'chivalry' of Claude Duval who, by his courtesy, made it almost a pleasure to be robbed.

Another danger of this road was the abominable mud

that covered the way they called a road, and made it well-nigh impassable. And yet, lest you vilify it too much, it is well to remember that on one occasion Knightsbridge mud saved London. That was when Wyatt's unfortunate followers were marching on the city in 1554, they were so delayed by the wretched condition of the road that time was given for the royal party to make preparations for their reception and to kill the rebellion. It is unnecessary to recall the complaints of all travellers on this 'Way to Reading.' If you search the columns of *The Times* of November 1842, you will find a very pretty picture of its condition. People when they have a grievance are always recommended to write to *The Times*, as those whose business or pleasure compelled them to use the road seem to have done. Hence some improvements were made. The Knightsbridge spanned the Westbourne, which is now condemned to run underground in a sewer, a sad fate for a once sparkling and beautiful stream. In the 'forties of the last century some steps were taken to remedy the condition of this road and, as Mr. Croker observes, 'mud and precipices, hawthorn hedges and singing blackbirds, were replaced by pavements and mansions, omnibuses and hansom cabs,' and now by motor-driven vehicles of all kinds. If you had passed along the way prior to 1840 you would have seen on the east of the bridge, where now is the Albert Gate, erected in 1846, the old Cannon Brewery, so called from the cannon that looked so warlike on its roof, and on the west the old 'Fox and Bull' Inn, the sign of which was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was much frequented by gentlemen on their way from town, and to this inn was brought the body of a poor woman who had drowned herself in the Serpentine, and was recognized as the poor deserted Harriett Shelley, wife of the poet.

Knightsbridge is not proud of one of its former residents, Lord Howard of Escrich, who saved his wretched life, when concerned in the Rye House Plot, by falsely accusing Algernon Sidney and bringing him to the block. Another

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memory of the road is that of two Jacobites who plotted to assassinate William III when he was returning from hunting. A spy betrayed them and they were duly hanged.

As we proceed along the way we notice the tall well-built modern houses that line the street in St. George's Place and have replaced the small dwellings that formerly existed there. Gone with the old are the memories of the clever and illustrious people who once dwelt in them, save that here and there a tablet marks the house wherein they dwelt. Not all have earned for themselves statues, but a hero's memory is recalled by the fine statue of Field-Marshal Hugh Rose, Lord Strathnairn, by Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., who fought so bravely in one of our Indian campaigns. If you are fond of literary associations you will find the home of Charles Reade, the most delightful of authors, at No. 70, Knightsbridge.

Many victims of the Great Plague were buried here on Knightsbridge Green, where once a maypole stood. Knightsbridge Chapel must be noticed. There was in the fourteenth century here a Lazar-house or hospital for lepers, and it had a chapel. Leprosy practically died out of England in the sixteenth century, and it appears that poor men were admitted to the hospital. The chapel became ruinous and was rebuilt in 1629 and again in 1699, as an inscription states: 'Rebuilte by Nicho Birkhead, Goldsmith, of London, Anno Dom. 1699.' It became a chapel-of-ease of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, but seems to have been somewhat independent, as clandestine marriages were performed there somewhat after the fashion of Mayfair Chapel and the Fleet. Shadwell, in his play, *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), spoke of 'a person at Knightsbridge that yokes all stray couples together,' and the *Guardian*, in 1713, wrote of a runaway marriage being celebrated 'last night at Knightsbridge.' Here Sir Samuel Morland married his fourth wife, who was recommended to him as an heiress, and Morland being distracted for want of money was led as a fool to the stocks and married a coachman's

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daughter not worth a shilling, and whose moral character proved to be none of the purest; but he divorced her. At Trinity Chapel, July 30, 1700, Robert Walpole was married to Katherine Shorter, daughter of a Lord Mayor, and mother of that amusing gossip and letter-writer, Horace Walpole.

The registers of this chapel have been preserved and furnish amusing reading. I have not seen them, but Croker tells us that there are sundry stipulations placed after the records of marriages showing their clandestine nature, such as 'Secrecy for life' or for a term of years. Here is an entry which informs us who Storey was, whose name is immortalized in 'Sorrey's Gate.' He was the keeper of the birds which Charles II loved and kept in Bird Cage Walk. The old chapel is now the Church of Holy Trinity, Knightsbridge, which is held in conjunction with All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, by the writer's friend, Canon Anthony Deane. It was rebuilt in 1861. Its former brick construction was changed into a stone building with a long range of clerestory lights, rendered necessary by the blocking up of windows by adjoining buildings.

South of Wilton Place (named after Lord Grey de Wilton's estate acquired by Lord Grosvenor) and extending to Lowndes Square was another Spring Gardens for the pleasure of London citizens, attached to which was an inn called the 'World's End,' frequented by Pepys. Evidently it was considered the most remote place from the City, and the world of London has extended a little further westward since the time of the immortal author of the *Diary*. All this part of the West End occupied the site of the 'Five Fields,' which I mentioned in the chapter on Belgravia and Pimlico. We have met with the name of Mrs. Cornelius in Soho Square and elsewhere, the adventuress who tried to capture London Society by her houses of entertainment, and for a time succeeded, until she was ousted by Almacks and her rooms lost the character of respectability. She was a persistent woman and her

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perseverance was remarkable. Here at Knightsbridge Grove she tried to retrieve her fortunes by starting a series of rooms where Society might enjoy its breakfasts, drink asses' milk and indulge in rural pleasures. The scheme failed, and the public refused to frequent her establishment. At length she was ruined, arrested for debt, sent to the Fleet Prison and died there in 1797.

Facing Sloane Street is the Hyde Park Hotel, the scene of many balls and festivities and wedding receptions, and Sloane Street records the name of Sir Hans Sloane, a worthy man and great physician who had a most distinguished career. He was lord of the manor of Chelsea, and during his time the fine street with Cadogan Place was created with the Square that bears his honoured name, and also Hans Place which we shall visit presently. He was President of the Royal Society and a great collector of books and manuscripts which you will find in the British Museum. He retained Court favour through three reigns, attending Queen Anne on her death-bed, was created a baronet by George I and Physician-in-Ordinary by his son.

The transference of the village of Knightsbridge into a populous place has necessitated the building of many churches. There is the fine church of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, to which reference has been already made, erected in 1852. It has some excellent mural decorations in sgraffito work by Heywood Sumner, which were placed there in 1898. St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is in Wilton Place, and Holy Trinity in Sloane Street near the Square, which is a very handsome and large church. I was present at a wedding there recently and had the opportunity of admiring the large east window, which was designed by Burne-Jones. There are other churches which I have mentioned in the chapter on Belgravia and Pimlico.

The Knightsbridge Barracks for cavalry tells of the valour of our British Army. Although the modern methods of warfare are said to have crippled the action of

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this arm of our forces, and the trenches and dug-outs in northern France and Flanders prevented any gallant charges of cavalry, on some occasions they were able to show their ancient prestige. We should never forget Allenby's triumphal ride in Palestine which conquered the Turks and drove them from the Holy Land. Nearly opposite, the grand old game of tennis, vastly superior to its modern substitute, lawn tennis, dating back to early times (there is a tennis court at Hampton Court which was built by Henry VIII in 1530), finds a home at Prince's Club, and there, too, the devotees of racquets can find courts to play on. It is a fascinating game which I used to play at Oxford, requiring a quick eye and supple wrist, and that dexterity of youth which advancing age prevents one from enjoying. Skating is a pleasure usually confined to winter, but recent winters have not furnished us with much frost and ice. Very different have they been from those hard seasons when the Thames was frozen over and fairs held upon it, and coaches driven over it. Within the memory of man some rash person drove a carriage over the frozen Serpentine; but at Prince's you used to be able to skate all the year round on artificial ice, and I expect you can still do so if you are so minded, and would doubtless prefer it to modern roller skating, though that was not without some merit. Fashion seems to rule such sports. People are gregarious and follow fashion's dictates. Roller-skating somehow becomes fashionable. Links are built everywhere, and then a slump comes; the links are deserted and have to be turned to other uses.

The long street we are traversing is pleased to change its name at certain intervals. After passing the barracks we are in the Kensington Road. There are some of the finest houses in London in this district. There is Kent House in Rutland Gardens, where Louise Lady Ashburton was living some quarter of a century ago, and I hope still lives. It takes its name from a house that was once the residence of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Opposite

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Prince's Gate there is Alford House, where Lord Alford lives, an admirable building of brick with high roofs and terra-cotta ornaments, with a large porch, and next door is Kingston House, the residence of the Earl of Listowel, which is blessed with a large garden. At Stratheden House Lord Campbell lived and wrote his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. At 49, Prince's Gate, there is the famous peacock room painted by Whistler in 1876-7. It is usually unlucky to have peacock decorations, peacocks' feathers and other relics of the bird of ill-omen; but in defiance of superstition, Whistler with the consent and encouragement of the then owner, Mr. Leyland, covered the walls and ceilings with peacock iridescence and separate peacocks strut and extend their tails on shutters and over the sideboard. It is to be hoped that no ill-luck has followed the owners by this bold defiance. A charming example of Mr. Norman Shaw's domestic architecture appears in Lowther Lodge, the residence of the Lowther family. It has remarkably tall chimneys and gables with mullioned and transomed windows and pilasters, and is now the home of the Royal Geographical Society.

Proceeding westward we are in Kensington Gore, which takes its name from Gore House that formerly stood somewhere on the site of the Albert Hall. It was the residence of the Gore family, and was inhabited by William Wilberforce from 1808 to 1821, and there held his anti-slavery meetings, and afterwards by the famous Lady Blessington, who attracted to her home a very distinguished circle of friends and admirers. And so we pass on to High Street, Kensington, now the great centre of ladies' shopping excursions, the windows ablaze with costumes and jewellery, and towering above the busy scene rises the noble spire of St. Mary Abbot's Church. I have already told the reason why this church has taken to itself the name of an abbey, and the cause of its connection with our Berkshire monastery of Abingdon. The history of the first church built upon this site is full of interest. It dates back to the

time of the Conquest, or earlier, and there was a priest living amongst his people here at Kensington nigh a thousand years ago. The present church was built in 1869, and the work was continued for a dozen years. It is in the modern Gothic style, and was the work of Sir Gilbert Scott. It has had its critics. The large space available has not been used to the best advantage. The principal front is never seen. The treatment of the south-east corner is not satisfactory, but no one will decry the design of the magnificent spire which speaks with no uncertain voice *Sursum Corda*.

This is the fourth Kensington Church standing on this site. The first must have been a simple, small Norman church. This was succeeded by a Decorated structure in 1370. Again finding the building too small, the inhabitants added a new aisle in 1683, and a few years later resolved to take down the north aisle and chancel and to enlarge the church. However, a year later they embarked on a larger scheme and resolved to take down the whole church except the western stone tower. The new church was a fine building handsomely paved with Purbeck marble with galleries; but it must have been badly built, as in 1704 it was in a bad condition, and had to be repaired, and again in 1772 and 1811, and then in 1869 the present church was built. In the rebuilding of 1696 little care was taken in preserving ancient monuments, though some have been saved by Strype and other historians, including one in Norman-French. The re-builders in 1869, however, were more careful, and a large number have been preserved which record the memories of many of the great people who have been associated with or lived in the parish and district. Want of space prevents me from recording them here. They may be read in the pages of Mr. Loftie's *Kensington*, and other works. I may mention that Mr. Loftie's name should be much respected in Kensington, and indeed in London generally, on account of the large number of works he produced on the history of

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the City and suburbs. I had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions when he kindly contributed a chapter on London's early history to my volume on *The Memorials of Old London*.

The inhabitants have happily preserved their ancient pulpit, though William III and the Princess Anne added some panels. The church plate is old and valuable, and includes a communion cup of 1599, a tankard of 1619, and much else of a little later date. There is a fine peal of eight bells; on the tenor is recorded (all the bells have inscriptions):

‘Be it known to great and small
Thomas Janaway made us all.’

The thriving borough of Kensington naturally desires to enlarge its buildings and keep in pace with the times. This often involves the destruction of the old. On the north side of High Street is a handsome new Town Hall which has taken the place of a school that was erected by the architect Sir John Vanbrugh. Mr. Loftie tells us the workhouse used to be in Hogmore Lane, but I could not find that name upon the map. It is not very Kensingtonian. However, I find that it has blossomed out into Gloucester Road, and the site of the workhouse is now Kensington Gate, a pretty little square opening out of the High Street. The workhouse has gone to Marloes Road. Street nomenclature presents some puzzles in Kensington, as elsewhere. Cheneston Gardens I take to be founded on the old form of Kensington, namely ‘Chenesiton.’ The name of Phillimore Gardens is derived from one Robert Phillimore, who rented a farm on the site of the pleasant road. Of the names derived from the connection of Kensington with Abingdon Abbey I have already written, and there are several streets which retain the memory of the Earls of Holland, such as Earl’s Court, Earl’s Street, etc.

The living of Kensington has often in recent years been regarded as a stepping-stone to a bishopric. William

Dalrymple Maclarem became Bishop of Lichfield, and the Hon. Edward Carr Glyn was appointed to the see of Peterborough. Several of the vicars became Archdeacons of London; amongst them the Rev. John Sinclair, who did such good service to Kensington. Under his rule the present church was built, and he succeeded in founding several daughter churches. His family seems especially capable of performing archidiaconal functions, and both his nephews, whom I knew, became archdeacons, one of London and the other of Gloucester. Both have passed away.

And so we may if we will proceed to West Kensington, with its streets of flats and villas that furnish little that is important or interesting. And so let us retrace our steps and go back to the entrance of Brompton Road, a few steps east of the Knightsbridge barracks, and set our faces in a south-westerly direction along the Brompton Road. Brompton is a large district situate in Kensington in the Manor of Earl's Court. It was a bright and breezy common at a not very remote age, whereon

‘The broom, the yellow broom
The ancient poets sung it;
And sweet it is in summer days
To lie at rest among it.’

Hence all etymologists suggest that Brompton is the ‘broom tun’ or enclosure, and far be it from me to dispute their decision. The broom has gone and tall houses of red brick cover the district and fail to improve it. Armed with Mr. Croker’s *Walk from London to Fulham* I proceed to follow in his footsteps, intending to locate all the interesting houses wherein all the interesting people resided, and to do honour to their memories. But all in vain! Nearly all the little houses wherein his celebrities lived have been pulled down. In streets that remain the numbering of the houses has been all changed, even numbers on one side and odd on the other, so that it is extremely difficult to

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locate any particular house. Moreover since Croker's time the memory of many of his shining lights – some of them mere rush-lights – has flickered out, and few modern folk can tell their names, their lives and wonderful achievements. Can you inform me who was George Henry Rodwell, or William Frogatt Robson, or Robert Keely, or Michael Novosielski, or hundreds of others who lived in this district? Time has deprived them of their wreaths of laurel, and they sleep in the old churchyard of Brompton Church, and they rest in peace. Perhaps we ought to remember J. C. Nattes, an artist of some celebrity, who from 1792 to 1797 lived at the corner of Hooper's Court, and who with others formed the first exhibition of water-colours. In the same house lived Arthur Murphy, a learned writer, who attained fame by writing his *Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson* (1792), some translations of Tacitus and Sallust, and some plays which were very successful. A curious thing happened to him. Requiring some 'copy' for his *Gray's Inn Journal*, his friend Foote showed him a very pretty Oriental tale in a French magazine, recommending him to translate it and send it to his printer. He did this and was much distressed to discover his tale in the *Rambler*. Johnson's story had been translated into French, and Murphy had translated the French version back again into English. So Murphy called on the doctor to explain matters, and the latter 'perceived his talents, literature and gentleman-like manners and a friendship was formed which was never broken.' So the immortal Boswell records.

We know, too, Ozias Humphry, R.A., a portrait painter, for has not Dr. Williamson in recent times published his biography? He lived at No. 19, Queen's Buildings in this Brompton Road. He was a great man, this Humphry, and poets sang his praises:

'But Humphry, by whom shall your labours be sold,
How your colours enliven the young and the old?'

It is but a step from the Brompton Road to Hans Place, named after Sir Hans Sloane, and there we find a very charming literary haunt with recollections of several names of great writers. The tall houses of mellow red brick are very charming. Miss Landon, the poetess, lived here and wrote of 'the fascinations of Hans Place, though vivid must be the imagination that could discover them:

"Never hermit in a cell,
Where repose and silence dwell,
Human shape and human word
Never seen and never heard,"

had a duller calm than the indwellers of our square.' But the lady was only playfully jesting, or perhaps she was a little dull the afternoon when she wrote it. She really loved the place and scarcely ever left it.

No. 22 is the most interesting house in the Place and was a celebrated school for young ladies. It was kept by Miss Rowden, afterwards Countess St. Quintin, her husband being a French *émigré* who, in order to support himself, took to teaching. This Miss Rowden must have been an amazing instructress, and seems to have been able to inspire her pupils with a love of literature and power of expression and to educate them to become authors. One of her pupils was a lady who lived in the neighbourhood where I am writing, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the author of *Our Village* and of plays and books whose names are legion. She lived in a cottage at Three-Mile-Cross, a little hamlet four miles away from my rectory, and there astonished the world by her writings, and ended her days at Swallowfield in a house I know well within the same four-mile radius. I seem to know the lady quite intimately, though she passed away some time before I came to live here, and her memory remains. In her writings she tells us much about her school-days in Hans Place. Her principal master was a Mr. Hook, the father of Theodore Hook of jesting fame. She was greatly attached to her

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mistress, Miss Rowden, who in her opinion was 'one of the most charming women she had ever known.' Miss Mitford was one of her pupils who seems to have owed some, at least, of her success to her instruction. Another was Miss Landon, the celebrated Miss Landon whose praise many have sung and who was known by her initials L. E. L. Miss Rowden herself wrote poetry which I have never seen. *A Poetical Introduction to the Study of Botany* does not sound inviting, and suggests a likeness to that very ponderous poem on the same subject by Dr. Darwin of Lichfield, the father of Charles. Amongst other literary pupils were Lady Bulwer, the wife of Lord Lytton who wrote novels, and Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall, novelist, miscellaneous writer and philanthropist. Another aristocratic pupil was Lady Caroline Lamb, daughter of the third Lord Bessborough, who married the Hon. William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne. She wrote some novels and fell in love with Lord Byron, for whose sake she is said to have stabbed herself with a pair of scissors at a ball. Lord Byron said of her that she had for some years played the devil and then written a novel. I am afraid that Miss Rowden was not very proud of this pupil. Miss Mitford often used to stay with her old instructress when she came to town to interview her publishers and to superintend the production of her play.

Miss Rowden's school does not exhaust the literary interest of this charming bit of London. At No. 41 Shelley once lodged, and there resided a very delightful lady whom I had the privilege of knowing, Lady Lindsay, who invited me to visit her, and with whom I spent a very happy time. Strange to say that when I went to her house I knew not that she was the author of that world-renowned song, 'Auld Robin Gray.' It was rather a secret and she never told me. She was aged at the time and it is many years ago, but she often sent me some little leaflets called *Stray Leaves*, which she wrote, and I have a book of her poems which she was good enough to present to me,

From a Venetian Balcony and Other Poems of Venice and the Near Lands. I should like to quote one of the poems, but time and space forbid. My friendship with this distinguished writer and charming personality is a happy memory. In Hans Place lived, at No. 20, Baron Bramwell, the Judge, and next door, at No. 21, the talented actor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan; but both houses have been rebuilt.

The eighteenth-century fashion of building ruins for the purpose of adding interest to a landscape was exemplified in a house on the south of Hans Place called the Pavilion. It was built by Mr. Holland, and had extensive grounds on land bought from Lord Cadogan. Strange to say it was at one time called 'Holland House' without showing any recognition of another Holland House of far greater importance. As an instance of egregious bad taste this Holland House can have had no rivals. Its front was a model of that monstrosity, the Pavilion at Brighton, beloved by George IV, and to make the thing complete round an ice-house on the land this master-builder Holland erected a sham Priory! In this, as a contemporary admirer states, 'the appearance of age and decay is strikingly faithful. Some stonework was brought from the ancient demolished residence of Cardinal Wolsey at Esher which had been introduced round the windows, doors, etc., in the same mutilated state in which it was taken down.' Could anything have been more absurd! Strange to say that the house found purchasers after Mr. Holland's death. Lady Charlotte Denys lived there, and also the Earl of Arran, but it did not disappear from the face of the earth until about 1880.

A granite fountain records the memory of a hero, General Sir Herbert Stewart, who died of wounds received in the battle of Abu-klea in Egypt, in 1885.

Leaving this interesting Hans Place, an oasis in the desert of Brompton, we plunge again into the wilderness of streets. It is unnecessary to try to call to mind forgotten

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names. We need not follow Mr. Croker through Brompton Grove, Yeoman's Row and Michael's Place, which was called after Michael Novosielski, who built it in 1786. Shirley Brooks, the editor of *Punch*, lived in Brompton Square, No. 22. George Colman, the comedian, died in the same house in 1836.

We now arrive at Brompton Church. Previous to its erection in 1829 it appears there was a chapel built about the year 1769. We have no particulars of what it was like. It had a notable lecturer in 1811, Thomas Frogall Dibdin, the author of *Bibliomania*, *Bibliographical Decameron*, and several other learned books on books. He seems to have travelled much and wrote about his travels. He was a brother of Charles Dibdin who wrote songs, especially sea-songs, and was musical manager of Covent Garden. Brompton increasing in size required more church accommodation, and, as I have said, a new church was built in 1829. Its architect is not definitely known. Some say Hakewill, and others Donaldson. As was usual at that period, it is an imitation Gothic structure, but it stands well. A fine avenue of trees leads up to it from the Brompton Road. Not long ago there was quite open country as far as Kensington Gore. There is a large burial-ground well planted with trees. The distinguished family of actors were residents in Brompton. William Farren, 'the unrivalled representative of old men upon the stage,' lived in Brompton Square, and Harriet Elizabeth Farren, who first appeared on the stage as 'Desdemona' in 1813, was buried in this churchyard in 1857. Another actor, John Reeve, late of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, was buried in 1838. Edmund Yates, novelist and journalist, was christened and married here.

The Brompton Oratory stands near the church, according to Mr. Loftie, 'thrust awkwardly and, indeed, architecturally speaking, impudently, almost against the corner of the church.' Much might be written about the Order of St. Philip Neri founded at Rome in the sixteenth century

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and brought into England by Cardinal Newman in 1847, and also about this sumptuous church. Like the Order, it seems a bit of Italy transported to Britain. The style is the Italian Renaissance. It is decorated profusely with marbles and statuary and pictures all copied from Italian masterpieces. Marble statues by Mazzotti, a sculptor of the seventeenth century, have been brought from the cathedral of Siena. Other Italian churches have yielded up their treasures or copies of them. The chapel of our English saint, St. Wilfrid, has an altar that came from the Church of Malines. The statue of Cardinal Newman appropriately stands in front of the Oratory House.

If you please we can turn from the Brompton Road and take the Fulham Road, but it lacks interest. Shaftesbury House, the residence of the Lords Shaftesbury, has been supplanted by St. George's Workhouse. The Brompton Cemetery is close at hand, containing many memorials of the illustrious dead. Amongst these is one of a brave hero of the late war, Lieutenant Warneford, V.C., who destroyed a murderous Zeppelin at Bruges. We have visited already the Palace of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and will now return to the Brompton Road and the not very exciting continuation, Cromwell Road.

In the Brompton Road is that very exciting place, Tattersall's, the most celebrated auction mart for horses in existence, and the headquarters of horse-racing. Who was Tattersall? I expect few of the frequenters of this worldwide known establishment could answer that question. Richard Tattersall was stud-groom to the last Duke of Kingston in 1766. He was a thrifty soul, saved enough money to buy Lord Bolingbroke's stud-horse 'Highflyer' and throve. He first established himself near Hyde Park Corner, and migrated here in 1864. All sorts and conditions of men meet at Tattersall's. Now it is concerned only with the sale of horses; if Timbs's account in his *Curiosities of London* be true much betting took place

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there. He wrote: 'The "Bookmaking" before the Derby or the St. Leger was crowded with peers and plebeians, butchers and brokers, betting-list keepers, insurers, guardsmen and prize-fighters, Manchester manufacturers, Yorkshire farmers, sham captains, *ci-devant* gentlemen, etc.' It must have been a little more exciting then than now, though there is excitement enough when a valuable stud is being disposed of, such as that of the late Sir Edward Hulton, that wonderful person who rose from nothing to be a millionaire by the aid of his newspapers and the writings of other men. Tattersall's once sold me a horse, 'Hodge,' the best of steeds, who carried me for years in the hunting-field and along the 'ard 'igh road,' and sad was it to part with him, and he had to go to the kennels never to return. Sometimes I think his ghost seems to haunt the rectory. When turned out he used to find his way to the porch and put his feet on the step as if he wanted me to open the door during my midnight literary work and join me in the study. After his decease the same thing happened, and then he walked off to his stable. Perhaps my friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will kindly investigate.

Another kind of mart close at hand is the ladies' joy, Harrod's Stores. I know not who Harrod was or is, nor am I interested in his great emporium, and so will beget me and ask you to accompany me along the Brompton Road and its continuation Cromwell Road. The latter is supposed to have taken its name from the Protector Oliver, but in spite of all the efforts of local historians the case must be left 'non-proven.' There was a house called Hale Hall or Cromwell House in this district which has been swallowed up by the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Faulkner, the historian of Kensington, stated that the tradition respecting the residence of Oliver Cromwell seems to be very strong and universal, but in spite of many efforts and much research he could find no evidence to support it. The name of the road may also have been associated with Henry Cromwell, a son of the Protector,

who was married in Kensington old church; but I must leave the discussion of the origin of the name. But I must not omit the mention of Brompton Park, not only on account of its aristocratic associations, but also of its subsequent development. It was a large space of ground extending from Cromwell Road to Kensington Gore, held by the Persevals, ancestors of the Earls of Egremont in the seventeenth century. They disappeared from the neighbourhood in 1675, and on part of the park was established the first nursery garden in England, under the control of those twin garden lovers, Loudon & Wise. They were royal gardeners to William III and Queen Anne. They were linguists and able to translate a French book into English, called *The Complete Gardener* (1701). Addison came and saw and was conquered by this nursery garden, which supplied most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom with plants and fine greens of all sorts. Evelyn described it as 'a noble nursery,' and mentions it in his *Sylva*. It lasted till 1855 when the old mansion, the former home of the Persevals, and afterwards of the Earl of Harrington and the Marquis of Marmont, was also destroyed in order to make way for the march of the masons. There is a stock called the Brompton Stock which preserves the memory of the garden.

As we proceed westward we must talk of museums, but I fear not enter them. They are too fascinating, too exacting and would consume too much time and space in this chronicle of western London. We should require several weeks to do them justice. In Cromwell Road is the entrance to the Natural History Museum, and all the space between that and the site of the Albert Hall is occupied by museums of various kinds, and institutes and colleges bewildering in number and objects exhibited. And then there is the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is, to me at least, the most attractive in London, and often has it been my pleasure to study there some special subject upon which I was engaged, and perhaps I may be allowed to

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give a word of praise to the learned librarian who is so helpful in all one's quests.

There are a few names of illustrious men who have lived in this district and must be mentioned, though there are doubtless countless others. Where Cromwell Road meets Gloucester Road there was Gloucester Lodge. It was built for the Duchess of Gloucester and inhabited by the Princess Sophia, and afterwards by George Canning; it was pulled down in 1852. Some of the squares in this district have high-sounding titles, such as Onslow Square and Cranley Gardens. In the former, at No. 36, lived Thackeray, when he was writing *The Virginians* and the *Four Georges*, and in the gardens of that name the historian James Anthony Froude. Millais painted some of his splendid pictures in his studio at 7, Cromwell Place. Hereford Square is close at hand, and there lived George Borrow, the scholar-gipsy, and in Gilston Road, which opens out from the old Brompton Road, at No 1, Moreton Gardens, sang one of the best of singers, Jenny Lind, who told us that she 'sang for God.'

CHAPTER 23

TO CHELSEA

ANOTHER long pilgrimage remains. We must visit Chelsea, 'the Wonderful Village,' village of romance and of memories, and alas! of changes. In the eighteenth century it was truly a village, and now it meets and clasps the hands of its old mother, London, of which it has almost become a part. Mr. Reginald Blunt is one of the chief writers on 'the village' he loves, and he bewails the loss of so much that was precious. Chelsea never seems to have had any instinct of self-preservation. He writes:

'Here great houses, the mansions of More and the Beauforts and Buckinghams, of Danvers and the Gorges and the Shrewsburys, of Henry VIII, and the Bishop of Winchester and Lord Robartes, have been demolished, one after the other, without record of protest or regret; the lesser old houses, the homes of Lady Huntingdon and Lady Ormond, Essex, Atterbury, Smollett, Shaftesbury, Swift, and a host of others, are all swept away; the lovely length of old Paradise Row is all gone; gone are The Old Bun Shop, The China Works, the Clock House, Don Saltero's; The Magpye, the exquisite Old White Horse and the Black Lion Inns, Lombard Terrace, and the Arch House and the Vale; the old river walls and wherry posts and landing steps, the horse ferry, the barge houses, the dear old wooden bridge, and the all delightful cluster of wharfs and boats and carts and barges and water-side taverns above the Old Church are all gone too. Ranelagh has vanished and Jenny Whim and even Cremorne; and so one might go on for a page with the dismal category of destruction; the triumph of the house-breaker's pickaxe clearing the way, too often, for the jerry-builder's stucco.'

After such sad losses perhaps we might conclude that Chelsea is hardly worth visiting, but therein we should do her wrong. She has retained her old village character though preserving few of her old village features. She was

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called a 'Village of Palaces' in former days when great men loved her quiet roads and fields and her river, and though only five of them remain and these greatly altered, traces of her former greatness remain and ghosts haunt her roads and dwellings. Here and there, as Mr. B. E. Martin observes, there is 'an aggressive affectation of antiquity shown by the little houses and studios obtruding on the street, by the grandiose piles of mansions towering on the embankment'; yet much that is truly ancient and honourable has been preserved, and we can picture Chelsea when learned and wealthy men, scholars and nobles, settled here because it was beautiful and peaceful, 'where fruitful Thames salutes the learned shore,' or when Pepys came up the river with his gay companions 'to make merry at the Swan.'

There are several ways of journeying to Chelsea. In former days travellers preferred to go by river. There was a sort of country lane leading from the City which was not very safe on account of robbers, and very muddy, as the land was low and scarcely above the level of the river until Charles II made it better and wider so that he might drive to Hampton Court in his coach with his bevy of beauties. Even then it was not very safe, and 'long after Chelsea Hospital was built a guard of its pensioners nightly patrolled as an escort for honest travellers from where Buckingham Palace now stands, across Bloody Bridge, at the edge of present Pimlico, and so away through the Five Fields, where robbers lie in wait as the *Tatler* puts it.'¹ Charles's way to Hampton Court was called the King's Road, and so it remains to this day. We can travel along Sloane Street and then along King's Road, turning down Oakley Street, and we are in the delectable village.

The first place we visit must be Chelsea Hospital for invalid soldiers. It is, as everyone knows, a noble and stately building, the work of one of our greatest architects,

¹ *Old Chelsea*, by B. E. Martin.

Sir Christopher Wren. The Hospital originated with Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster of the Forces. War plays havoc with human lives as we in this generation know too well; and after the Restoration old soldiers were in evil case. Many were lame, hungry and helpless, and it was felt that something must be done to aid them. The Diarists, Evelyn and Pepys, mention the matter, and it is without doubt that Sir Stephen Fox was the prime-mover in urging the King to found the Hospital. But there is another who has the credit of it, and the older pensioners will tell you that it was Nell Gwynne who was the real foundress, that she begged the King to build Chelsea Hospital, which they owe to her pity and her request. There is usually ground for tradition, and it is quite possible that Nell whispered into the King's ear her desire, and made the procrastinating and luxury-loving monarch promise to carry out the scheme.

This Hospital was not the first building founded on the site. There stood a curious institution, a College started by Matthew Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, in the time of James I, for learned men to meet together 'to the intent that they might there have maintenance to answer all the adversaries of religion.' It was an object dear to His Majesty's heart, who loved controversy about religious matters which he thought that he could always decide with the inborn genius of a Solomon. Religious disputes were then in the air. The Puritan faction was raising all kinds of questions about the Prayer Book. The Roman party was breathing out threatenings and slaughters. The Hampton Court Conference had not settled matters, and the idea of this College, which was satirically called 'Controversy College,' was warmly received by the King and inaugurated. But it was a failure, and gave way to the beneficent scheme of the Hospital. It has also furnished London's West End with one of its stateliest buildings. It is built of brick and consists of a large central part and two long projecting wings, enclosing a

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court in which is placed a bronze statue of Charles II. This was the gift of a curious man, Tobias Rustat, whom Evelyn describes as 'page of the back-stairs, a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature.' Gibbons is said to be maker of it. The following inscription tells its own story:

'IN SUBSIDIUM ET LEVAMEN EMERITORUM SENIO BELLOQUE
FRACTORUM, CONDIDIT CAROLUS SECUNDUS, AUXIT JACOBUS
SECUNDUS, PERFECERE GULIELMUS ET MARIE REX ET REGINA,
MDCXCII.'

A visit to the College purges pessimistic thoughts and breathes into one's mind a feeling of loyalty and patriotism. There are the records of many a hard-won victory. You can read the story of brave deeds in the medals preserved in the hall won by our heroes in the Peninsular War, in India on many a bloody field, in the Crimea, which John Bright said ought to be spelt without the final a. The Coldstream Guards have a wonderful record of battles bravely won. They are the representatives of the men who placed Charles II on the throne. Whence does the Regiment derive its name? The Corps was secretly raised by General Monk, who in 1660 led them from Coldstream to London and so saved England and the Monarchy, and after the experience of some fifteen years of Puritan rule Londoners were eager enough to welcome back their King and send the Roundheads away. On the end wall of the hall is a vast picture by Verrio and Henry Cooke, showing Charles II on horseback in the centre, and in one corner you can see the figure of the Orange Girl, poor beautiful Nell. The legend is that this representation of her proves that she persuaded her royal lover to found the Hospital. The Earl of Ranelagh, whom we shall meet again, presented this picture. Look round the walls and read on the panels the triumphs of the English arms.

Here the great Duke of Wellington lay in state amidst his

men on November 10-17, 1852. Rarely can I leave my own country flock on a Sunday, but I should dearly love to attend the service in the Hospital Chapel and see the Veterans marching in with their drummer and fife-player at their head, to look at Sebastiano Ricci's altarpiece of the Resurrection which preaches to these old soldiers worn by war that there is another life to be lived when God wills and their bodies rest in the graveyard. I look up and see the countless banners captured from many a foe, all torn and battle-stained, and worn by time. An atmosphere of peace pervades the scene, and all honour to the men who have earned their rest. Loyal are they to a man, and they look out on the world and see the restlessness, the disloyalty, the strife stirred up by faction's blatant cries, and wonder what the world is coming to. On Oak-Apple Day they fail not to decorate the statue of their founder with oak leaves and wear them in their hats, and then sit on the benches and smoke their pipes and dream of other days.

Where the old men tend their gardens and grow their flowers is the situation of the once famous Ranelagh Gardens. On this spot the Earl of Ranelagh built for himself a great mansion and had a fine garden. His son sold it in 1733 to the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, who turned it into a pleasure garden, which became the most fashionable resort of the day, far eclipsing the brilliancy of its rival, Vauxhall. Every one went there, kings and princes, queens and princesses, dukes and gentlemen and ladies of all conditions, and masques and fêtes and fireworks attracted all society. The company has been described, and their modes and manners and morals, by many scribes, and need not be repeated here. I rather wonder to see Mistress Fanny Burney, author of *Evelina*, amongst the company, but I remember that her respected father, Dr. Burney, had been appointed organist of the chapel.

Turning over the leaves of Chelsea's history I read again

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the story of the tragedy of Sir Thomas More, Chelsea's most famous resident. He built a house for himself and his family, and by his coming made the little village prosperous. He had just resigned the Lord Chancellorship and was glad to leave the City. Here he rejoiced to live with his large and happy family, a model household. Here came all the learned men of his time, Holbein,

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Erasmus, Colet, the Duke of Norfolk and many others, and Henry VIII himself, who walked in the garden with him, the King's arm about his neck. In spite of this display of affection More knew well that the time would come when that same friendly King would order his neck to be struck off by the axe of the executioner. I should like to recall his life at Chelsea, his wise sayings, but I may not stay.

His house and lands were confiscated by the greedy King. Other great people have dwelt there. Lord and Lady Dacre bought it, the great Lord Burleigh, Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, the favourite adviser of Queen Elizabeth, who rebuilt the house in 1619, the first and second Dukes of Buckingham. When that scoundrel had run his course and perished 'in the worst inn's worst room,' the house was bought by the Earl of Bristol. The Duke of Beaufort was the next owner, and he called it after his own name, Beaufort House. It passed to Sir Hans Sloane, who pulled it down.

Queen Elizabeth, who travelled everywhere, came to stay at Stanley House, the residence of Sir Arthur Gorges. Nell Gwynne seems to haunt this book. We have met her in Pall Mall, at the Hospital, and here is Sandford Manor House, one of her many homes, and here came Addison before he entered Holland House as the husband of the great lady, Countess of Warwick. Among the ghosts who haunt Chelsea I see Sir Robert Walpole, whose name is preserved in Walpole Street, and the Earl of Sandwich, who admired his landlady's daughter, whom Pepys calls 'a slut.' Never was Chelsea so important a place as when Walpole lived here at Walpole House from 1723 to 1746, and practically ruled England. Queen Caroline came to him, his son Horace, Swift, Gay, Pope, and a host of other celebrities of the day came to the village to see the 'Potentate.'

Paradise Row has vanished or it could have told of many distinguished visitors. Radnor Street tells of the presence

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of the Earl of that name, formerly Lord Robarte. Here came to Chelsea a famous beauty, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, who shone so brilliantly in the Court of the 'Merry Monarch,' and crushed her many rivals until death carried off her lover, and here at Chelsea she spent her last days in poverty, though she managed to entertain lavishly on nothing a year, and crowds of distinguished men came to her entertainments.

The history of the City Companies of London has always had a fascination for me, and I have written a book about them. One of the minor companies is the Apothecaries, and here at Chelsea I find their famous Botanic Garden, which was acquired by them in 1673. Sir Hans Sloane increased their holding by handing over to them the Chelsea Physick Garden. The statue of this generous donor appropriately stands in its midst. Bravely has the Apothecaries' Company clung to their garden and resisted all attempts of would-be builders to deprive them of it.

Cheyne Walk is one of the most attractive features of Chelsea, and indeed you would find it difficult to find a prettier place in all the district we have traversed. It has many notable dwellers, but of the many other celebrities of Chelsea I have no space to write. I could fill many pages concerning them. King Henry VIII, undeterred by any fear of meeting the ghost of his victim, built a house here, and there was a Queen's House, where Katherine Parr resided and the rascally Seymour paid her clandestine visits prior to their marriage, and the Princess Elizabeth stayed with them and annoyed her step-aunt by romping with Seymour, who wished to marry her. Sir Hans Sloane figures largely in Chelsea history, and you will have heard of his notorious valet, named Salter, who became known as Don Saltero, a barber and a collector of spurious antiques.

Shrewsbury House, the residence of the Earl and of his famous Countess, has vanished, and where Oakley Street now runs was a Palace of the Bishops of Winchester. The

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fate of the once famous Chelsea china factory was unfortunate. In spite of its excellence it died a natural death in 1745. Danvers Street marks the site of the fine residence of the family of that name. Sir John married the mother of the Church poet, George Herbert, who often stayed here. Tobias Smollett lived and wrote at Chelsea. Monmouth House records the memory of the poor Duchess, whose wretched husband fought at Sedgemoor and was beheaded. The father of the three noted brothers, Charles, George and Henry Kingsley, was vicar here in 1836, and the boys were much beloved by the Chelsea folk, and last but not least of the celebrities was 'the Sage of Chelsea,' Thomas Carlyle, whose statue has been set up in the Embankment Gardens, and the house in Cheyne Row, where he lived and wrote for nearly fifty years, has been preserved and arranged as a museum in memory of a really great philosopher, though a most cantankerous one.

The old church is full of interest and has been fortunate enough to escape a 'restoration' that threatened it, and has a charming old-world look. The present building was evidently begun in the fourteenth century and has been altered in succeeding ages. The tower is of brick and was built soon after the Restoration of the Monarchy. In the churchyard we see the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane, who has appeared largely in these pages. I cannot admire his monument, erected by his two daughters, and exhibits no marks of Christianity, consisting of an urn entwined with serpents. The interior of the church is full of monuments erected to the memory of many of the great people whose acquaintance we have made during our wandering through the 'village.'

It was in this church that the scene occurred which I have described in my book on *The Parish Clerk*. Sir Thomas More, who was such a devout Churchman that in spite of the high office he held as Lord Chancellor of England he used to carry the processional cross before the choir and take part in the singing, was performing this

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office as usual when the Duke of Norfolk came into the church, and said to him, 'God's body, my Lord Chancellor, what, a parish clerk? You dishonour the King and his office.' More replied, 'Nay, your grace may not think I dishonour my prince in serving his God and mine.'

The banners presented by Queen Charlotte to her regiment of volunteers in 1804 raised by Chelsea folk when the threat of a Napoleonic invasion was very real, torn and tattered still remain in the church. The church has a bell which tells a story. There are several instances of persons who have lost their way in the darkness of the night and by the sound of a church bell being guided to safety: in gratitude thereof they have left money to provide for a bell to be rung on dark nights for the guidance of travellers. Here at Chelsea there is an instance. The Hon. William Ashburnham in 1679 lost his way and fell into the river. He knew not where he was and gave himself up for lost, when the church clock struck nine, and he managed to save himself. In gratitude he gave this bell, inscribed 'The Honourable William Ashburnham Esquire, Cofferer of His Majesty's Household, 1679,' with an endowment to provide a ringer every night at nine o'clock during the winter months. This custom was abandoned just a century ago.

The skilful poetical writers of epitaphs have enjoyed a free hand in Chelsea Church, and each tomb records a page of history. Few churches can rival it in the number and quaintness of its monuments. Dean Stanley called it one of the Chapters of the Abbey. Here is the simple mediæval inscription on a stone coffin: 'Of your charitie pray for the soul of Edmund Bray, Knight.' In contrast with this simplicity we find laudatory verse in plenty on the monuments of seventeenth-century worthies. Here is the gorgeous Corinthian monument, resplendent in coloured marble, of Lord and Lady Dacre (1594 and 95), and opposite that of Arthur Gorges, described as 'that

generous and wealthy gentleman' (1668), and the poet begins:

'Here sleepes and feeles no pressure of the stone,
He that had all the Gorges soules in one,' etc.

The Chancellor's black marble slab is placed where Sir Thomas used to stand and worship in his 'surplisse,' and above is his punning crest, a Moor Head. He wrote his own epitaph, and sent it to his friend Erasmus, and a very long epitaph it is, recording the chief events of his life, and he was evidently anxious that posterity should respect his memory. His body lies not here, but was buried in the Tower, while his head, I believe, is at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, nigh the body of his beloved daughter, Margaret Roper.

A Stanley lies buried here, far away from his native Lancashire, or his kingdom the Isle of Man. This was Sir Robert Stanley, second son of the sixth Earl of Derby, with busts of his children, Ferdinando and Henrietta Maria. The poetical rhymer begins:

'To say a Stanley lie here, that alone
Were epitaph enough,' etc., etc.

He was spared the troubles which beset his family during the Civil War, the Siege of Latham House, the beheading of Lord Derby at Bolton by the Parliamentarians, but I must not tell the story of this powerful family who still exercise a powerful influence in the State.

The battered tomb of the great Duchess of Northumberland recalls tragedy. She saw her husband and son beheaded on Tower Hill, her other son John die in the Tower, and the confiscation of all her property; but she survived all these calamities and lived to see her son Ambrose restored to the Earldom of Warwick, and her son Robert the favourite of Queen Elizabeth and Earl of Leicester, though she had no reason to be very proud of him. Her funeral she directed should be simple, but it

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was most gorgeous, and Chelsea folk would remember for many a long year the heralds and torches, and her waxen effigy exposed on her coffin just as though she were a queen buried at Westminster. Lady Jane Cheyne and her husband, 'whom she never grieved but in her death,' lie here, members of the family which owned extensive property here, and after whom Cheyne Row and Cheyne Walk are named.

I may not record all the tombs and epitaphs here, but I must mention Dr. Chamberlayne, author of *Angliae Notitia*, who ordered that some of his books, covered with wax, should be placed in his coffin as they 'may be of use in time to come'; and also the epitaph of his daughter, Anne Spagg (1691), which records her 'having long declined marriage and aspiring to great achievements, unusual to her age and sex, she on the 30th of June, 1690, on board a fire-ship in man's clothing — as a second Pallas, chaste and fearless — fought valiantly for six hours against the French under the command of her brother.'

Leaving the old church, which has so many stories to tell of the bygone inhabitants of the village, we will walk through its streets once more and recall its past glories and rich historical associations, and with this we must regretfully end our tour of Western London. Libraries would be required in order to tell its full story, but perhaps enough has been recorded to awaken an interest and to induce others to explore for themselves. The numerous illustrations in this book will convey to the minds of our readers many impressions of the beauties of Western London, and I should like here to express to the artist my grateful thanks to him for his co-operation and for setting forth so ably the appearance of many parts of the great city which in the letterpress I have tried to describe.

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